

BEWARE!

WE NEVER SLEEP...



WE NEVER FORGET...

SABOTAGE!



The Black Cat Sabotage Handbook

CONTENTS

CHAPTER 1	WHY MONKEYWRENCH?	PAGE 7
CHAPTER 2	THE EARTH IS NOT DYING, IT IS BEING KILLED	PAGE 33
CHAPTER 3	YOU ARE THE PRODUCT	PAGE 47
CHAPTER 4	ROAD KILL	PAGE 65
CHAPTER 5	WE'RE WORKING WITHIN THE SYSTEM . REPORTS FROM THE FIELD	PAGE 75
CHAPTER 6	FLAMING ARROWS HOT RECIPIES FOR EXPLOSIVE TIMES	PAGE 85
CHAPTER 7	JAIL SUCKS, DON'T GET CAUGHT	PAGE 103
CHAPTER 8	INFLECTING THE DEADLY STING	PAGE 125
SUGGESTED READINGS		PAGE 137

The passages at the beginning of each chapter are taken from
The Monkey Wrench Gang

**Wherever you find injustice,
the proper form of politeness is attack.
- Wobbly Prophet T-Bone Slim**

INTRO

Corporations and consumer culture are waging an all out war against everything that lives on this planet. The pace of this war is accelerating and the scope of the destruction is incomprehensible. Nothing can escape, not phytoplankton in the waters of the Antarctic, not wolverines in the deep woods of the Rockies.

This book is about economic sabotage. It's about fighting back by throwing a wrench into the greedy gears of the corporate mega-machine.

Many of the techniques of sabotage have already been published in *Eco-Defense* by Dave Foreman and others. Consider this a philosophical companion and supplement to *Eco-Defense*. This book goes a little further--it's broader and more militant in approach. But as I put the finishing touches on this project, I feel that it is not radical enough. How can anything be too extreme when everything you love--absolutely everything--is being threatened with extermination.

DISCLAIMER: The themes running through this book do not represent the views of any established group or movement.

Groups such as Earth First! and the Animal Liberation Front have a strict non-violence code which abhors the taking of any life, even humans. In practice this translates to *especially humans*. The fate of entire species--the fate of ecosystems that sustain more beings than can ever be counted--takes a backseat to this over-reaching mandate to prevent harm from befalling even a single human.

The material on the following pages has been thematically organized to help take the reader past such anthropocentric taboos.

NOTE: No Bomb-Making Instructions Are Included.

I wanted to point that out to ease the concerns of those misguided souls mentioned in the above disclaimer. Incendiaries start fires, whereas explosives blow things apart. Both are vital tools for those wishing to attack the social order, but only recipes for incendiaries have been included to get you started. Be extremely cautious even with these. First get yourself a lab manual for college chemistry classes to learn safe lab procedures. We can't afford to lose any saboteurs. Do not trust the recipes in *The Anarchist Cookbook*; some are dangerously wrong. Look in military surplus stores for army field manuals on improvised incendiaries and explosives. Look in cyberland for the file "rec.pyrotechnics". It can be FTPed from rtfm.mit.edu in `/pub/usenet/rec.pyrotechnics`

Attention to the always changing political and social environment is essential--pick your targets carefully.

**To order additional copies of this book, write to:
Graybill · PO Box 51011 · Eugene OR 97504 · USA.**

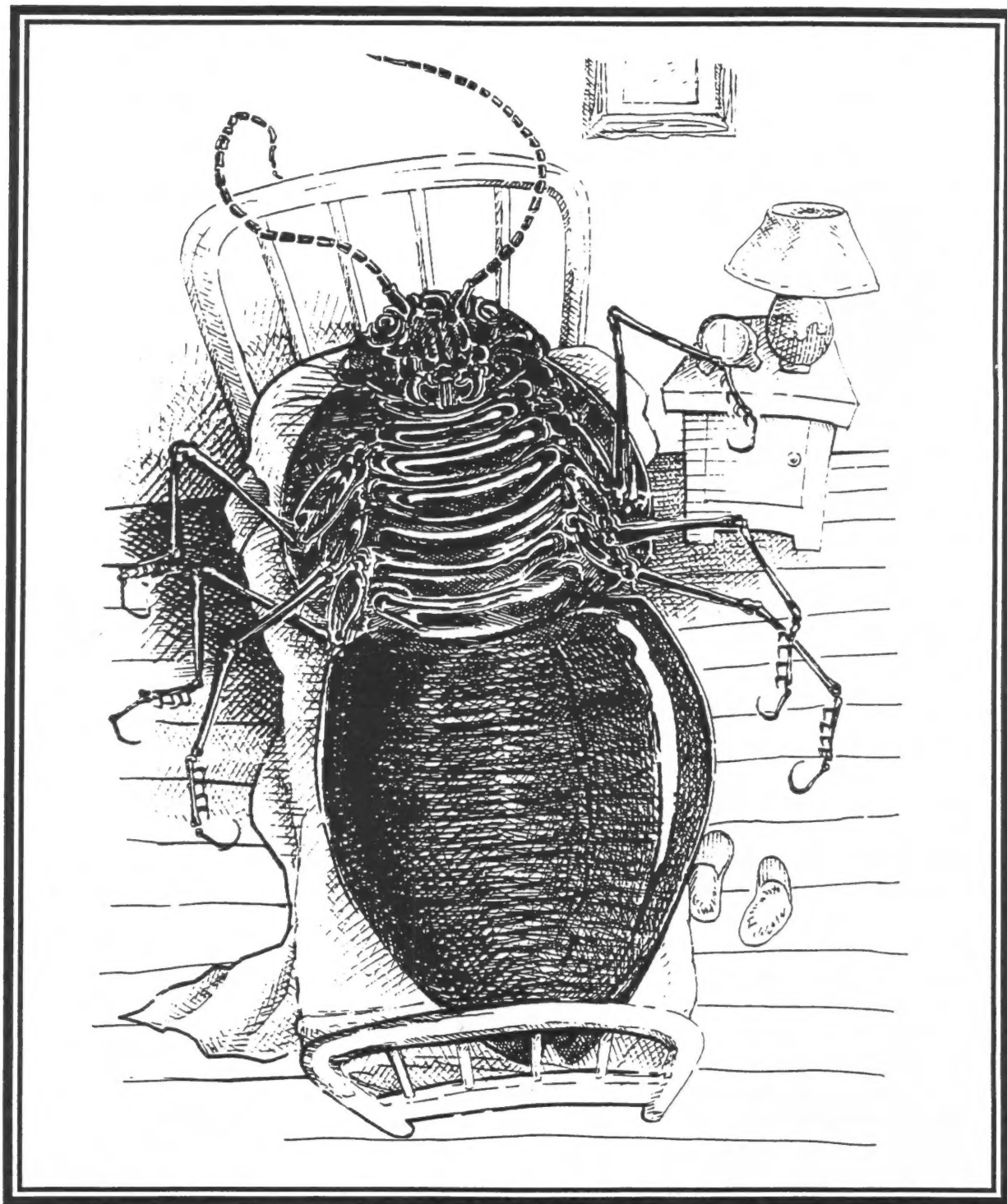
Inquiries regarding wholesale distribution are welcome. Allow up to 6 weeks for a response.

A high quality copy of one or more specific pages will be supplied free of charge to anyone wanting to include material in a 'zine, a poster, or a pamphlet. Specify the pages and send a self addressed envelope with the proper postage to the above address. Allow up to 6 weeks for a response.

Third edition -- printed a few years before the techno-industrial collapse

~~©~~ Anti-copyright. Feel free (and please do) steal, plagiarize, reprint, copy and riot unreservedly. This does not apply to fascist and for-profit scum. HA HA

If not you, who? If not now, when?



If not you, who? If not now, when?

A poem about the Animal Liberation Front raid on ADC laboratories in Utah on 10/24/92.

The Story of Coyote Nations: (Just one chapter...)



*Hey is that you? Sitting there on the hill? Watching us tonight?
Have you come to let us out of here? We've been waiting for you. Crying every
night. Trying to tell you hoping you would come.
Have you heard what they are doing to us here?
Listen, 140 coyote people crying in distress. Each with their own story of
separation, pain, torture and death.
Listen, they're trying to tell you, enough to break your heart. All true.*

*Brother. You got to let us out of here.
Warrior, listen in case you're questioning your next move. They starve us in
here, then tempt us with sheep, radioactive poison sheep.
And they watch us die. Feeding our pain into a computer to study.
Sister-warrior listen, in case you are unsure.
They mate us to have pups, then steal them, maim them, poison them, we never
see them again. Only sometimes we hear them, only children.
They cut us open, take our wombs, poison us, watch us die, see if we can still
have pups. And when they are done with us, they dump our bodies by the ton, in a mass toxic
grave.*

*Lightning-womyn sister of mine, let us out.
Thunder-man brother, pay them back.
We are coyote, and our medicine is strong, even now.
You and I, we are the same. You coyote warrior, we coyote. Spirit healers.
It is our way, always wild, never die.
Morning has come and you are leaving, our hearts are sad, and we cry to you.
But we listen to your promise to return.*

*Hey its you again! You are back!
This time you stand tall, proud, brave hearts forward as you walk the road.
Not come to watch. To act!
We see you there, cutting fence with their tools.
Coming closer, we sing, coyotes in distress, coyotes excited.
We are sick, and our tribes broken, but tonight some will go free.
We howl. One heart together with you, to give strength to our weak, love to
the ones left behind, hearts break, crying in sorrow.*

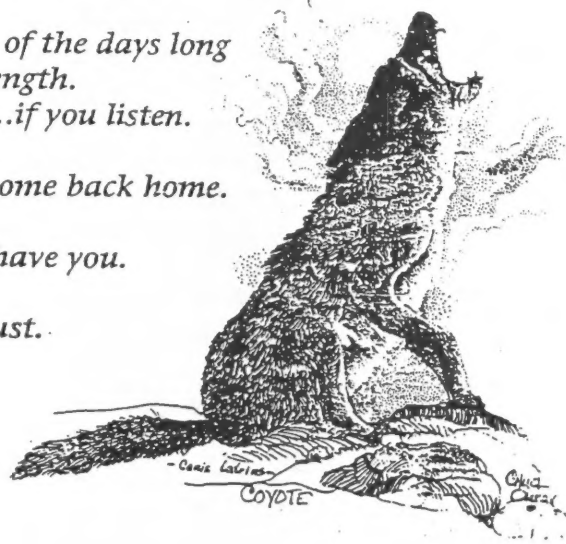
*Run coyote. Head to the hills. Run and be free. Be coyote again.
Do not look back.
We hear your warrior cries, you are strong, and use our medicine well.
You take heart from us, and we from you. Still there are some that are our sisters, brothers,
all star soldiers.
Maybe we will make it...at least some.*

*Coyote Warriors where are you tonight?
Today we watched the laboratory burn. The one where our torturers hide.
We watched the flames as the sun came up, danced and sange like coyote again.
Now we must run, and so must you. But forever, our hearts shall be as one.*

*Hey Coyote Warriors! Where are you? We've been looking for you.
We need you. We wait for you in the deserts, mountains, plains, our home.
You coyote warriors belong here too.
Born to the humans, still living among them in their crazy cities.
The time for you to leave is now. Come home. There is much to be done.
Many of our wild ones still imprisoned, remember?
Being torutured, killed, destroyed. We never forget.
Yours is to fight, this fight dog soldier. Keep our wild spirits alive!
Sacred hoop strong, it was never broken.*

*And your home is here, among us your wild sisters and brothers.
We have much to teach you, remind you of our power.
Come home coyote warriors. it is time to reweave the web, the tribe to
each other, all to the earth mother.
Build your fires, and there we will sing to you. Tell you of the days long
ago, when we were all one. Coyote medicine is your strength.
The earth spirits are strong, and are poised to help you...if you listen.*

*Warrior societies, your time is now. Find each other. Come back home.
You should only be among the enemy to raid.
All you warriors, keepers of the dream, do not let them have you.
Do not go down.
What makes you think you do not have to hide? We must.
But we are free. We are still wild, and always will be.
We have coyote medicine to help you stay free.
Re-member what it is like to live.
Wild. Proud. Together. Free.
Prepare earth warriors.
Trickster is coming.*



*Treat each bear as the last bear.
Each wolf the last, each caribou.
Each track the last track,
gone spoor, gone scat.
There are no more deertrails,
no more flyways.
Treat each animal as sacred,
each minute our last.
Ghost hooves. Ghost skulls.
Death rattles and
dry bones.
Each bear walking alone
in warm night air.
—Gary Lawless (from "Two For Bear")*



Children of Earth are you listening?

Can you hear the cries of our Earth Mother every time another sacred site is destroyed?
Is your heart breaking to see forests being leveled, strip mines ripping open the land,
entire species of plants and animals being disappeared forever?

Do you hear the muffled screams of our children and feel the agony of our sisters being
violated and physically abused by their own relatives?

Is your heart raging at the loss of yet another brother to alcohol or another
grandmother to cancer?

We are being poisoned by people who profit from our weakness. If the people are sick
and drugged and divided against each other, then the Invaders job is easy.

The Indigenous Ancestors of this land spoke of a time when our relationship with the
Earth may be healed.

That Time has come.

We're on the Edge.

We can go forward to our death, try to go backward to our past, or we can turn
around and go forward to a new future.

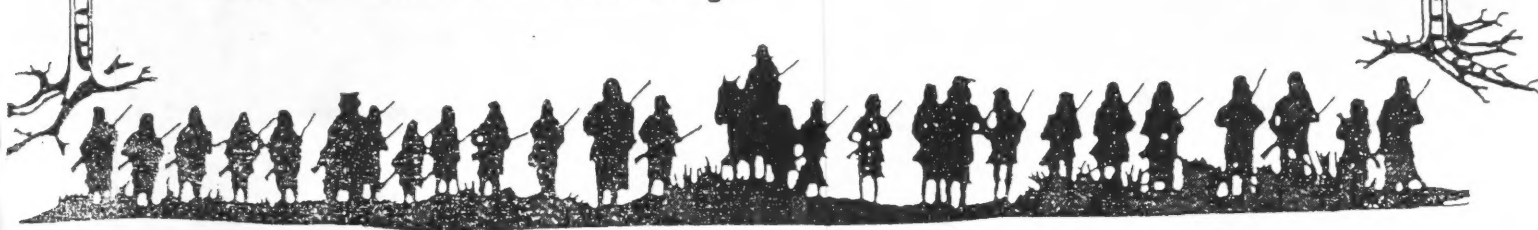
A future that honors the past.

A future where we listen to the Elders of the Earth and remember our lessons.

A future where unity and love breeds a New Generation strong enough to stand up to
the Destroyers of Earth. If we defend the Earth, She will provide all we need to be
strong and happy.

We must remember the ways of Earth, walking gently with respect and ritual in our
hearts, asking guidance from the Earth, the Plant and Animal people, the Indigenous
Elders, and the Women – always dancing to the rhythm of our own Heart, and
remembering the sacrifices our relatives made so that we may Live, not as victims, but
proud.

It's time to form new, or rejoin traditional warrior societies. Gather together to sing and
pray and dance. Gather together and form a Strategy. Gather together to learn how to
be together. Gather together so that Spirit will speak through You. Gather together in
the Mountains. Build a Fire. Watch it Rage.



Why Monkeywrench?



That's Why.

Champion International Clearcut, West Flank of the Cabinet Mountain Wilderness

WHY MONKEYWRENCH?

The night. The stars. The river. Dr. Sarvis told his comrades about a great Englishman named Ned. Ned Lud. They called him a lunatic but he saw the enemy clearly. Saw what was coming and acted directly. And about the wooden shoes, *les sabots*. The spanner in the works. Monkey business. The rebellion of the meek. Little old ladies in oaken clogs.

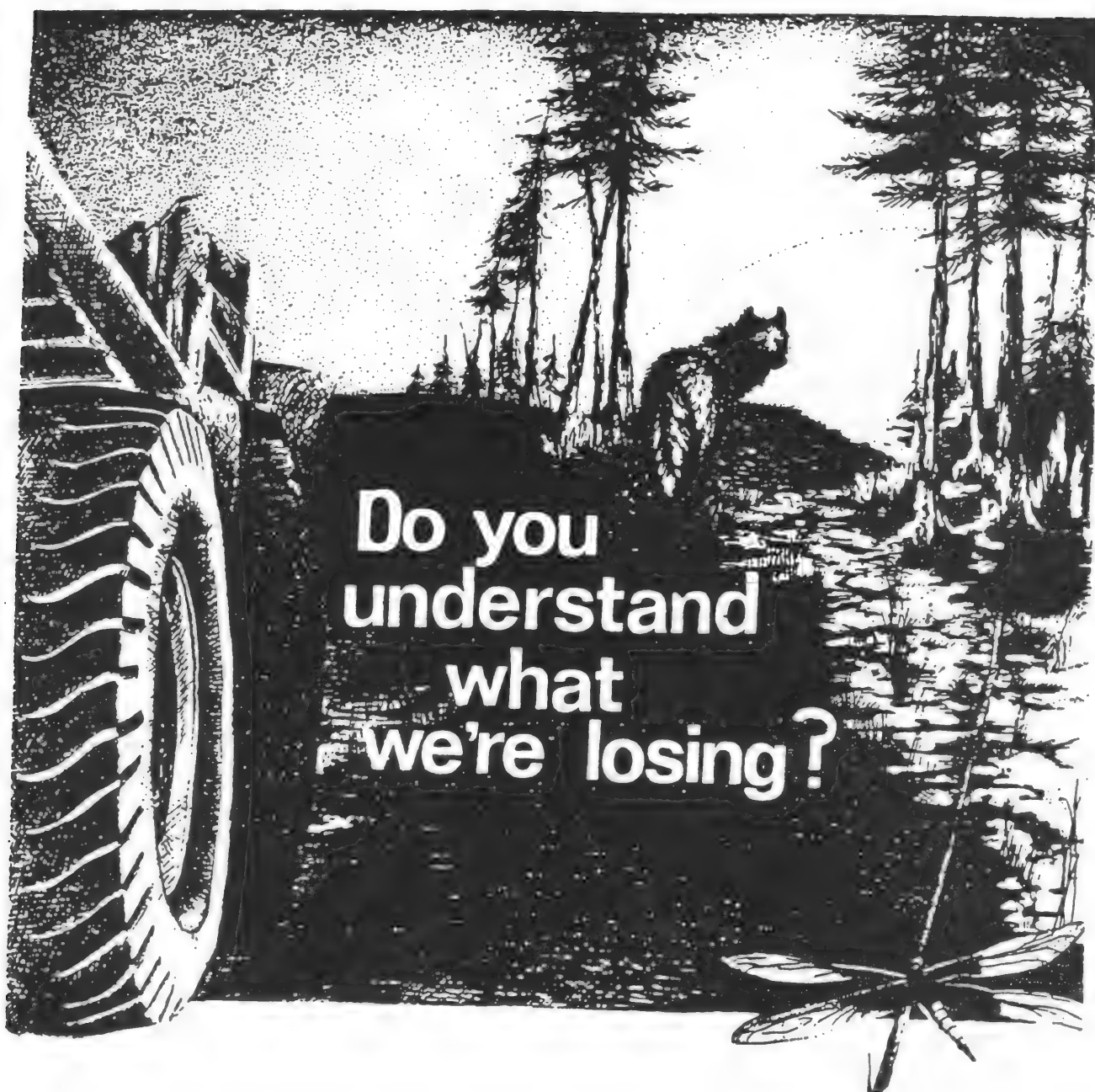
"Do we know what we're doing and why?"

"No."

"Do we care?"

"We'll work it all out as we go along. Let our practice form our doctrine, thus assuring precise theoretical coherence."

excerpted from
The Monkey Wrench Gang



At some point we must draw a line across the ground of our home and our being, drive a spear into the land, and say to the bulldozers, earthmovers, government and corporations, "thus far and no farther." If we do not, we shall later feel, instead of pride, the regret of Thoreau, that good but overly-bookish man, who wrote, near the end of his life, "If I repent of anything it is likely to be my good behavior."

– Ed Abbey

Then is Now

BY FRANK WATERS

What Auschwitz was to its human inmates—an expertly rationalized, efficiently organized killing ground—our urban-industrial system is fast becoming for the biosphere at large.

—Theodore Roszak, *The Voice of the Earth*

In the last few years the word "ecoholocaust" has been creeping into our vocabulary. For many, the meaning is immediately provocative: to say "ecoholocaust" is to imply that the destruction of the biosphere resembles the Holocaust that was perpetrated on the Jews and other non-Aryans during World War II. Several questions present themselves: is there a significant difference between the mass murder of humans and the destruction of species? Or, to put it another way, is there really a difference between genocide and ecocide? Furthermore, what are the psychological and sociological factors which contribute to such behavior?

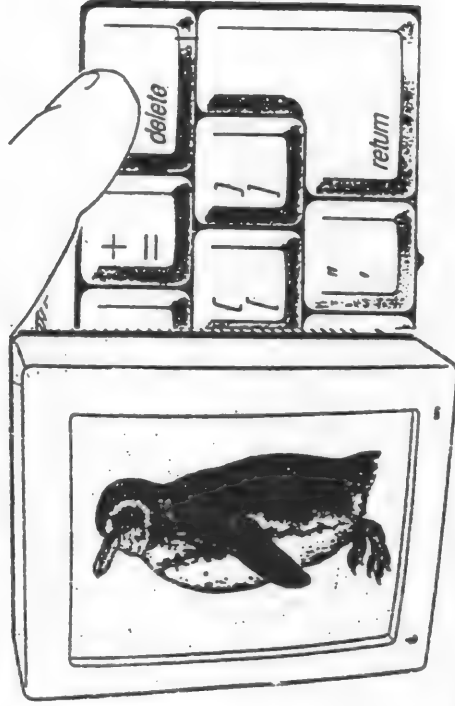
For biocentrists, the reality of the ecoholocaust is obvious. Human supremacists, on the other hand, reject the comparison outright. If pressed, they will claim that the Holocaust of the early 1940s was of far greater significance because it involved human beings. This, of course, comes as no surprise. Human supremacists believe that humans are exalted and

exempt from biological reality. They value human life above all else and believe that human suffering is more significant than the suffering of non-human creatures.

Philosophically and biologically, this objection simply does not hold water. Aside from our own selfish interests, there is simply no reason to

suppose that human beings are more important than other creatures or even that we suffer more; we merely find our own suffering more understandable. In spite of our unique qualities, we remain a single species in an inter-dependent biosphere. If we hope to exercise any sort of biological morality at all, we are compelled to admit that wanton destruction of any part of the living world is wrong, regardless of what form those parts might happen to take.

Even if human supremacists were right in their priorities, they would still be wrong in fact. The reality is that, no matter what you happen to believe about the cosmic status of homo sapiens, the destruction of the natural world is about people, too. Killing ecosystems kills plants, animals and human beings. Deforestation kills trees and fish, but it also kills people with floods and topsoil erosion. It makes no difference which you happen to value more, the end result is the same—destroy an ecosystem and you destroy all the creatures that depend on it for survival. In this way, ecocide is genocide.



The second objection to "ecoholocaust" is to say that the destruction of the natural world is simply "not that bad." Sure there are some problems, the status quo objects, but they can be reversed with effective management. From the living room of a prosperous Western home, this may appear to be the case, but the reality is a biological nightmare. By the time you finish reading this article, we will have added some 5000 people to the world's population, added another 5000 tons of carbon to the atmosphere and destroyed enough habitat to ensure the extinction of another species or two. Even the most conservative biologists agree that we are living in the midst of the greatest spasm of species extinction in the last 65 million years. If this does not count as a holocaust, nothing does. The situation is "that bad," or worse.

The third objection points to intention. Defenders of the status quo protest that the Nazis were inherently evil, whereas we are simply disorganized and inefficient. They claim that the destruction of the natural world is simply a regrettable byproduct of human productivity.



They admit to some environmental problems, but insist that the situation is an accident, not a crime; the Nazis were culpable and we are not.

There is some degree of truth to this perspective, but it still misses the point on two counts. In the first place, it ignores the reality of war-time Germany. While it is obviously true that the Nazi culture was saturated with darkness, it is also the case that much of the Holocaust was carried out by normal, ordinary people. The operative force was not so much racism as it was obedience, group-think, and the bureaucratic mind.

In this respect, the two holocausts have far more in common than most people would like to admit. The ec Holocaust has its own agents of evil to be sure: poachers who take endangered species for their profitable aphrodisiac qualities, developers who pave for profit, timber barons who clear-cut forests to pay off junk bonds, and corporate boards who intentionally suppress sustainable technologies. By and large however, the bulk of the destruction gets done by the obedient worker just doing his or her job. The boss wants that land cleared, that junk product produced and that news story manipulated, and by God, if we want to keep our jobs, we are going to do it.

This behavioral tendency is typified by Stanley Milgram's famous experiment in social psychology, described to its subjects as "a test of human learning." The whole test's purpose was faked, of course. Milgram was really testing human behavior in the face of authority—in this case, a white-coated scientist who instructed people to give electric shocks to a human subject. To his astonishment,

Milgram discovered most people were willing to obey the authority figure, to the extent of giving dangerous and even lethal shocks to the subjects. His conclusions are clear:

Behavior that is unthinkable in an individual who is acting on his own may be executed without hesitation when cued out under orders... The most fundamental lesson is that ordinary people, simply doing their jobs, and without any particular hostility on their part, can become agents in a terrible, destructive process.

Milgram's conclusions apply with equal gravity to 1942 Germany and 1994 North America. Most Germans no doubt wanted to do what was best for their country, but because of their obedience, some or many allowed themselves to believe they were obligated to help solve "the Jewish question." This opened the door to Auschwitz, Buchenwald, and "The Final Solution." Chris Browning described the result in *The Path to Genocide*: "the inability to assert moral autonomy against the majority of one's comrades and the authority of the regime were sufficient to turn most of them into killers."

Everyone knows that Hitler was mad, but we tend to forget the behavior of the middle- and lower-echelon managers in the National Socialist Party. These were the "desk murderers" who administrated the grim details of death. Their main concern was, as it is in today's workplace, career preservation and advancement. As we all know, the way to climb the ladder is to impress your superiors with your diligence in pursuing their interests. As Browning put it:

For the most part, the Final Solution would be implemented not by zealots, but rather by the 'normal' bureaucrats who waited for the signal from above. The personal adjustment that each had to make dovetailed so completely with his own career self-interest that there was no sudden crisis of conscience, no traumatic agonizing, no consciousness of crossing an abyss, virtually no fool-dragging, and only occasional attempts to escape personal involvement.

We too have our own set of "desk murderers"—spreadsheet jockeys who are blind to all considerations other than profit, attorneys who represent any interest

for the right price, US Forest Service managers who sell timber below cost and BLM administrators who support overgrazing on public lands, to name a few.

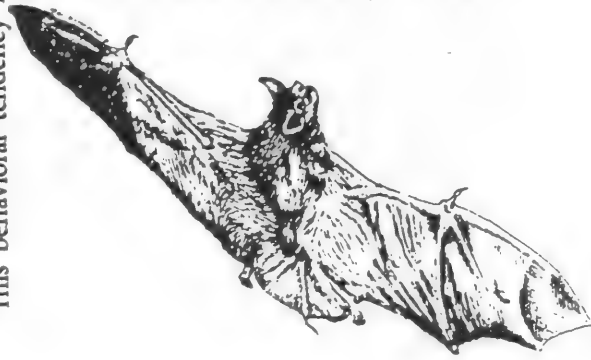
In both cases, passive complicity makes atrocity possible. In Germany, few citizens doubted that there was "a Jewish problem." Today, few people challenge the belief that growth and consumption are the most essential human activities. Few people question the pro-natalist mind set that is driving the exponential curve. Few people question our neoplastic relationship with the living Earth. Good employees, like good soldiers, don't ask questions.

Common to both holocausts is the tendency to dismiss atrocities as freakish, temporary aberrations. We assume that our species is basically humane and intelligent, so when we see evidence to the contrary, our first response is to dismiss it as an exception to the norm. There is no question that many Germans as well as many Jews saw the early terrorism in the ghettos as temporary madness. Who could have expected that genocide would have become a standard, institutionalized practice?

We would do well to remember that the European holocaust did not begin with systematic extermination of the non-Aryans; it began with bureaucratic proclamation, confiscations and forced dislocations. These were obviously unjust, but since they came against a background of relative stability, they seemed to be temporary anomalies. No one expected the genocide that was to come. Most people believed that, in spite of evidence to the contrary, Germany was essentially a civilized nation.

In this respect, the ec Holocaust is no different. We hear of species extinctions and deforestation but, believing ourselves to be fundamentally sensible and rational, we dismiss them as temporary lunacies, managerial dysfunctions, accidents or planning failures. Surely the corporate and government managers are doing their best to right this dreadful situation and we will be returning to ecological sanity soon.

But now to our horror, we begin to see that these are not temporary lunacies at all, that the assault on the



environment has become institutionalized. Ecocide is now officially sanctioned; the environmental Auschwitz is now up and running. Buchenwald is on-line. Species are being exterminated with the same ruthless efficiency that the Germans showed in the 1940s. As the Jews were then, we are now seized with horror as our worst nightmare comes to life.

The key psychological component in each case is denial. According to a survey taken in 1993, an astonishing one fifth of Americans polled declared that they believed the actual occurrence of the Holocaust to be an open question (Roper Poll taken April 1993, reported on NBC Nightly News). Similarly, most people balk at the mention of the word "ecoholocaust." They refuse to acknowledge species and habitat destruction and our role in creating it. Our capacity for denial is prodigious; if we can deny the Holocaust that took place in Germany, we can deny virtually anything, including the ecological holocaust that is taking place at this very minute.

In the end, we must recognize genocide and ecocide as two variations on a single theme. Both the Holocaust and the ecoholocaust are senseless acts of violence to parts of the natural world. Both are morally outrageous and both are a blight on the human reputation.

It is essential that we admit the word ecoholocaust into our vocabulary and our consciousness. This would be an enormous step for an anthropocentric culture to take, but it is absolutely necessary. There can be no healing until we admit the violence that is under way and our role in creating it. Our current predicament may be somewhat more complex than Germany's, but it is no less atrocious. An assault on the biosphere is an assault on all living things, including humanity. Destruction of habitat kills just as surely as a bullet to the back of the neck or a lung-full of poison gas. We delude ourselves if we say that we are innocent.



At the Planning Commission

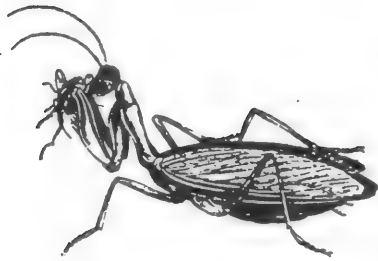
That it should come to this—that we
movers of earth, cutters of trees,
polluters of springs and streams
should sit in a heated public room
deciding where fences shall be run
over the unresisting land,
decreeing where power lines shall go
and houses of the rich be planted!
In the beam of the overhead projector
a French-curve map stains the wall,
lots laid out like steaks and chops
on a butcher's cutting chart.

I've seen this mountain in another light,
toothed with the quiet symmetry of firs,
after a night when deer and fox and owl
fed and went to sleep, coyote's song
brought the dark alive and skunk
left a subtle warning on the wind.

Restlessly I cross my legs, uncross them.
I have had my say. Now it is up to the five
behind microphones at the front of the room,
visibly tired, thinking of dinner,
craving a cigarette, a coffee break.
I forgot to tell them about the salamanders
dark as chocolate, torpid with cold,
that move up the mountain about this time
every year, how easy it is to drive
right over them if you are unaware.
I forgot to tell them about the golden eagle
that clings to the top of the transmission tower,
feathers in the air, talons clutching metal,
half in his world, half in one we made.

Barbara Meyn

The Abalone Heart



Speciesism, Nazis & the New Resistance

—MIC WOMERSLEY



It seems appropriate that I am writing an article on "speciesism" the same week as the official anniversary of the Holocaust. The daily *Missoulian* reports that a majority of American high school children cannot correctly identify the holocaust as a historical event, nor do they show recognition of the word "holocaust." It is my biased belief that future generations will refer to the twentieth century as a combined holocaust of epic dimensions in both human and non-human terms. Not only did we humans accept multiple wars of mass destruction against other humans in this century, we accepted and perpetrated a gross and extreme global war of wanton mass destruction against other species. To me, it's all one catastrophe of human character.

I'd like to be able to write a nice, non-controversial article on this subject, approach it rationally, quote the quotes, state the statistics, attempt to establish on philosophical grounds the moral imperative to act with respect and care towards the rest of our planet's inhabitants, be reasonable about the whole thing. That would be proper and correct and would stop me from hurting everyone's bloody feelings on this matter.

I'm sorry, but I've had enough of all that. Feelings need to be ruffled, jumped on, darn-well steam-rollered until people pay some attention. The situation is simple and terrible. Almost every habitat, every species and every biome on this planet is directly threatened in some way by the greed and compulsiveness of humans. Every last living thing, every plant and animal that is of beauty or beautifully ugly, every landscape, every indigenous human tribe is in direct danger. There is not one living thing in the whole of creation that we are not directly threatening with our desire and our ignorance.

This is "speciesism;" a belief that logging and logger's livings are more important than Spotted Owls, rainforests, Siberian Tigers, or the cultural survival of the primitive Penan tribe; that the continued wealth of the American elite is more important than the air we breathe or the ozone layer; that our "right" to develop private lands is weighed up against the right of the Marbled Murrelet to exist.

I could approach it rationally, say that it's simply a matter of allocation of resources, that it can be fixed by the application of conservation principles. That loggers and their corporate controllers could be given incentives to properly manage the forests. But it's already beyond manageable.

I could quote the quotes, tell you that

Aldo Leopold said that the "first requirement in intelligent tinkering is to save all the parts," that Gary Snyder said, "There is no other life," that even the christian bible says that god said to Noah that he should take "of clean beasts and of beasts that were not clean and of everything that creepeth upon the Earth" into the ark with him and his kin, that the bible grants humans only "dominion," not the right to rape and pillage. But it's beyond words now.

I could state the statistics, bore you with the fact that one hundred species a day become extinct; that the current rate of extinction is faster than the estimated rate of extinction at the end of the age of dinosaurs, when the Earth might have been hit by an asteroid; that our human population will exceed ten billion early next century. It's too late for numbers.

I could attempt to establish on philosophical grounds the moral imperative to act with respect and care towards the rest of our planet's inhabitants, talk about St Francis and Kant, and rational beings and the categorical imperative, and the rest, but I'm sick of all that.

For me, it's the Holocaust, continued. You're either a Nazi, or you're a spineless bystander, or you're in the resistance. If you're a Nazi, you intend to get what you can out of the dying biosphere and

could not care less about the beauty of the world. If you're a spineless bystander you probably have some vague feelings about "your beach," "your forest," "your backyard," or "your Jews."

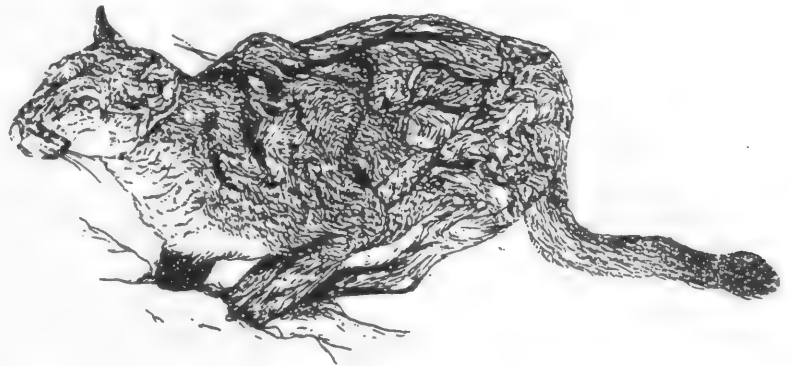
And the resistance? You're doing something, for Earth's sake! You are jumping up and down on street corners, screaming at passers-by, wearing a bear suit, or teaching grade-schoolers about "the environment," or growing organic gardens or raising goats. You're in Greenpeace or Earth First! or the Green Party, or leading wilderness programs or subverting the Forest Service or anything but accepting the status quo. Because at least you aren't so sick with work or alcohol or drugs or christianity that you can't feel good when the cool waters of a creek flow over your toes, when you eat a dirty carrot from your own patch, when your best-beloved hugs you fair-and-square. Because you can understand that the value gained in a summer's day as a human animal is beyond anything you can earn in a whole summer working in a Nazi corporation. Because when you're old and grey and children turn and ask you what you did in the Holocaust, you will say with pride that you were in the resistance.

Mic Womersley is in the resistance.

**You're either
a Nazi,
or you're a
spineless
bystander,
or you're in
the resistance.**

*If you think you're too small to be effective,
you've never been in bed with a mosquito.*

Activism is the antidote to despair.



*The environmental struggle is like poker,
you have to ante. My ante is my life.*

Mark Davis Sez...

"Fight. You know, what else is there to do? Except you have to accept the fact that this is a battle really to the death. We are in the process of rendering the biosphere incapable of supporting complex life forms. And that's gonna happen. It's going to happen unless a lot of people fight it real hard and it's probably going to happen even then.

It becomes a matter of personal honor as to what you're going to do with your life under these conditions. And I fight. And I'll continue to fight."

STORM CLOUDS OF A LONG BATTLE

Sometimes there are no answers.

Conflicts can not always be resolved peacefully; someone "wins" and someone loses. So it may be with humanity (the industrial experiment) and its unwilling opponent, biodiversity. In our present numbers and with the dominance of the consumption system, there is little hope for a healthy natural environment or the millions of species which will be forced into extinction before most of us die. For we inhabit a world in which the growth of industrial culture and its technologies and mechanisms of control is accelerating at an evil pace. With every passing day, the cancer of industrial "civilization" extends and reinforces itself - so that yesterday's most

To know and not to act

is not yet to know.

frightening corporate dreams become today's development projects, leading to tomorrow's toxic nightmares. We know that the pace at which the cancer grows is the rate at which paradise disappears. Sacred wild lands; fantastic and wonderful variations of plants and animals; entire cultures and their knowledge of how to live in balance as well as our potentially wild and free selves, are sacrificed for the "progress" of an insane society. We are witnesses to and participants in (to varying degrees) global biological meltdown and the consolidation of powerful technologies of destruction in the hands of fascist powers. The inevitable result of the human activity that passes for everyday life seems obvious: the death of nature.

There is no hope for the Endangered Species Act, for any law that interferes with the corporate menace will be repealed or circumvented. No hope for earth summits, Green Party reforms, or a sudden collapse of the industrial death system. No; society will continue to pursue armaments and scientific research (space exploration, robotics, computers, genetic manipulation, biospheres, mass transit/electric cars) and high tech medical intervention as "solutions" rather than acknowledge them as part of the problem. People will continue to pollute, overpopulate, to live the individualist automobile culture, to destroy the forests and then attempt to

move someplace less spoiled, and to deny their doom. "Activists" will continue the futile effort of education and reform. What reform or reason is there with a system that cares only about its growth and that treats every "discovery" as a new frontier to be exploited and subsumed? Or with a culture that swallows and absorbs anything alternative to be spit back out as the latest "hip" fashion to be bought? Yes; the downfall will be a long and ugly process and will take a huge toll - the machine will fight to the end to keep itself going, no matter the cost in life, human or otherwise. By the time the system collapses (and collapse it will, for it is not sustainable), there will be few if any viable ecosystems left, and we may have created atmospheric and climatic changes that end most of life on earth.

Our path can seem daunting - if we fail to act or are not successful in our efforts, it will be exponentially more difficult for future generations to stop the devastation, let alone turn society in a new direction. Dead ends abound. Hope often seems like just another word in the dictionary, rather than an emotion we experience. It seems that for every corporate project stopped there are a hundred more pushed to deadly completion. Anyone attempting to point out the insanities of the prevailing paradigm is looked upon as a modern day chicken little. Doubts can begin to creep in. Maybe we're overestimating how bad things really are. In the absence of any kind of real movement, we compromise what we know in our hearts, and funnel our energy into the system. We wonder if we weren't so aware of the evils, if life would be easier.

Yet we must not despair nor become paralyzed by our legitimate cynicism. What is the value of humanity and what self-worth can we find if we can not effectively resist ecocide? Yes, it is a difficult path; we are trying to be feral in a managed world. We must travel our lives as free, joyful human beings and we must strive to seek our place in the natural balance of things. Do anything less, and we will not have the material with which to build a new society upon the ashes of the old. This means that those of us who really care about the future must find creative ways to circumvent these dead ends. Never underestimate your own inner power! Look how far you've come from the school kid who loved TV to the being who understands what freedom means, and fights for it in everyday life.

So where do we start? There are so many issues, causes, projects. Sure, we can concern ourselves with the destruction of tropical rainforests and support faraway resistance struggles, but we can not cop out. You stand on

stolen, occupied and devastated land. Global destruction starts in our own backyard and is forcibly exported throughout the world, as our consumer society is shoved down people's throats through a variety of military, political and economic methods. We in the industrialized world have a special task (or joy) - to impair the dominant culture's ability to expand, and ultimately to function. There are many creative ways we can achieve this (some of which you will find within these pages), and we start by removing the dominant paradigm from our minds and by learning to see in new ways. It's kind of like cleaning your room - it's a constant process, and you have to sweep away the dust often. This project calls for rejecting the whole of modern civilization and building a life-centered culture, where all life and future generations have equal rights and claims to a healthy natural environment. A return to a simple, joyful life of self-sufficiency. This necessitates acquiring and passing on those skills and attitudes that allow us to inhabit a place in a sacred and sustainable manner. There is much we can learn from the indigenous and aboriginal cultures which remain, if we are willing to listen. Introduce yourself and your friends to the wildness of the earth and of that within. Move away from materialism, apathy and easy reform. Band together with fellow resisters and practice living together as a tribe. Begin a wheat pasting/billboard alteration/sabotage conspiracy. Stay in one place for a while, for a long time, and get to really

know and love it. Learn how to take care of each other, physically and emotionally. Learn your local plants, eat more wild foods! Buy little, share more, work less. Start a fire, dismantle or disable a machine of destruction. Pick a local eco-raper and hunt them: hinder their ability to continue their operations. Spread your subversive creativity and passion!

Remember. Learn from history and herstory. We are at war with the systems and functions of industrialized society; the economy, the accumulation of resources, the exploitation, the technology, the values and arrogant assumptions. We do not aim to seize control of, but rather to destroy entirely, the means of production. We do not seek a program or a leader to follow. We seek an end to governments, the act of governing, and the power over other living beings. A caution: we must be careful not to aim for some nihilistic glorification of the eco-warrior role. There is a screaming need to re-learn where and who we are on this planet, to understand the meaning of harmony, to transcend our domestication. Haste, bold ones, the wolf howls and the owl hoots; let not their crying ghosts haunt our pitiful monuments.

- Thanks To Rev@1 and Marz Siblesiz

***I cannot believe it is so far between
knowing what must be done
and doing it.*** **- Barry Lopez**



Night Maintenance — *A Hobby for the Nineties*

—ARIZONA EARTH FIRST!

It is very hard to unbuild a freeway, dam, clearcut, or other such atrocity. Concrete or asphalt can be destroyed, but the sheer size of most civil engineering puts a huge burden on the environmentalist, cramping his/her lifestyle. The burden should be on the land rapist; the environmentalist should enjoy the joyful, fun free lifestyle that s/he deserves.

In the process of destruction, there are "bottlenecks" where a small effort by the activist can have an enormous effect in hindering or stopping the process (environmental jujitsu). Your job is to find and exploit these pressure points.

One such point is heavy equipment (bulldozers, scrapers, cranes, trucks, etc.). One such vehicle can do a huge amount of damage in a day. On the other hand, an ounce of night maintenance can prevent a ton of damage.

Familiarize yourself with the movements of the sun and moon. At the new moon, the sun and moon are close together in the sky, and both set at the same time, creating the darkest possible sky. Friday night, all over the uncivilized world, big yellow vehicles will be parked in destruction sites unattended, and usually unlocked, for the weekend, with big "kick me" signs on their behinds that are only visible to the righteous. Daylight hours must be used to locate all of them, particularly those whose location makes them most vulnerable (for example, behind a hill), or where enough of them congregate to make it worth your while. They may be very hard to find in the dark (which is to your advantage!).

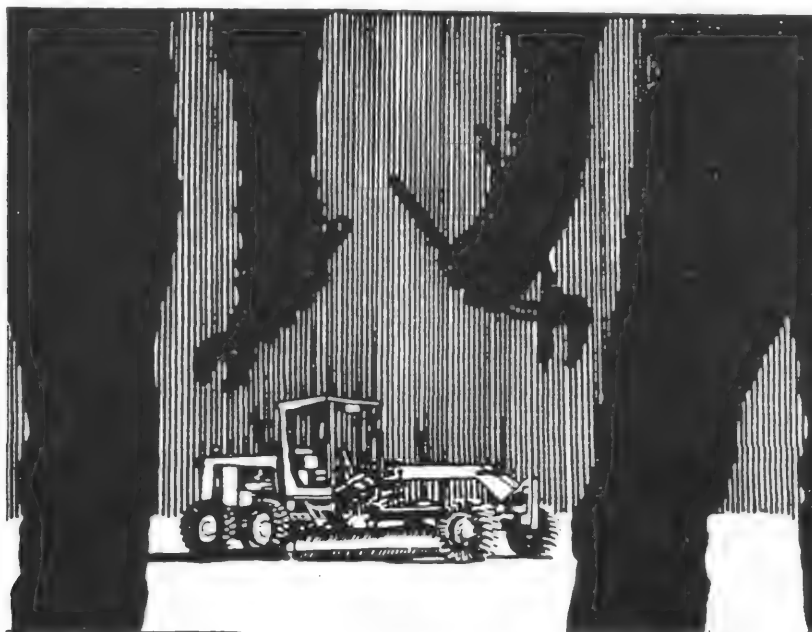
Work completely alone. This is the only way you can achieve the necessary level of security for this dangerous (but thrilling) hobby. Resist the urge to brag.

It is very tempting to slash all tires, leaving a very clear

message. It will cost the rapist dearly, but not dearly enough. It will create headlines, but give the opposition the psychological and political advantage to spare no expense in tracking you (or some suitable scapegoat) via the evidence trail you inevitably laid down. And the added security instituted will hinder further adventures. Unless you can cause a huge, crippling expense instantly (for example, by burning a great number of vehicles irreparably), it is far better to initiate a damaging process that won't get noticed until the evidence trail is obliterated.

A possible candidate is putting the finest (smallest-grained) aluminum oxide (see "abrasives" in the Yellow Pages) you can afford in the oil filler hole, washing it down with a quart or so of salt water. Ideally, the engine will be operated until it is destroyed, without any problem being noticed. Your footprints will be long since obliterated. The only tools you need are gloves, a small flashlight or penlight, and a small plastic container that can be squeezed to form a pouring spout.

This is a hobby the whole family can enjoy! Everyone can keep their eyes peeled for yellow vehicles, and report the sightings in their neighborhood newsletters. Kids can ask the rapists and their elected representatives embarrassing questions, like, "Why are you destroying our neighborhood? Why are you cutting down trees? Why are you destroying animals' homes?" Grandma and Grandpa can research who is profiting from the project and organize the appropriate boycotts and picket lines. Joe Boy Scout and Suzie Girl Scout can earn merit badges learning about the species endangered by the projects or lobbying the city council (or the city council's children!) against them. Fun unlimited!



Go out and do something for the EARTH . . .
at night.

Should illegal acts of environmental defense be undertaken only as a last resort when all methods of legal resistance fail? Not just no, but *Hell no!* Again, the claws of the mutated beast are everywhere. To neutralize opposition, a primary strategy for agencies such as the Forest Service and BLM is to wear us out with *process*. Assaults on natural diversity are so overwhelmingly common, so multidimensional that it is impossible for activists to monitor — let alone resist — more than a tiny fraction of threats to wildlands. Hearings, negotiating sessions, EISs, appeals, lawsuits, and informational (propaganda) workshops are time consuming and expensive for volunteer activists, yet represent bread and butter for bureaucrats and corporate officers. Remember that Thursday night when you wanted to read at home after a hard day's work or maybe watch your kid play basketball, but instead you went to that wilderness meeting? You got the shaft, but the Freddie got overtime pay. And you wrote the check!

By submerging ourselves in the process; indeed, by making an effort to exhaust the process prior to conducting illegal but moral resistance, we guarantee more fodder for the dragon. Yes, we need more people working within the system because occasionally that succeeds. But we also need more focused monkeywrenching and more civil disobedience to fend off the dragon, even when the individuals involved make little or no attempt to spar with the beast in its own arena.

For George Hayduke, the original Earth First!er, damage of property was not violence, and if it was, so what. It had to be done. As the earth graders proceeded to build the road, ending the grader's destruction was paramount. Time to discuss the morality of such an action was unavailable — evil had to be extinguished and future discussions on such matters could wait until after celebrating the grader's going up in flames.



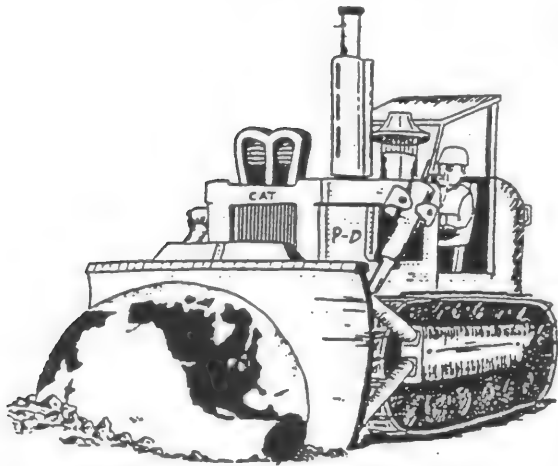
As Mike Roselle, quoted by Shanks, says, it is "really the symbolism, not the number of hours that we actually shut down a particular bulldozer, that actually carried the message and had the power." But that doesn't leave symbolism off the hook. Actions with symbolic value have a shelf-life; done too often they're used up. Civil disobedience is carried by the winds of symbolism, but to what extent do we choose to rely on symbolism to convey our message? Tactical decisions need to be made according to the context of the campaign. Eventually the public's interest will wane with too many symbolic actions.

Herbert Marcuse, a cultural Marxist, addressed the shortcomings of protest of all kinds in advanced democratic capitalist and highly administered societies. He pointed out that the hands of the system if they become ends in themselves, rather than seeking meaningful and progressive structural change.

Marcuse warned that protest and rebellion can validate the system as much as challenge it. Social movements can merely provide evidence that the rights of free speech, association, and assembly are guaranteed. Consequently, protesting has the potential to simply vent the steam of discontent. Once the protest is over things go back to normal and we all feel good about ourselves — our conscience salved — and nothing, including ourselves, is really challenged.

Ecotage

by Greg Gordon



Few would deny the magnitude of the environmental crisis. Global warming, acid rain, deforestation, loss of biodiversity... all are occurring rapidly, perhaps hopelessly so. We need a fundamental change in our relationship with nature, from domination to harmonious interdependence. Part of this change involves a change in ethics.

We have the ability to correct the evils levied against nature. Since we have the ability, we also have the obligation to act. Action can take many forms; some are more effective than others. Writing a letter to George Bush or some other bureaucrat, for example, is legal, accepted, encouraged by most environmental groups, and is basically ineffectual.

Fighting within the system has all the satisfaction of ramming one's head into a wall. We need to go around the wall and start disassembling it at its foundation. Only when the wall is dismantled can we use the bricks to build a greenhouse.

To insure the survival of the human species and, more importantly, the planet, ecotage presents itself as a tangible action that can effect change NOW!

Ecotage is effective. Decommissioning a bulldozer prevents it from operating, forcing those bent on destruction to spend more of their precious dollars. Often the costs of development can be made prohibitive. A Forest Service supervisor once stated that you could write all the letters that you wanted, but if you wanted to preserve old growth you should spike trees. Granted, destruction of property can be regarded as a violent act. There is, however, a great moral distinction between violence to property and violence to persons, but the values of our society appear to be skewed. Apparently, our society values property over life, as indicated by the more lengthy jail terms served by those who write bad checks compared to rapists. The worship of material goods is what makes ecotage appear "unethical" or even "violent."

The elimination of nuclear weapons is regarded as a good idea by most people. Why not then the elimination of D-7 Cats? Destruction of government/corporate property is somehow not regarded highly as a form of civil disobedience. Given the present crisis, traditional forms of civil disobedience, such as noncompliance, are not enough.

Ecotage contributes to Self-realization not only by protecting the greater Self (Gaia), but also by fostering a self-actualized individual. The decision to engage in ecotage is a fully conscious responsible choice. It is supremely individual. Ecotage is a tangible action. One can see and experience the good of one's action. It fosters a unity with the area one is trying to protect, and gives one a sense of place. In this world where "most men live lives of quiet desperation," the mental health provided by ecotage cannot be overlooked, and, as Edward Abbey often said, "It's good for the soul."

Is it ethical to engage in ecotage? Or is it ethical to stand idly by while an intrinsic part of ourselves is being destroyed? The morally indefensible position is to do nothing. "In wildness is the preservation of the world." What happens when we have no more wildness?

Bulldozers serve no ethical purpose; their very nature is to destroy. Survey stakes mean roads. Roads into wilderness destroy part of the Self. Ancient Forest is scarce irreplaceable habitat. Making rayon out of these trees is a crime against the Self. Why then is there any debate on what action to take?

Environmental destruction is morally wrong. Fighting this destruction is morally right. Mainstream environmentalists condemn ecotage because it alienates people and escalates an already flammable situation. Let it burn! We cannot rely upon the Corporate Government to change its ways. The President of Chevron/US/GM/Japan (fill in the blank) is not going to give up his world by receiving a well-written letter. The lumber companies won't stop until every tree is cut. The oil companies won't stop until the Earth's Mesozoic fluids are sucked dry and burned, creating unbreathable air and a Saharan Montana. Let it burn! What's there to save? TVs, bulldozers, Nancy Reagan, microwave ovens, golf?

*You become real
only at the point
of action.*

*Let your actions set the finer
points of your philosophy.*

- Dave Foreman



A FEW WORDS AGAINST MONKEYWRENCING...

New Rules for Radicals

by Max Kummerow

When Earth First!ers make noises about trashing something or other in the name of truth, justice, and the future of the biosphere, I cringe. Logging and mining public relations men must smile as they read quotes by monkeywrenchers. How better to show the public that environmentalists can be written off as irresponsible crazies?

Monkeywrenchers have stopped damn little "resource development," but they have helped land rapers in their efforts to portray environmental preservation as a radical fringe, rather than the mainstream majority position.

Non-violence, or "truth-force," as used by Ghandi and King does not simply mean doing something for which one could be arrested. Nor were they passive: They forced change to happen through massive demonstrations. They knew that public perception is critical to success or failure, and that actions have to pass a very high moral standard. By these tests, Earth First! monkeywrenching has presented a confused message: Some actions are truly non-violent, but other actions are clearly hostile and perceived by the public as harmful to persons or property.

Like peeing down your leg, monkeywrenching may give a warm feeling, but offend other people. Earth First! folks ought to give each tactic the "is-this-like-peeing-down-my-leg" test before going ahead. The question is how the action will be perceived by the general public when reported by the rather unsympathetic mass media. If an action will reduce support for environmental causes among the public, it ought to be skipped, no matter how good it feels.

Ghandi's followers were jailed, shot, and beaten with clubs, but they did not harm others. The moral message was absolutely clear. When racists turned police dogs on non-violent children, it was clear to the nation who was right and who was wrong. The balance of power shifted away from racism. No one wanted to be a racist, because non-violent activists proved the moral foundations of racism to be bankrupt and based on violence.

When Earth First!ers spike a tree, the general public reacts negatively. Someone's property is being damaged, and allegedly the spiking puts sawyers at risk of injury. This isn't the kind of thing the average American wants to identify with. Questionable tactics discredit a cause. Empowerment means winning new support, not alienating potential supporters. If being an environmentalist means injuring people, I don't want to be an environmentalist. So monkeywrenching may, in the long run, be destroying forests rather than saving them.

We have peaceful mechanisms for making changes in America. We vote, Congress makes decisions, elected presidents appoint the head of the Agriculture Department. Forest Service policy is under public control. In such a country, if more people want logs than wilderness, that is what they will get. And if public institutions (like the Forest Service) are captured by special interests (like loggers), the solution is not violence, but reform, through political activity and reassertion of the rights of the majority who, in fact, do think wilderness is a good idea. Americans elected Teddy Roosevelt. Unfortunately they also elected George Bush. Aldo Leopold and Bob Marshall, two of America's strongest voices for wilderness, worked for the Forest

Service. They were effective during times when public support for wilderness was strong.

Why make yourselves into a powerless minority when the only way to win more permanent victories is by building majority public support? True, the message must be presented in a reasonable fashion with patience, hard work, and perseverance. The fight isn't so easy no matter what the tactics. But victories based on societal consensus are much more lasting than the occasional lone ranger victories in which the lone ranger undermines support for his cause by harming others.

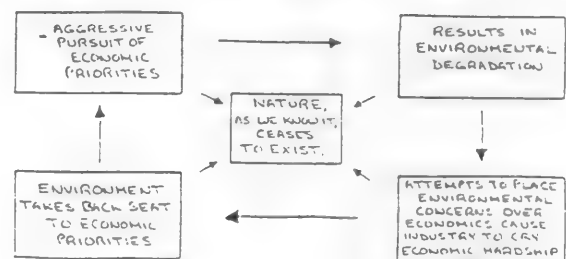
All this has cycled several times before in American history: anarchist bombthrowers around the turn of the century, "ends justify means" Communists in the 1930s, the Weathermen of the 1960s. In each case, America overwhelmingly rejected minority efforts to force change through violence. Perhaps the radical actions of violent minorities hastened change, but more likely violence delayed public acceptance of now-mainstream ideas by creating negative images and diverting attention from the real issues. Nixon, for example, probably wouldn't have been elected without the "law and order" issue. Tree spiking probably helps Conrad Burns and Ron Marlenee.

Trying to force change by violent means is like warfare. Even if you think war is a great idea, you must concede that "successful" warfare requires not just force, but superior force, as well as a willingness to suffer a great deal of bloodshed and suffering by friends as well as enemies. In America, the distinction between attacks on persons and attacks on property isn't convincing. Confining monkeywrenching to property damage doesn't solve the moral problem. You damage people if you damage the tools or resources from which they earn their living. And violence against property will lead to violence against people. (If you don't believe that, go to a bar in Libby on Saturday night and tell guys in logger boots how much you like tree spiking.) It's a good bet that the violence professionals in the police and armed forces of the US will prevail over a few Earth First! violence amateurs. You will never stop the machine by force, you will only justify it and strengthen it.

Have faith in your truth, not in your destructiveness. Don't rage hopelessly, teach. Your vision will empower others. ∞



FLOW CHART OF THE PATH OF ENVIRONMENTAL PROTECTION IN THE U.S.



M800

AND A FEW WORDS IN RESPONSE...

STAND UP & SPEAK OUT

Fear and Fragmentation: A Urinalysis of New Rules for Radicals

Walking attentively down the canyon, I suddenly spot the enemy, so obvious and so much bigger than we! I control my breath, ready my sling, and bend over to pick up the only suitable stone in sight. I briefly feel its aerodynamic shape roundness in the palm of my hand before — fragmentation! Breaking up along a hundred unseen fissures, it crumbles in my grasp and escapes in a shower between my fingers.

Arguments over a uniting strategy, a unified media image, a limit on size, while the global Kraken devours the last of the wild and sacred places. It's not for us to adopt a single platform. Organizations do that. We are a many-headed serpent between the polyester sheets of the dominant paradigm. As a movement we have to change, evolve, spread out, to society's very fringe. No, it's not up to us as EF!ers to impose a limited consensus or limit our growth. EF! is out of control! And isn't it great? A wild spirit unchained, a co-enzyme released to accelerate the cleansing, to aid the Earth-body in its self-healing. A cataclysmic enzyme that will mutate and spread beyond the constraints of even our best of intentions. No more "rules."

The many varied entities of EF! serve as more intimate clans within the greater tribe. Educational, musical, artistic, and even legalistic personifications work hand in hand with monkeywrenching. If EF! is a priority rather than the name of a group, the measure cannot be made in arrests, monetary damage to machinery or our always-temporary victories, but in the total visceral, spiritual, and active response to the common threat.

Ecotage is not only effective at saving wild places from Greed-heads, but fun as well. It should be understood as more than a viable tool of resistance,



because it is a rite of passage for many of us, and a new ceremonial icon for our movement. The monkeywrench is passed around the circle where we have pledged to make our decisions, a tool of interconnectedness like the medicine pipe, the carved staff, the feather of the eagle.

There is no fear of our commitment being diluted with growth. The media beasts will make sure that it is by the most radical and sensational face of EF! that the world knows us, a banner under which only a minority will ever do their work for the Earth. Faced with the death of the planet-body, more and more antibodies will arise, and willingness to face the cancer head-on will always be the measure of the avant-garde. There is no fear of appearing "too radical," or "irresponsible," either. In the face of immediate planetary destruction, we have no time to worry about alienating anyone.

We only seem to lead because we cannot wait for others. We dream of an unfragmented world... a healed world! We dream of the sacred adventure. Manifest! Create wilderness! Live the dream! Never relegate it to the paleolithic past or in the far distant future. Our dream is now, right here, the natural human spirit

unleashed! The world endlessly made wild.

In our fight against the burgeoning monoculture, let's not adopt their sameness. EF! is diversity with cooperation. It needs no managing — united beneath the soil, like intertwining roots, by the resolute standard of "no compromise!" Deep ecology and civil disobedience, poetry and ecotage.

The "hawksfell" that holds this skald's pen also carries the tools of the warrior, to wrench "wound-dew" from the rapist machine, "feed the ravens" with their inequity, "sate the eagles" with vanquished despoilers and the convulsions of our own sacrificed hearts.

Fragments... I bend over again to gather up the particles of crumbling rock, and surprise! The stone made whole again! It fits snugly in my sling. We must always follow our mystical insight with direct personal action, yet never forget the spiritual heart of this vital resistance, our sacrament...

No fragmentation. No temptation to retreat. No reasons to regret.

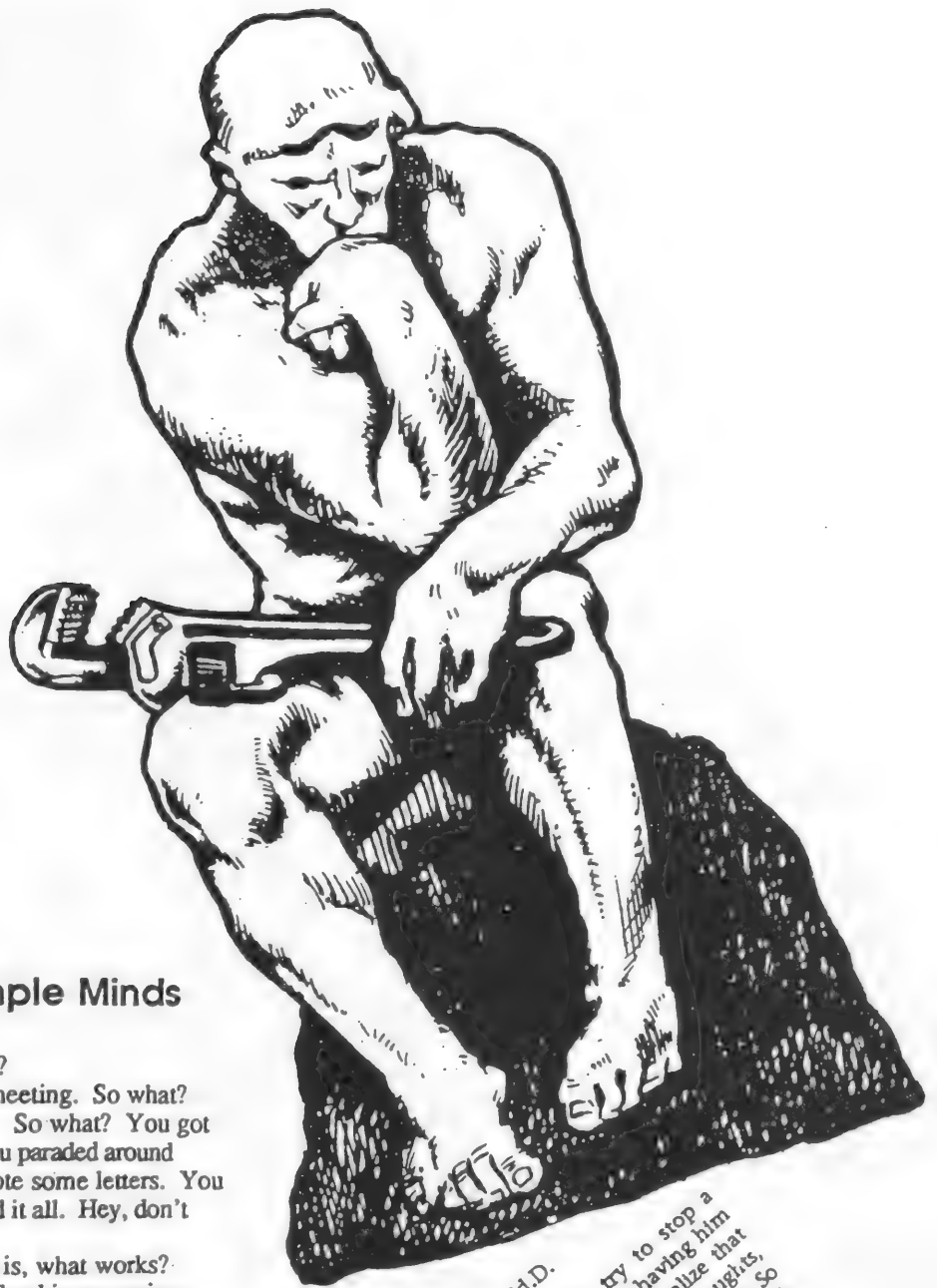
Environmental preservation is radical ("root," "revolutionary"), not mainstream. The main "stream" is dammed, languid, polluted, and unchanging. Personal empowerment results from correctness and active response, not public approval. The majority very truly prefer logs (or dollars) to wilderness. If all other means of saving those remnant forests fail, I hope those logs they prefer are spiked.

Concerns over success or failure are disempowering. There is a war going on — a war against the Earth, recognized as such a long time by "radical" John Muir. But our resistance, as Mike Roselle explained, is not so much guerilla warfare as monkey business.

Mr. Kummerow can pee down his own hobbled leg. We'll take Mr. Abbey's advice and piss on them instead!

Tough love,
Lone Wolf Circles

WHY
PARTICIPATE
IN THE RUIN
OF CREATION
WHEN YOU CAN
PARTICIPATE
IN THE
CREATION OF
RUINS?



Letter to Simple Minds

Dear Earth First?

You had a big meeting. So what? You had a big party. So what? You got drunk and yelled. You paraded around with signs. You wrote some letters. You screamed you wanted it all. Hey, don't make me yawn.

The bottom line is, what works? What stops a road? Sand in an engine. What stops a saw? Metal and clay. How many of you have been out in the empty winter woods, working where it counts? Yeah, it's not as fun as a road trip to a party, but I thought the earth came first, dudes. We all know stumps suck. Do you suck too?

Earth First! is supposed to be different. Earth First! is supposed to get things done. If you're gonna be righteous assholes, then do something righteous. Nobody will do the grunt work if you don't. We know monkeywrenching works. So do it. Often. You can go join an organization if you just want to talk.

— Sick of Talk

by Michael J. Cohen, Ed.D.

Few among us would try to stop a maniac like Jack the Ripper by having him read a book on ethics, for we realize that disturbed emotions, not unethical thoughts, led to the insane murders he committed. So why do we believe in preaching sound ethical and ecological principles to our mainstream society?

Mainstream society's maniacal attitudes and acts needlessly hurt and kill millions of people, habitats and other living beings daily. That concerned people expect rational ecology and ethics alone to change our central way of life should make us question how much the mainstream has disturbed our own mentality.

Modern society is insane because it attacks Nature and therefore a vital part of itself. We must recognize that, more than facts and figures or ethics and morals, America needs . . .



A thing is right when it tends to preserve the integrity , stability and beauty of the biotic community. It is wrong when it tends otherwise.

- Aldo Leopold

The understanding of radical environmentalism begins at the end, the end of the world as we know it, the meltdown of biological diversity that our industrial culture has recklessly set in motion.

- Christopher Manes

Our job is to save the building blocks and to make sure there are grizzly bears and great blue whales and rainforests and redwoods somewhere, so that in the final thrashing of the industrial monster, everything else that's good on this planet isn't destroyed.

- Dave Foreman

What will be the meaning of "order" to a people whose political institutions, even when they were democratic, turned them into ecological refugees, citizens of the unworld of environmental paucity.

- Christopher Manes

**We need not worry about how to restructure society in order to accommodate our proposals...
We're not in the business of trying to save civilization.**

- Howie Wolke on the role of Earth First!



Earth Night Action!

When all the people have gone home and the lights are out... beware we are there! You can't lock us out, you can't see us. But if you are worried about us you have good reason.

A CHALLENGE...

Letter from a Friend

Dear Greenpeace for Brains,

Greenpeace is great and gee, they have such neat toys and hey, they is practically closet Earth Firsters! A regular flippin' mutual admiration society.

Never mind that long-time Earth First!ers Peter Bralver while working on the Long Beach "action" was told by Greenpeaceers that he was not welcome because of his association with the Sea Shepard Conservation Society.

Oh, let's just forget that Greenpeace is a multinational ecological corporation that supports the Mexican slaughter of dolphins and the Faeroese slaughter of pilot whales.

But what really ticks me off is that Earth First? has become what Greenpeace became years ago, a goddamn organization of banner hangers.

Look at yourself. Page one of Samhain 92 has a banner and a protest sign. Page two drapes a placard. More banners on pages six and seven. A banner hanging from a tree on page nine. Protest signs on page 28. Bumper stickers galore on page 33.

So you proved that you all are literate. I can see the Freddie's shuddering in their boots now. And

*What really ticks me off
is that Earth First?
has become what Greenpeace
became years ago,
a goddamn organization of
banner hangers.*

those longshoremen down in Long Beach, I betcha they really took a fright from those warnings about GATT.

What a bunch of first rate prima donna compromising lilly livered wimps. "Stop logging or we're going to hang a fucking banner in front of you," or "Read my protest sign Earth raper."

Closet Earth First!er my ass. The present crowd in Missoula putting out this pabulum on your tree fleshed rag are closet Greenpeaceers. The real Earth Firsters! are now writing for and publishing Wild Earth having been dislodged by the anti-tree spiking anti-monkeywrenching crowd of vermin with their oh so fucking holier than thou politically correct agenda of anthropocentric trivialities.

Keep it up. Hang banners while the Earth burns. For myself, I would rather see the old Earth First! not the sanitized Greenpeace-influenced, soon to be Greenpeace-controlled Earth First!

Thank Gaia that I still have a crew of passionate ass-kicking eco-buccaneers who ain't afraid to ram and sink ocean raping pirates and remain proud to be

warriors without having to worry that they may be offending some politically correct agenda that defines radical environmentalism by socialist or anarchist criteria.

And hey, if you don't like what I'm saying, then by all means, go hang a banner from the mast of my ship. I'm sure that you'll scare the tar out of me by doing so. Hell, if I get really scared, I'll flash a picket sign at you or perhaps mail off a petition to plead and whine for understanding.

Actually, Greenpeace once picketed one of our ships in Honolulu. They accused us of being racism for our opposition to Japanese dolphin killing. We felt so-o-o guilty which is why, I guess that we broke their signs in two and slashed this oh so cute inflatable whale balloon to pieces. A couple of them actually cried and threatened to call the "dread, shudder" media on us.

Get real and get a life. This planet is under siege. Species and habitat eradication is escalating. This ain't fun and games, this war, like in planetary survival against a violent, greedy, hell-bent-on-collective -suicide enemy.

Did Washington hang banners at Valley Forge to stop the British? Did B-52 bombers drop picket signs and petitions to defeat the Nazi regime? Did Gandhi (sic) triumph against the British Raj without suffering casualties? Did the Lakota go down to defeat without fighting and dying and striving? No, no, no. They fought, they defended, they attacked, they suffered, they won some and lost some but they put their life and freedoms on the line and they proudly stood their ground.

One thing they did not do was hang fucking banners or dress up in animal costume and prance about like eco-defense was some sort of masquerade dance and comedy routine. Do you people realize how embarrassing it is to share a movement with animal crackers, human billboards and mall vomiting protesters? Lets see a little courage, a little pride of character and an approach that demonstrates some commanding respect for this living Earth, this mother of us all and her children. If you're not prepared to fight for her honour, her integrity and her future then for her sake get the fuck off the pot unless you're prepared to take a shit.

When you are prepared, you'll realize that banners are good for one thing only — to wipe your ass.

Most Sincerely Yours,

Captain Paul Watson
Sea Shepard Conservation
Society





AND A RESPONSE

Are We Mere Banner-Hangers?

I would like to say a few words about Paul Watson's editorial which appeared in the last issue of the Journal. It would be easy to challenge his reasoning one paragraph at a time, but I think to do so would be to miss his point, which is that, somehow, Earth First! has lost its bite. We sometimes have tamed, or appeared to have tamed, and, he argues, consequently have become less of a threat to the powers that are destroying this planet.

accompanied me began to appear out of the forest. Many of them were screaming. Some of them ran directly into the paths of falling trees. One man threw himself, in a superhuman leap, straight onto the trunk of a tree which a logger was at that moment cutting down with his chainsaw. The student was pulled to the ground by his ankles, and proceeded to attack the logger.

The chaos that took place is

I have never been so proud to be a part of this movement as I was on that day. Those students, evidently prepared to die, showed me a dignity and courage and respect for this planet that does not occur outside Earth First!. They turned the top of Mt. Graham not into a protest site but a battlefield, and although they were outnumbered forty to one they could not find inside themselves the will to sit and watch a species go extinct, evaporate off this planet forever.

Last year's Cove/Mallard campaign in Idaho developed precisely the same sort of atmosphere. The people who attended were courageous and fully cognizant of how critical it is to halt this madness while our glorious planet still contains the beautiful



Those students, evidently prepared to die, showed me a dignity and courage and respect for this planet that does not occur outside Earth First!

At times I too have felt this way, but every time this happens something occurs that convinces me otherwise. One of the most important moments in my life took place on top of Mount Graham with a handful of university students on the day the trees were removed from that tiny but crucial spruce-fir habitat. I and the rest of the people up on that mountain knew that if that habitat was removed it would likely be the end of the Mt. Graham Red Squirrel, forever. And so we were up on the mountain to protest the logging. Two of us were locked to trees, others were in the woods as support.

But as the trees began to fall something happened which many activists would criticize us for. We ceased, all of us at once, to be support people. When we watched the trees fall we really believed (and still believe) that we were watching the Red Squirrel, for all intents and purposes, go extinct. And we just could not bear that.

The university students who

not easy to describe, and I haven't often tried to do it. The students would run, as fast as they could, to get underneath falling trees, and Sheriff's deputies would attempt to tackle them before they actually reached any. There were fights. People resisted arrest in the classic, true sense of the term. These university students were doing *everything in their power* to stop this logging. They abandoned to fate the two activists locked to trees, as they abandoned themselves to fate also.

diversity of life this age is blessed with. And they are prepared to deal with the responsibility which comes with such a notion.

Earth First! is not a tame bunch of hippies. Earth First! is as tough and gnarly and pissed off as ever, perhaps more so. If we hang a banner once in awhile, it should be considered a warning: one day soon, there might be a war in those woods.

—ERIK RYBERG



Yes, she comes
 through underground unexplored corridors
 behind the billboards
 and the sacred words of the philosophers
 out of the spread-eagled legs of raped women
 and out of the napalm burned jungles
 she approaches you, slowly but firmly
 through the inflation-unemployment balance
 through the mockingly friendly faces of the leaders
 from inside the dead walls of cold galleries
 comes close to you
 with her burning breath
 breathing down your necks
 under the whacks of the police clubs
 inside the crazed shrieks of butchered suckling pigs
 through the cement, the glass, and the iron bars
 from within deranged brains and corrupted stomachs
 she comes, sometimes howling
 under the full moon's soft light
 and you, triple-locked in your castles
 pee on luxurious beds
 drawn in your endless panic and fear
 without knowing
 even what her name is.

Vlasis Rassias
 Athens

Coyote and the Monkeywrench

by Peter Bralver

Coyote left his tent in the morning. Over the hill he saw a family of quail. He took the soup from his dinner last night, soaked it onto dry bread crumbs, and shaped it into seeds. Then he put leaves and brush around his face. "I am a tree, eat my seeds" he said to the quail. Two fat young quail came up to him to eat and Coyote snapped their necks and wrapped them up in his blanket.

The next time he saw quail he wasn't so lucky. "You're Coyote," the quail said. This time Coyote didn't get any.

Coyote sat down at the edge of the road and made a fire. He took the fat, dead quail out and cooked them. After he ate he heard someone coming up the road. Coyote put the leaves back on and pretended he was a tree again. The person coming up the road was a human being. He was wearing overalls and carried a bag of tools. He was a mechanic. He didn't see Coyote.

After he had passed by, Coyote sneaked up behind him, grabbed him, and wrestled

him to the earth. Then Coyote took out some scraps of quail meat. "Here, eat this," Coyote said.

The mechanic ate the quail meat. Then Coyote let him up. "Now you have to do something for me to pay me back for the quail meat," said Coyote.

"What do you want, Coyote?" asked the mechanic.

Coyote took one of the quail bones and ground it into powder. He mixed the powder with fat from the quail. He took a monkeywrench out of the mechanic's bag and rubbed the quail fat and powdered bone all over the monkeywrench, then put it back in the bag. "You'll know what to do," Coyote told him. Then he sent the mechanic on his way.

After the mechanic had gone a way up the road, Coyote sneaked along behind him. When the mechanic came to a big bulldozer, Coyote crept closer and pretended to be a tree. Coyote whispered as the wind: "Hey, this is the monkeywrench! Take me out of the bag and touch me to the bulldozer." When the mechanic did so,

the bulldozer turned to a pile of golden pollen and forest dust. Coyote threw his voice into the monkeywrench again: "Go do more."

Coyote followed the mechanic for thousands of miles of roads. Thousands upon thousands of bulldozers, chainsaws, logging trucks, yarders, highway building machinery, helicopters, and seismic trucks turned into heaps of golden forest dust.

The long road came to an end. They were at a giant fence circling miles of buildings. At a gate in the wall stood a guard. The guard saw the mechanic. "Hi, mechanic, where you been?" asked the guard.

"Out hunting," the mechanic said. "Now it's time to go to work."

Coyote watched the mechanic walk under the giant sign over the gate, which read: "WORLD WILDERNESS RAPERS AND WAR MAKERS MANUFACTURING."

"Good!" said Coyote; "I know he's got that wrench. Now I can go get some more quail."

The Conservationist in the Wild Rockies

By Charles Amarack

"The end of the human race will be that it will eventually die of civilization." — Ralph Waldo Emerson

A happy thought: Maybe when the earth is sick enough it cleanses itself. Volcanoes are induced to erupt, thereby cleansing the atmosphere, depositing new water in the form of steam to dilute the fouled oceans, lakes and streams; perhaps a new layer of ash to replace the soil that has eroded from centuries of deforestation and intensive farming.

You like to think of life as an accident; a spilled beaker in a lab; a Blue-Green Algae that grew out of control a few hundred million years ago, and which, by luck and by random fortune still clings to its paltry niche in the great cliff of eternity. To you, the Conservationist, the earth is rock and man's puny efforts nothing more than a stifled sneeze against the eruption of time. Even your idealistic efforts to protect the earth from the great flood of technological civilization seems absurd.

Why not just let it happen? Then the earth can do all the things it needs to cleanse itself. You are positive that the earth will survive in the end. By massive, cataclysmic eruption the process will one day begin anew, long after these descendents of tree lemurs have swept themselves and most of their cohabitants from the fragile web of life that suspends them precariously above the abyss of extinction.

Logic in the immense geologic history of our planet convinces you that a few billion years can easily erase the stupidity of a few thousand years of man; yet, somehow you are driven to protect this place called the Wild Rockies. This complex mountain range folded and twisted in the vagaries of time is an arcane puzzle to you. It scintillates with its wild secrets. You envision oceanic vistas at the peaks of the Sapphires. You hear curling breakers of ancient seas where great snow-capped cliffs rise at the Rocky Mountain Front like frozen waves of magma, sediments, and rubble breaking, foaming, and dissipating over the Great Plains.

By sabotage, infiltration, and generally being unpredictable, you hope to drive nuts those who would despoil this land. Your fervor has evolved — through years of losing ground in the battle to Corporate, Political, and apathetic greed — into a form of metamorphic religion, fired with the love of wild land. The Wild Rockies have become a tabernacle, a sacred place of worship. The Wild Rockies is the last stand of common sense versus greed, of survival versus convenience and profitability.

Here, a strange tribe has gathered into an elite band of freedom

fighters. The heat and pressure of Republican and Corporate rule have produced diamonds of these people. An incredible alliance is being forged through mutual understanding and respect between you, the recent newcomer to this land, and the Native Americans who intuitively know and understand the Wild Rockies.

While the rest of the world frets in front of their television sets about ozone depletion, global warming, species extinction, and rain forest destruction, you have resolved to stem the tide of hopelessness. Like primitive wanderers you gather to this Hill of Tara, to this Mecca, this Medicine Wheel — the center of wilderness where the heart of freedom and life still pumps out a song of hope, deep beneath the ragged, glacier-carved peaks of the Wild Rockies. Its soft, melodic harmony calls to the receptive.

Already the carrion birds of Global Development spatter their greasy shadows across this sacred land as they hover, circling and waiting to land — comfortable, lazy, and audacious — on the tarmac of greed. The gyrating blades of power, money, and force hope to flatten the upraised signs and banners of protestors and scatter our leaflets as the immense bird of industry flutters in to disgorge its grey, suited hordes of corporate officers, engineers,

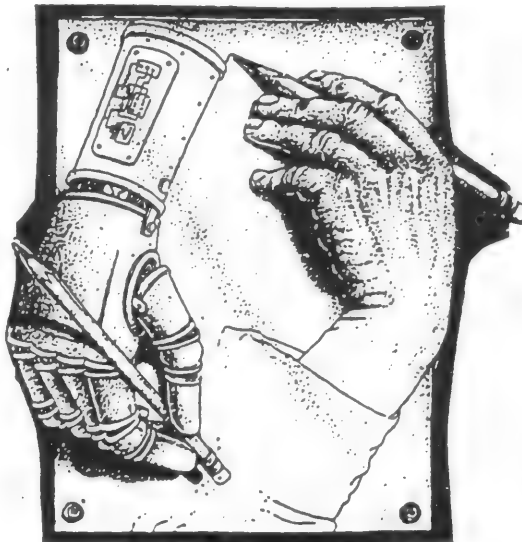
"The Wild Rockies have become a tabernacle, a sacred place of worship... the last stand of common sense versus greed, of survival versus convenience and profitability."

attorneys, and — that most craven of all our enemies — the bureaucratic drones of government who rub their talons gleefully in anticipation of Corporate Conquest in the undeveloped lands of the Wild Rockies.

Once technology dominates and subjugates this outpost of civilization, they will freely plan the ultimate phase in the enslavement of wild and free America. These emasculated clerks of authority dream of the once wild and proud eagle begging bureaucracy for its meager morsel of freedom in a cage of rigidly enforced rules, regulations, and implacable authority. It troubles them, that this mighty land remains intact, wild, and threatening.

While others smell the stench of shallow swamps where death gathered itself to form great pockets of coal, oil, and gas; while others kindle their dreams at the prospect of extracting minerals, gas, oil, and timber from this land; you shun the crowded bonfires of greed. The brevity of life in the immensity of time makes you receptive to secrets and ancient messages buried deep within the Wild Rockies. You dream of Millennia — millions, billions of years. You hear the distant rumble of volcanoes; the shambling, clumsy gait of a duck-billed dinosaur as it forages in the lush, humid jungle of this land.

Your treasure is not the caprice of fleeting wealth; it is the eternal knowledge that you are part of the continuity of hope. Your joy is the principle of rejuvenation. You are magma rising from the Great Spirit of the Earth to renew what was debauched. You are one of the lucky, receptive few.



VISUALIZE INDUSTRIAL COLLAPSE



time flies

this is the birds' hour
when fog merges land and sea
and the sun's audience is lost
to those who sleep

in the tranquil hours of dawn
I watch these winged creatures
from my perch upon the hill
they flirt with waves of air
and carry songs above
the thunder of the city
where sirens replace
the urgency of the wind
and bulldozers silence
roaring rivers

I hold the vision that these friends
will survive the wreckage
when humans have flown too high
and the birds' hour
will be the only hour
to witness the morning sky

—Katherine Minott

On Eating Blackberries

Once far enough from the house,
from the confines of civilized language,
I forget who I'm supposed to be,
and become who I am.

Words flow like food, like water, like blood.
The plants speak to me.
I become an animal,
Blackberries in my maw.

All of a sudden
My fears
Of breaking human law
To defend this sacred land
Dissolve,
Playing no part in this flow.
The bees, the birds, the bears know no human laws
Nor do trees, nor berry bushes,
Nor, when one with bee, bird, berry bush and tree
Do I.

Winston the Pooh

A Meditation On Industrial Collapse

—BY RHUBARB

Well, I started a while ago to write an article on the ethics of industrial collapse, that is, wanting it and helping it to happen. Trouble is, I kinda think that the whole idea is a millenarian fantasy which has more to do with the Judeo-Christian baggage of Western civilization we carry around than a reasoned projection of the future course of events. Frankly, I think we underestimate the ability of the global corporate-governmental power structure to deal with, adapt to, and even consciously direct in a coordinated fashion the transformation of the non-human biosphere into a resource base and waste receptacle for industrial social processes.

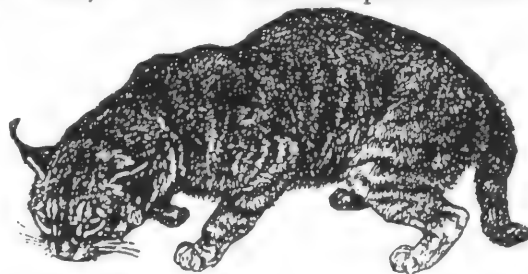
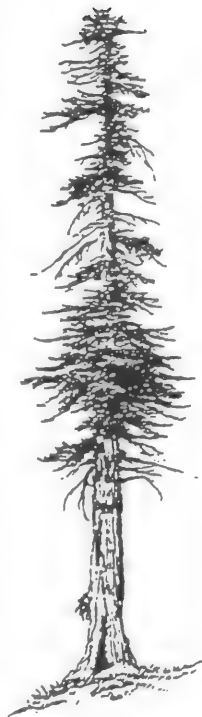
I think what we forget is that while the ongoing rapine may well (like it's a question) wreck the biological integrity of all the world's ecosystems to the point of the kinds of ecosystem collapses such as the extinctions in the Permian or the end of the Mesozoic, that process is likely rather long in terms of a human timescale. In other words, an anthropogenic ecological collapse may take place in the blink of a geological eye, but may take longer than, say, all of recorded human history to date. Of course, it may not, and there'd be no one happier than I if I were proven wrong. I'd be willing to bet, though, that most of us will grow old and die with the industrial system more or less intact and in similar form. I do think complete collapse will come, but I think it may also be coterminous with an extinction of 90% of all animal species including *H. sapiens*.

Fine, so in a million years whole new orders, maybe even classes of life will evolve and radiate into a rich and complex world ecosystem. But what do we do now? One avenue of potential mischief-making may be in focusing on the local and limited rollbacks of state power and its protection and promotion of industrial/agricultural resource extraction. Such rollbacks are absolutely inevitable and, as a little historical search will indicate, have happened frequently to now-extinct Earth-raping civilizations. Examples: Ur, Babylon, Maya, Anasazi, the cultures of the Sahara/Sahel, Phoenicia, any number of Hellenic city-states, I have no idea about Asian examples, and let's not forget the classic story, worthy of operatic tragedy, the Decline and Fall of Rapa Nui (Easter Island).

A little recap of this tale is instructive for those who would view a total ecological/cultural collapse as merely theoretical. Because Easter Island is extremely isolated, its Polynesian settlers were able to develop their culture undisturbed by outside human influences. There was only one limit they had to contend with, and that was the size of their island, the type of ecosystem on it (cool, somewhat dry forest), and its carrying capacity. Over the centuries, they developed a complex hierarchical ceremonial culture

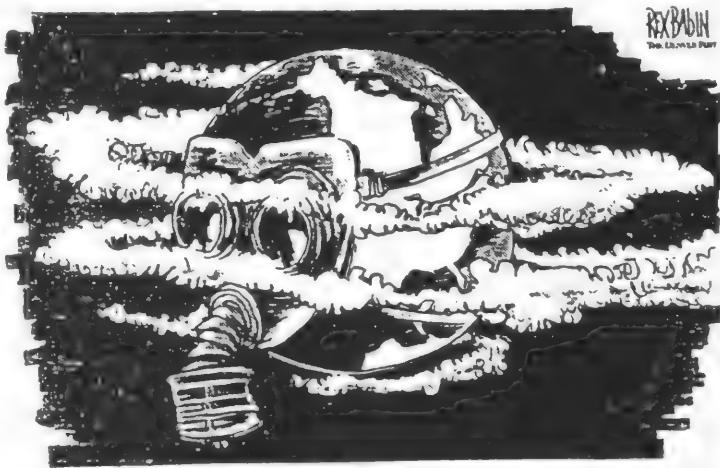
in which the great chiefs commanded the famous stone heads to be built. The population grew and the class distinctions became extreme, with a large number of impoverished commoners supporting a small elite which commanded the allocation of wealth. In addition to the stone heads, palaces and temples were built, great rituals took place regularly in the service of the state religion, and of course all the ordinary business of daily life in the villages, fields, quarries and manufacturing centers went on unabated. All this, naturally, required resources. Slowly, so that nobody took any notice, the forests fell to the needs of the great building projects, for the cooking fires, and simply to make way for the ever-increasing need to expand agriculture; and they did not grow back, nor have they since. With the trees gone, wood became scarce and expensive. Guess who got it. With the trees gone, the water in the soil dried up, agriculture declined and there was a lot less food to go around. Guess who got it.

Eventually, a new and subversive politico-religious movement began to gain influence amongst the populace: the Bird Man Cult. I'll spare you the details, mainly because I don't remember them, but the upshot is this: there was a revolution and great wars raged across the island. The workers dropped their tools in the quarries, leaving half-finished heads where they lay. Others were pulled down and defaced. The old order perished and with it the ceremonial culture. The establishment of the Bird-Man cult as the reigning authority presumably redressed some of the inequalities, but it was too late. After a while, archaeological evidence of its ceremonies ceases, and indications of desperate battles for food



and water sources appear. There are caverns near the sea in which hundreds of refugees huddled and died, their bones scattered within. When the first European explorers landed they found only a handful of wretched inhabitants, eking out a meager existence from a harsh, dry, cold, treeless and windswept island. To these unhappy descendants the great heads, temple platforms and the strange and terrible carvings of bird-like men meant nothing at all.

I think the part about the social revolution ought



to make our friends take notice who think that if we just changed everyone's mind about how mean the capitalist system is, everything would be just fine. Soon now, the great aquifers will peter out. Soon now, the oil will dry up. Soon now, the soil's fertility will be all mined out. At the moment, though, there's a whole delicate infrastructure (really a superstructure) in place, sucking and burrowing, piping and toting, felling and processing and harvesting and excreting. And all of it is dependent on every piece operating smoothly. They have armies to guard all this, but sometimes revolutions come. But the revolution won't try to take the infrastructure apart, just redirect it. And what can a revolution do anyway against lack of water, trees, oil, topsoil etc? Nothing, that's what.

So two things must happen to end the current rape of our chunk of the planet. First, the fall of the current political-industrial order. That much is inevitable. Second and more long term, the land and its resources, both biotic and inanimate, must not be allowed to be incorporated into another political-industrial order. A place which is on the margins, which is inaccessible, beyond the pale, or just not worth the time and trouble, is about as safe as any habitat can get. A possible example (how things turn out

remains to be seen) may be found in Siberia. Here we have a place more or less protected by the indifference of the Soviet state which, following the latter's demise, is now available to the hungry maw of international timber and mining corporations. Yet as we have seen in the West, companies depend on governments to provide both infrastructure and subsidy, as well as police, military and quasi-military protection against an unhappy populace that sees its land going down the toilet. But the successor state to the U.S.S.R., the Russian Republic, is much weaker. The advantage to the timber companies is obvious: Russia's in no position to resist their demands. The advantage to Earth defenders is more subtle: Russia can't guarantee them protection from suitably enraged people. After all, Eastern Siberia is a long way from Moscow, transportation is sketchy, and if the Nez Perce N.F. spent (so far) over a quarter of a million dollars to babysit and occasionally arrest a few non-violent Wild Rockies wussies, think of what such an outlay means to a government helpless to stop small wars in its territory now, and unable to produce enough beets to keep its citizenry in borscht.

And so, the point: we know the current order is doomed. We also realize that the fall of the United States is not going to usher in the Millenium. In addition, we know that the present political-industrial system rests primarily on a resource base of groundwater and fossil fuels. Precarious as that situation is, it can continue on its own inertia until the base is really gone. If undisturbed, it may well be able to effect a transformation into an equally predatory system dependent on a different energy source. It is thereby incumbent upon folks interested in preserving wildlands to disturb this system as much as possible. If we attack it in its basic supply and transportation networks, and not just attempt rearguard actions on the front on their terms, I think there's a chance. I guess I just kept having visions of what the Cove/Mallard campaign might look like if the Freddie's and the timber beasts couldn't drive all their shiny trucks and Earth-chewing equipment up and down all those roads and highways. Cut the supply lines! Cut the supply lines! Cut the supply lines! The Forces o' Destruction depend on their machine and weapons technology. Without it they won't know what to do. If we're smart, we will.

**REBEL AGAINST
EXTINCTIONS!**

*It is not enough to understand the natural world;
the point is to defend and preserve it.*
– Ed Abbey

Words
are
necessary
only
when there
is
no
action.



Illustration by H. Church, reprinted from *The Monkey Wrench Gang* with permission from Dream Garden Press

*One brave deed, performed in an honorable manner and
for a life affirming cause, is worth a thousand books.*
– Ed Abbey

HELLO? VALLEY HARDWARE?
YES, I'M CALLING TO SEE
IF YOU SELL BLASTING CAPS,
DETONATORS, TIMERS AND
WIRE.



JUST THE WIRE? OK,
FORGET IT. DO YOU RENT
BULLDOZERS OR BACKHOES?

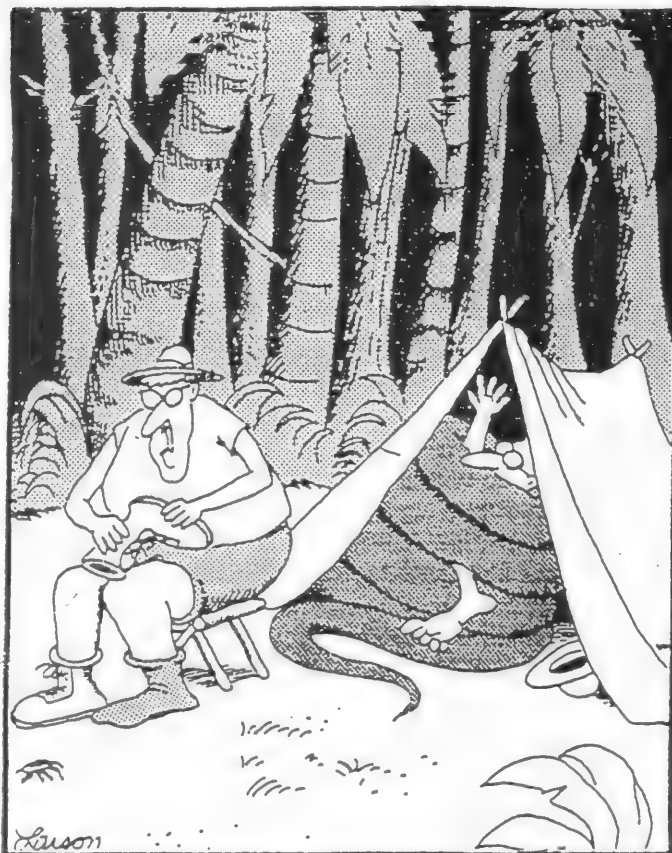


NO, NO, A ROTOTILLER WON'T
DO AT ALL. I NEED SOME-
THING MORE LIKE A
WRECKING BALL. DO YOU
KNOW WHERE I COULD GET
ANYTHING LIKE THAT? NO?
OK, GOODBYE.



LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER
BORING DAY, HOBBS.

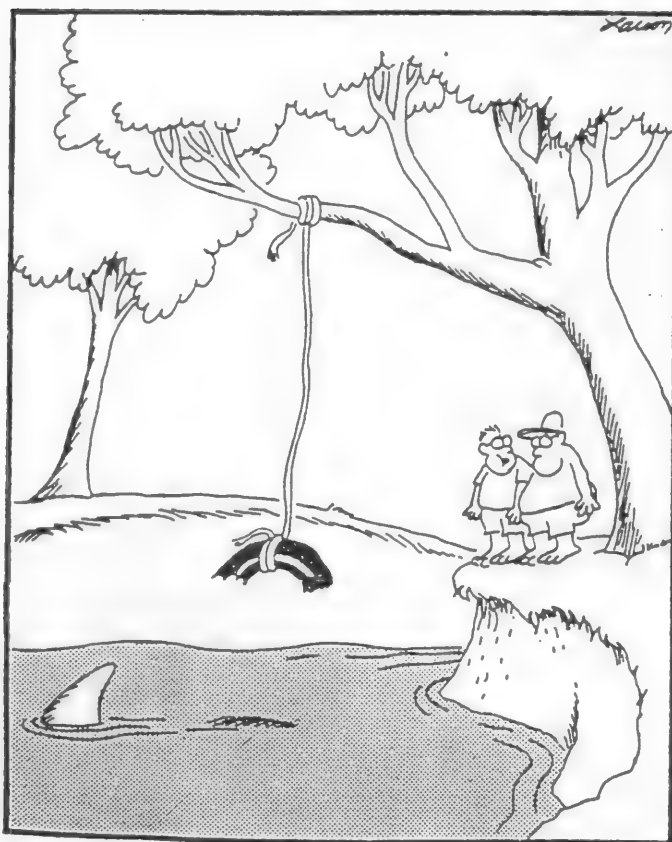




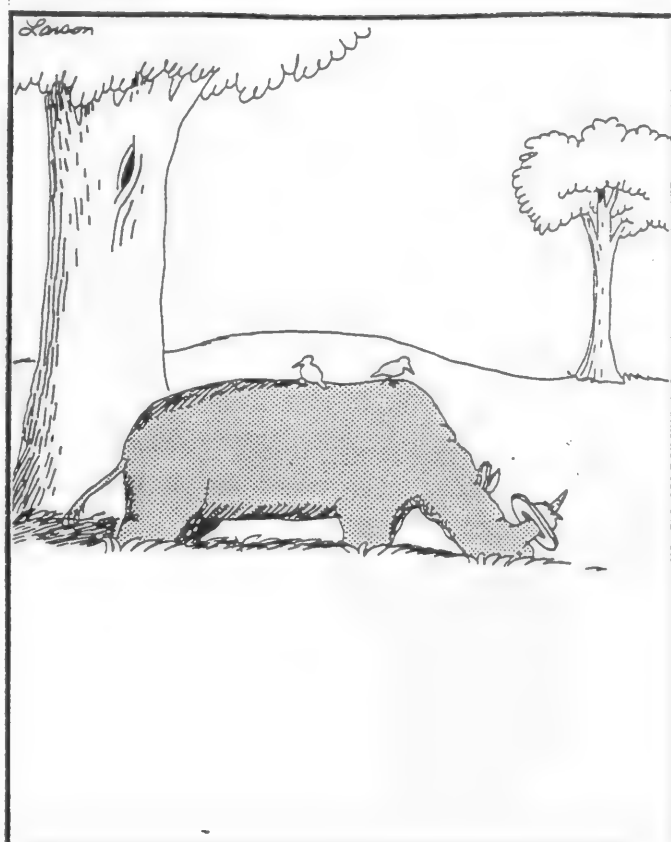
"Aaaaaaaa! Murray! ... A spider was in my shoe!"



"Hey! Look at me, everybody! I'm a cowboy! ...
Howdy, howdy, howdy!"



"Listen ... You go tell Billy's mother, and I'll
start looking for another old tire."



Suddenly one night there's a scream in the night
And you yell what the hell is that din?



The Earth is not
dying, it is being
killed, and the people
who are killing it have
names and addresses.



THE EARTH IS NOT DYING, IT IS BEING KILLED

We civilized men — such bloody *decent* chaps, you know. Passion sublimated to the love and pursuit of intellectual titillation. Honest anger perverted into benign tolerance, joy degraded to mere pleasure, rebellion channeled into . . . legal procedures, genteel letters to the editor, the political process.

Somewhere south of Panguitch, not far from the Big Rock Candy Mountain, Doctor Sarvis pulled off the lonely highway for a few minutes of rest and recreation. Concealing himself behind a bush of purple sage, like a gentleman, he unzipped and peed upon a small anthill. The ants scurried forth howling with rage, feelers dripping, jaws spread for a bite of flesh.

Doc backed off in time, rezipped, removed a plastic milk jug, a plastic funnel, a can of WD-40 and a pair of gloves from the car, and walked to the yellow front-end loader parked nearby, first in a row of silent, giant, murderous machines, all of them spattered with what looked, at first glance, like dried blood. Red mud, perhaps. He pulled on the gloves.

How many months, perhaps years have I wasted? he thought, besieging politicians, bureaucrats, and the *New York Times* with letters? . . . saving the world? . . .

He withdrew the dipstick from the loader's engine block, checked the oil. Half quart low. He inserted his funnel, uncapped the milk jug, poured sixty grams of lapidary grit into the crankcase, flushed the dipstick pipe clean with a squirt of WD-40, and replaced the dipstick. He proceeded to the next machine.

. . . sitting through tedious public hearings? questioning smug affable evasive Senators at cocktail parties? contributing funds to doomed campaigns? . . .

A car zoomed past on the highway. The driver waved. Doc waved back. Red sun sinking on the west, purple twilight creeping from the east. He pulled the dipstick from the block of a Komatsu sheep's-foot roller and repeated preceding procedures.

. . . in quixotic opposition to campaigns funded by Union Carbide, United Technologies, Exxon, Texaco, Getty Oil, Nuclear Syn-Fuels, Bechtel Construction, General Motors, Nissan Motors, Mitsubishi, Komatsu not to mention Dow Chemical, Du Pont, Monsanto, Georgia-Pacific, Weyerhaeuser, Westinghouse . . .

He treated a Case road-grader, a Mitsubishi crawler-tractor and a Caterpillar backhoe as he had the others, playing fair, and then — jug empty — returned to Bonnie's Jap jeep and drove on, southward into the dusk,



ROOTS OF THE WORD ANGER:

" Anger is a profound energy, a profound utterance. The World is shaped by it. It is a Sacred Energy, like Fire, like Wind!

Anger is the Grief of the World, rooted in the deep tone/sound/pitch the Earth makes, feeling Herself as a Body Spirit, feeling what is being done to her by her own children.

This sound is a non-human, primal sound, a rage-pain animal howl: aaaiiiyeeeee!

a shamanic sound, "Om", the Deep Tone.

It takes Courage to sink your "taproot" into that sound of Grief! To stop the World of Appearances and hear the Real Voice!

To the Berserkers, Angr was a Sacred Energy like fire, like Wind. This sacred energy, this sound of trying to shape, is the utterance of Mother Earth's grief.

The skill of Anger is an energy you master. It comes from a deep place... your taproot is sinking into a deeper, ancient, wilder, RAGE. It really is the Voice of the Earth that's coming through us!

Old Norse: ÄNGR

means: GRIEF

cognate: WRATH, Wer, WORD

to speak, turn, bend, shape

"Be willing to DIE for your angr"

Angr has got to change -- to change from "reflexive anger" (pushing buttons, domestic abuse, etc. -- the kind of anger New Age therapies teach how to "manage" etc. blah blah blah) to "Ground Based Anger", Angr, Grief, the Deep Tone. Angr has got to be directed at the War Machine, TURN IT UP! and let this resonance be FELT.

Our Rage, our Revolting Energies have been cooled down by Reaganism so we don't question, criticize. Christian brainwashing has taught us to forgive, to be guilty, to be "nice", to censor our angr!

"As a poet, I have to keep ripped up... I don't want to Negotiate or Cool Down or Heal -- I want to feel the Rage and Pain!" It's a way to Shape and Bend it out of me and Change the World. It's painful stuff. There's a Great Loss occurring and I want to Feel it!"

Power radiates in a field
between my belly and the Earth:
Dam-breaking power.

Debbie Stoessel



Because we celebrate life and battle
Because we are not satisfied
Because it is up to us
Because we love to sing and dance
Because the pressure is upon us
Because there are governments and
borders and cops and courts
Because the boundaries must be
broken
Because we are out of control
Because they said we couldn't do it
Because we feel like it

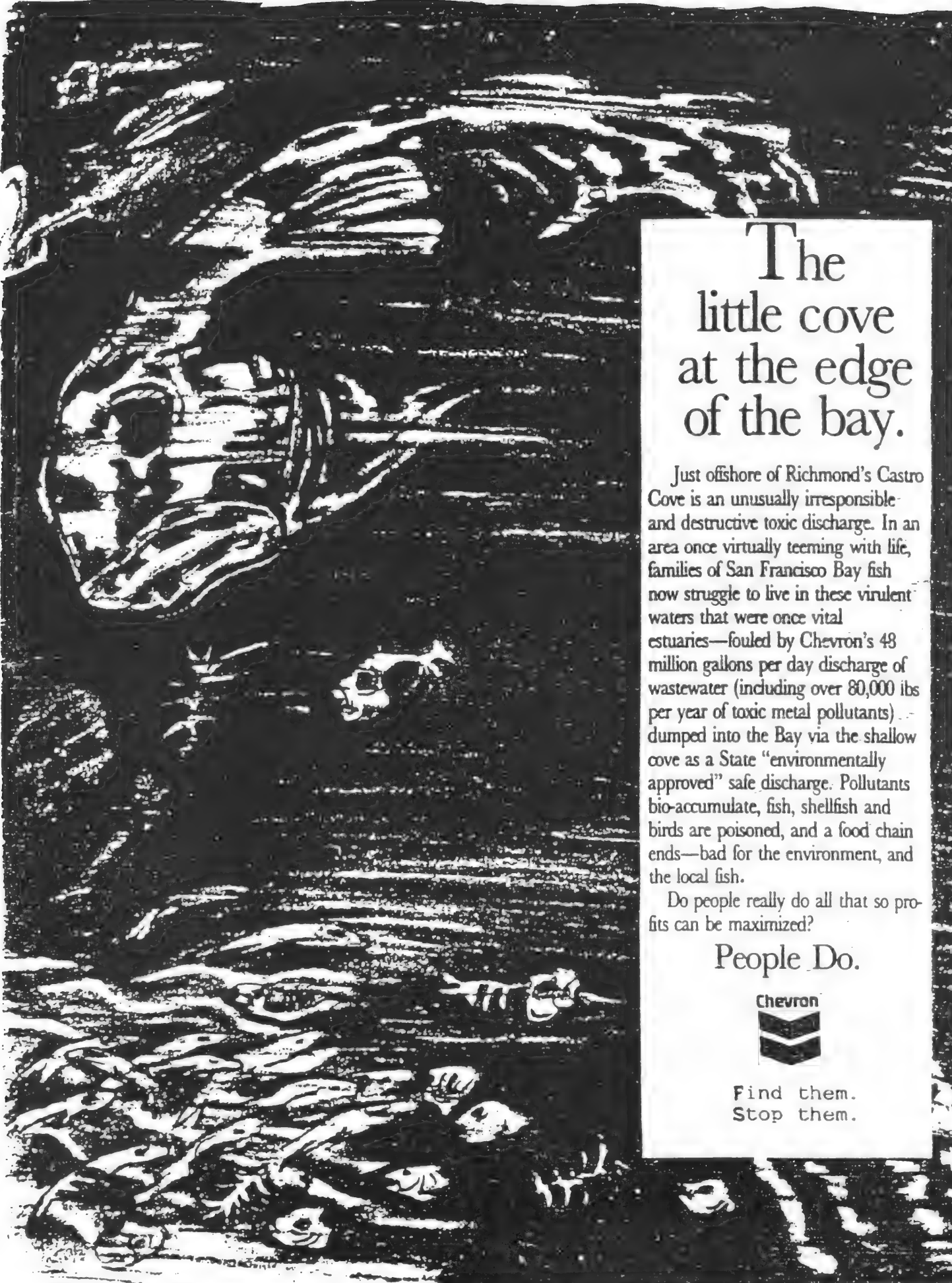
Dream Back the Bison, Sing Back the Swan

Our dreams and visions are the strength we bring into the fray. Let us dream big dreams and seek clear visions. The madmen and madwomen who seek the final destruction of the beautiful, blue-green, living, sacred planet, Gaia, have the guns, money, and the machines of death. We come armed with visions: visions of harmony and balance. Visions of wolves, mountain lions, BIG wilderness, intact ecosystems, biodiversity, wild and flowing rivers, and free-ranging herds that darken the plains. Visions of the sacred, wise grandmother trees, grizzly bears, spotted owls, the WILD! The wild in all of us, in our souls, our humble worship of the goddess that is our driving force. This is the manna behind our audacity! We dare to want it all, to demand it all! We dare to be Luddites. Monkey-wrench in one hand, love in our hearts, we dare to confront the machines of death and their sad, sick, brainwashed wage slaves

We are the wild, wide-ranging lunatic barbarians who will, must, sack the pitiful excuse for existence that is this modern Rome!

We are not alone. The soul and vision of our 3.5 billion year old journey of evolution goes with us. The strength of all peoples that the earthrape greed machine calls "primitive" goes with us. The guile of Geronimo and Crazy Horse goes with us. This truly is a good day to die! The trees and rocks and every grain of sand and every blade of grass go with us. The wolves and coyote and raven, ancient Pan, go with us.

We are not alone! We stand with all time, all creation, all wisdom, all ancient, centuries old power in the active, creative, direct, and unceasing defense of Gaia. We are a bad omen to the greasy, dollar-whoring machines of greed and death and sickening conformity. We are a living, breathing, angry, and dangerous nightmare that will never end as long as the tools of rape are loose upon this world. We are the fun they can never have. We are neanderthal, we are warriors, we are natural selection itself sniffing around the back alleys of MAXXAM, Plum Creek, and Brand S, waiting, waiting for one of those sorry, emaciated geeks to venture into the light of day. We have no need for credibility or validity with the Gestapo who slave like lab rats for the Forest Service and the BLM. Our very lives are more credibility than little back street thugs like Manny Lujan can ever dream of. Their hands are stained with bitter, innocent blood. Our Hearts are full of love and blessed recklessness! Down with negotiation, up with the wrench! All of Gaia walks in our hearts. We will sack Rome!



The little cove at the edge of the bay.

Just offshore of Richmond's Castro Cove is an unusually irresponsible and destructive toxic discharge. In an area once virtually teeming with life, families of San Francisco Bay fish now struggle to live in these virulent waters that were once vital estuaries—fouled by Chevron's 48 million gallons per day discharge of wastewater (including over 80,000 lbs per year of toxic metal pollutants) dumped into the Bay via the shallow cove as a State "environmentally approved" safe discharge. Pollutants bio-accumulate, fish, shellfish and birds are poisoned, and a food chain ends—bad for the environment, and the local fish.

Do people really do all that so profits can be maximized?

People Do.



Find them.
Stop them.

PAID ADVERTISEMENT

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE PUBLIC

Hi There.

On March 24, in the wee morning hours, mistakes were made in the waters of Prince William Sound, way up someplace in Alaska. By now you all know that our tanker, the Hexxon Valdez, was hit by a treacherous submerged reef that made us lose 240,000 barrels of valuable oil into the uncooperative waters of the Sound.

We could sue that reef if we wanted to, but that's just not Hexxon's style. Instead, we are keeping our fingers crossed that this whole thing will blow over in a matter of weeks. Sure, there will be disgusting pictures of filthy birds, fish, and other unsavory wildlife. But I hope that you know Hexxon has already committed several hundred people to those stubborn otters that still happen to be alive.

Finally, and most importantly, I want you to believe how sorry I am that this incident occurred. We cannot, of course, undo what has been done. Only God can do that, and He caused the whole damn thing in the first place. But I can assure you that since March 24, this little "ink-in-the-drink" problem has been receiving our full attention, and will continue to do so until you forget about the whole thing.

Thanks for your continued support. We couldn't do it to you without you.

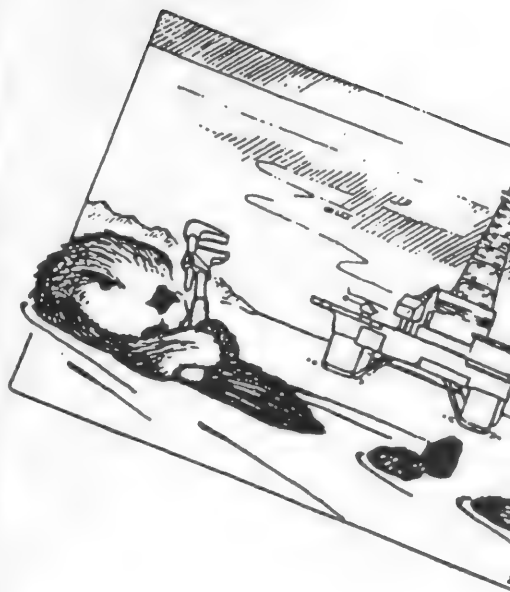
Keep on pumpin'

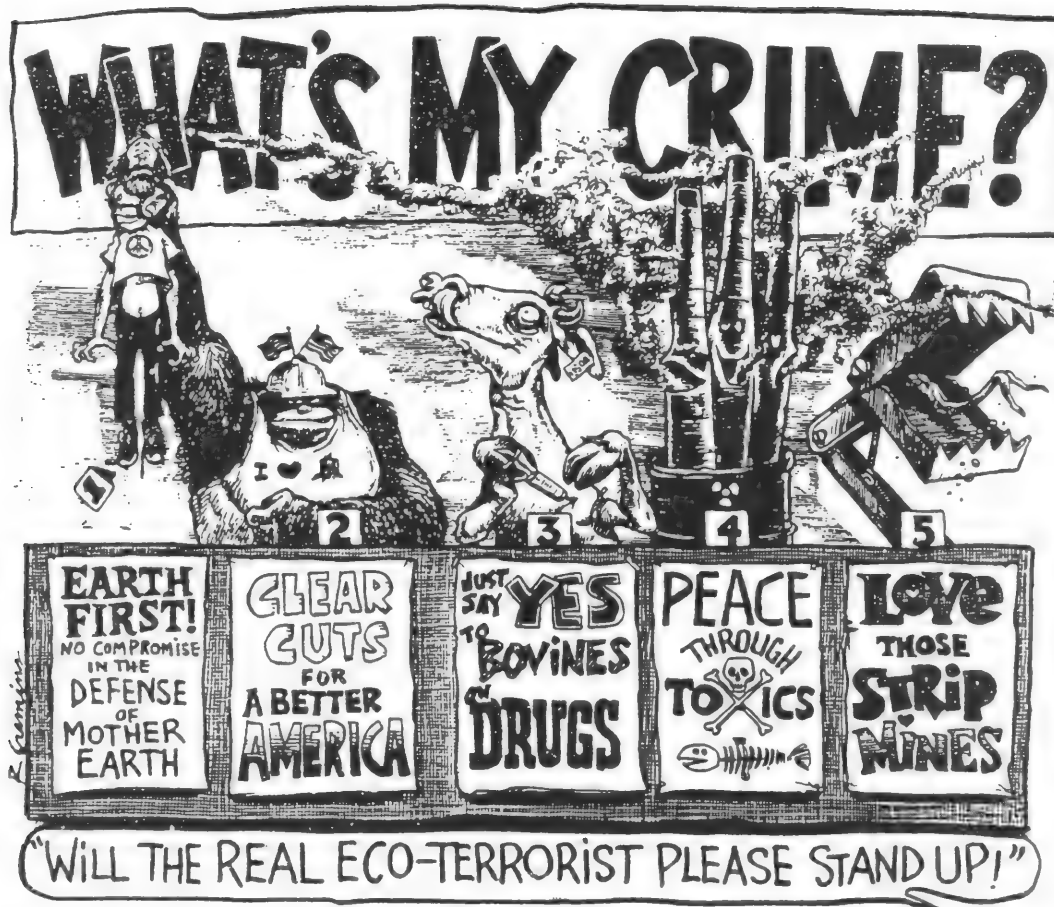
L.G. Crawl,
Chairman

P.S. To those who have suggested that we Hexxon executives should be forced to go to Alaska and scrub those oily rocks ourselves, not returning until the job is done, no matter how long it takes, we say simply this: You don't understand. We are rich and powerful beyond your wildest dreams.



-from Life in Hell





First Words...

George Wuerthner

In the 1950's Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas went on a pack trip into Wyoming's Wind River Range with the eminent biologist, Olaus Murie. Douglas in writing about the trip later in his book *My Wilderness: East to Kathadin* dwelled upon the impacts that private livestock were having on our public lands.

Douglas said of the abuse he saw: "The official destruction committed in the sacred precincts of this massive range (Wind Rivers) would be called VANDALISM if others had done it... I had long suspected that "multiple" use was a semantics for making cattlemen, sheepmen, lumbermen and miners the main beneficiaries. After they gutted and ruined the forests, then the rest of us could use them--to find campsites among stumps, to look for fish in waters heavy with silt from erosion, to search for game on ridges pounded to dust by sheep."

Though Douglas wrote these words nearly forty years ago, the vandalism of our public lands by the livestock industry still goes on. Ranchers tell us how they love the land, then they poison prairie dogs, shoot bears and coyotes, trap badgers, spray herbicides on native vegetation like sagebrush, trash our riparian zones, dewater our streams and allow their animals to eat forage that would otherwise support public wildlife on public lands. If this isn't vandalism on a grand scale, then what is? If any of us did what the livestock industry regularly does on our public lands we would be thrown in jail as criminals.

Public rangelands have a far higher value as depositories for biodiversity, watershed integrity, wildlife habitat and recreation than they have as feedlots for private livestock. Let's stop this vandalism, of our public domain.

Cow Hunt

(This notice appeared in Missoula one day and caught our eye. It appears here just as it did in the original notice: silly spelling, grammatic gaffes, and upper case.)

REPORTS AHVE CIRCULATED RAPIDLY OVER THE LAST TWO WEEKS IN WESTERN AREAS OF THE COUNTRY INDICATE THAT THE CONTROVERSIAL ENVIRO-TERRORIST GROUP EARTH FIRST IS ADCO-VATING A NEW OUTDOOR SPORT — CATTLE HUNTING.

CITING INFORMATION IT SAID INVESTIGATORS GLEANED FROM THE AUGUST NEWSLETTER FOR THE ENVIRO-TERRORIST GROUP, THE COCCININO COUNTY, ARIZ., SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT TOLD RANCHERS IN IT'S JURISDICTION THAT ARTICLES IN THE PUBLICATION RECOM-MENDED TO MEMBERS THAT THEY HUNT CATTLE AND SHEEP "AS A MEANS TO ELIMINATE LIVESTOCK FRM PUBLIC LANDS.

THE SHERIFF'S BULLETIN INDICATED "THAT SHOOTING COWS AND SHEEP WILL BRING A CONTROVERSY BRINGING PUBLIC ATTENTION TO THE PROBLEM. SECONDLY ITS ONE OF THOSE THINGS INDIVIDUALS CAN DO TO MAKE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE TO LIVE".

THE BULLETIN, ISSUED ALMOST TWO WEEKS AGO, SAID EARTH FIRST WAS RECOMMENDING USING A BOW AND ARROW, MAINLY BECAUSE IT IS SILENT, AND SHOTGUNS COULD ALSO BE USED BECAUSE IT IS DIFFICULT TO DETERMINE WHICH GUN THE BUCKSHOT IS FIRED FROM.

ACCORDING TO THE INFORMATION FROM THE OFFICE OF SHERIFF JOE RICHARDS IN FLAGSTAFF, THE EARTH FIRST CHOICE OF WEAPONS, STILL QUOTNG THE NEWSLETTER, IS A BOLT ACTION 30.06 CALIBER RIFLE WITH A TELESCOPIC SIGHT USING 180 GRAIN ARTRIDGES. THEY SUGGEST, THE SHERIFF SAID, THAT THE WEAPON BE PURCHASED SECOND HAND, THUS ELIMINATING RECORDS OF THE PURCHASE.

LT. RON ANDERSON OF THE COCINNINO COUNTY SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT PATROL DIVISION SAID THE DEPARTMENT HAS SOME REAL CONCERN ABOUT THE SITUATION. HE SAID THE BULLETIN WAS ISSUED AS A PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE.

HE SAID INFORMATION TURNED UP IN THE INVESTIGATION INDI-CATED THE TERRORIST ORGANIZATION WAS TELLING MEMBERS THAT HUNTING SEASON IS A GOOD TIME TO COW HUNT BECAUSE THERE ARE A LOT OF HUNTERS IN THE WOODS. HE SAID THE GROUP WAS ALSO WARNING MEMBERS TO NOT GET CAUGHT IN THE WOODS AND TO ALWAYS HAVE A REASON TO BE IN THE WOODS ARMED, DURING THE HUNTING SEASON AND AT OTHER TIMES.

HE SAID THAT EARTH FIRST WAS ALSO PROVIDING INFORMATION TO FOLLOWERS IN THE USE OF CAMOFLAUGE.

ACCORDING TO REPORTS FROM PERSONS READING THE NEWSLET-TER, THE GROUP SAID THERE WAS NO WORRY ABOUT THE MEAT FROM SUCH KILLINGS GOING TO WASTE BECAUSE PREDATORS WOULD TAKE CARE OF IT.

ACCORDING TO THE BULLETIN, EARTH SAID CATTLE SHOULD BE THOUGHT OF AS ONE MORE EXOTIC GAME ANIMAL INTRODUCED INTO THE ENVIROMENT. IT ALSO REPORTEDLY NOTED THAT CATTLE ARE EASY TO HUNT AND SUCCESS RAATES SHOULD BE HIGH. "IT IS A GOOD ANIMAL TO GET YOUR KIDS OR SPOUSE STARTED ON," THE NEWSLET-TER REPORTEDLY SAID.

LT. ANDERSON SAID SHERIFF RICHARDS WAS ASKING THAT ANYONE WITNESSING THE TYPE OF ACTIVITY NOTED IN THE BULLETIN SHOULD CONTACT HIS OFFICE AT 602-774-4523 OR AT 1-800-338-7888.

OFFICERS WERE ASKING RANCHERS TO MAINTAIN CLOSE SUR-VEYLLANCE OF LIVESTOCK AND TO KEEP CLOSE TO LOCATIONS WHERE STOCK WERE GRAZING. EVEN MORE SO THAN IS USUAL DURING HUNTING SEASON.

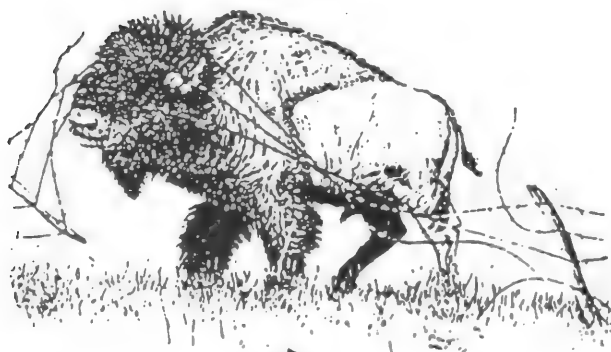
BY: FRED WORTHAM JR.



Cutting Fence

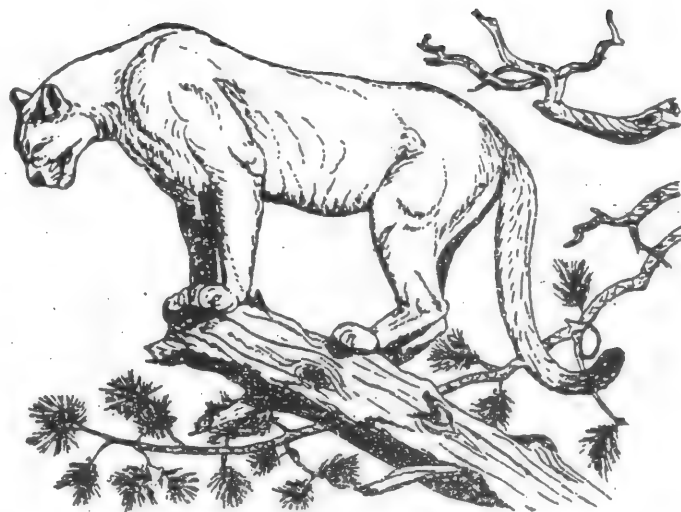
All day the snow has risen like sleep
over the bare grazed ground.
The creek is frozen over and unhappy,
an old man forgetting
the dark life rushing through him.
We have climbed
down the steep ridge with no nails left
under the black arms of these patient trees,
so tired we did not notice the hills
rising to cover the winter sun. You are ahead
and will break branches and scratch matches
to conjure up that red headed woman
whose wild hair warms us. It is so good
to be alone in the midst of such silence.
It is like love, between these hills,
or like the last thoughts of a man who knows
he has lived a strong justice. Now is the time
to cut fence and feel the darkness like a thick coat.
If this land is not holy all temples are bitter dust.
How quickly the blade kisses the wire...
The fence sinks into the snow like a marriage,
like a bird becoming the vacant air,
like a burning fury we no longer feel.

—Michael Robinson



Bison Trade-Off

Dear Review,
I guess 75 million dead buffalo in 30
years — 1850-1880 — just ain't enough
dues to pay by some accounts. It would
seem the Government in its finest hour is
a "dead horse." Perhaps someone will
come along and appeal to ranchers
directly, indirectly.
Promise and Deliver:
For every wolf or bison shot said
number of cows go down. Who knows? It
may be an offer they can't refuse. Maybe
the spirits of the cows can then get in line
to become what they were meant to be...
Bison.
Letus Prey,
The Carolina Parakeet



Lion Lies Low

By Phil Knight

Lion lies low
For the winds of change
Are blowing
She can't abide
The bitter, evil seeds that man
Is sowing
Below her mountain lair
The gaudy neon lights
Are glowing
In the verdant valleys
Human termite-mounds
Are growing
Why the humans
Crave her hide she has no way
Of knowing
But from the cities
To the hills the men with guns
Are going
She hides,
But in the dust, her cougar-tracks
Are showing
And now,
Upon the living Earth, the lion's blood
is flowing.

Commemoration Grove

The mist clung to your green
Small animals flirted in your branches
You sang to me for seven lifetimes
Music of the autumn wind
Now I count the bright ring of years
Tears flow
Stick like resin in my heart

— sparkle plenty



*The soil is dreaming of trees.
The trees are dreaming of wind.
The wind is dreaming of clouds.
The clouds are dreaming of water.
The water returns to earth.
Without trees, the soil washes away.
The wind blows over barren ground,
and the dreams of the world are broken.*

—GARY LAWLESS

ECO DEPTH GAUGE

How deep is your ecology?
Take a sounding.



Go down until you disagree,
then go back up one level.

Superficial

We should take good care of our planet, as we would any valuable tool.

Shallow

We have a responsibility to protect Earth's resources for our future generations.

Knee deep

Earth would benefit from changes in human activity.

Hip deep

The planet would be better off with fewer people on it.

Deep

Wilderness has a right to exist for its own sake.

Deeper

Wildlife has more right to live on the Earth than humans do.

Profoundly Deep

Humans are too great a threat to life on Earth. The species should be phased out.

Radically Deep

Human extinction *now* or there won't be any later for this planet. A painless extermination is needed.

Abysmally Deep

A quick annihilation is too good for humans. A horrible, fatal illness from outer space is only fair.



How locusts are incited to swarm



"Look at this mob. We'll be lucky if there's a sea cushion left."



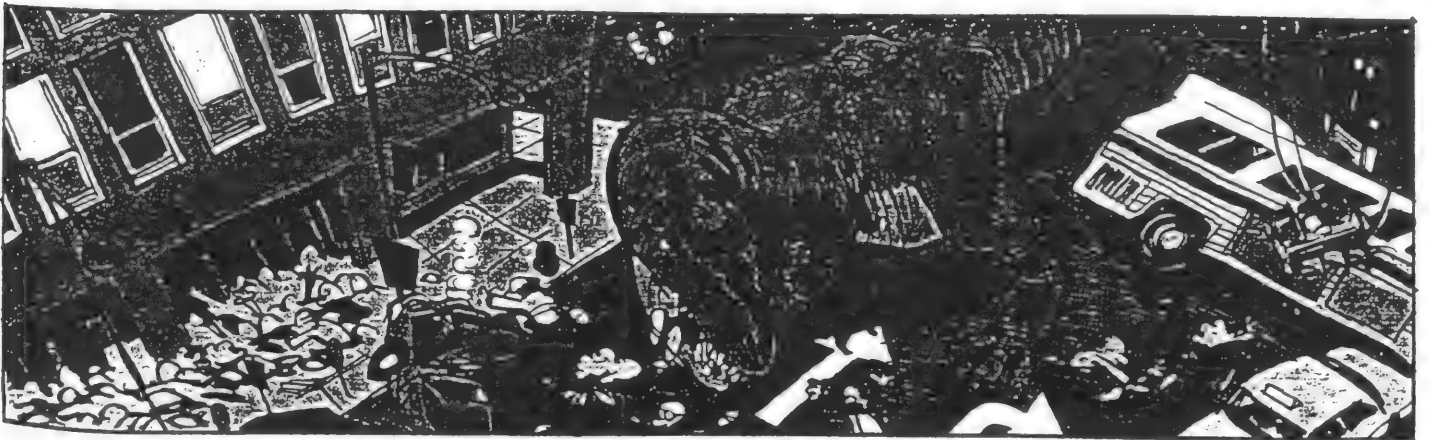
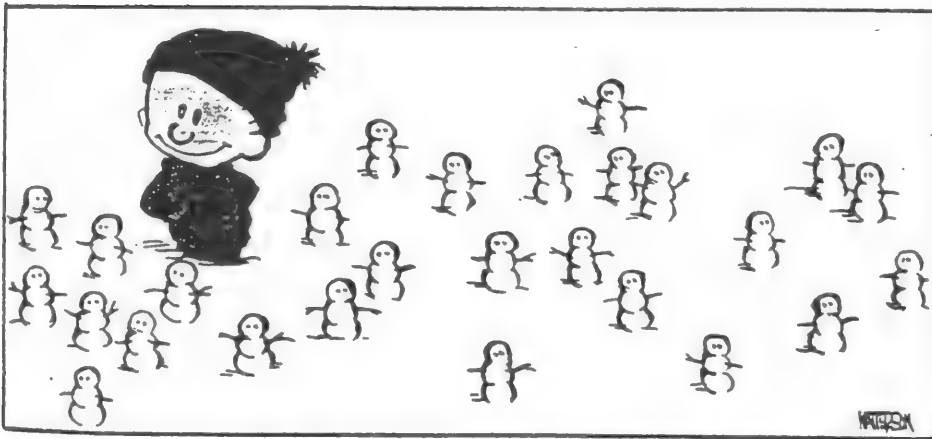
Calling All Humans

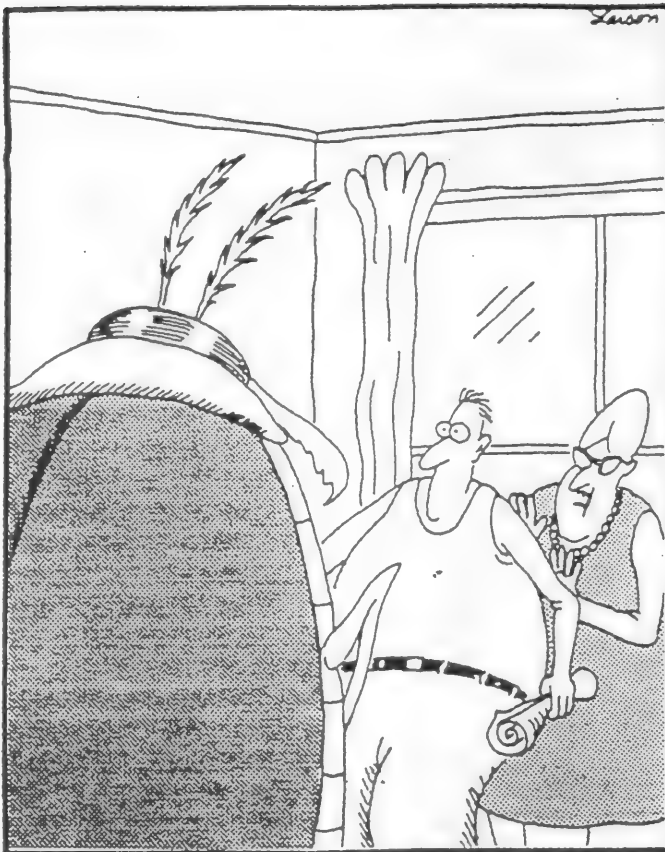
Calling All Humans!
 Calling All Humans!
 Get off the Fucking Planet!
 Get off the Fucking Planet, Now!
 Us animals have had enough
 You fucked the whole goddamned place
 up
 You killed all our brothers and sisters off
 Now, get off the Fucking Planet
 Get off this Fucking Planet, Now!
 Calling All Humans!
 Calling All Humans!
 Get off the Fucking Planet!
 Get off the Fucking Planet, Now
 Take your superior intellect up your ass!
 Hit the dusty trail and hit it fast!
 Take all your attitudes
 And your fucking electronic shit
 And get off this Fucking Planet, Quick!
 Get off this Fucking Planet
 Get off this Fucking Planet, Now!
 Calling All Humans
 Just leave the place in ruins
 But, get off this Fucking Planet
 Get off this Fucking Planet, Now!
 Please take your contrived religions
 And all your Humanistic visions
 And listen to our final decision
 And get off this Fucking Planet
 Get off this Fucking Planet, Now!
 Calling All Humans!
 Calling All Humans!
 Get off this Fucking Planet
 Get off OUR Fucking Planet, Now!



calvin and hobbes

by WATSON

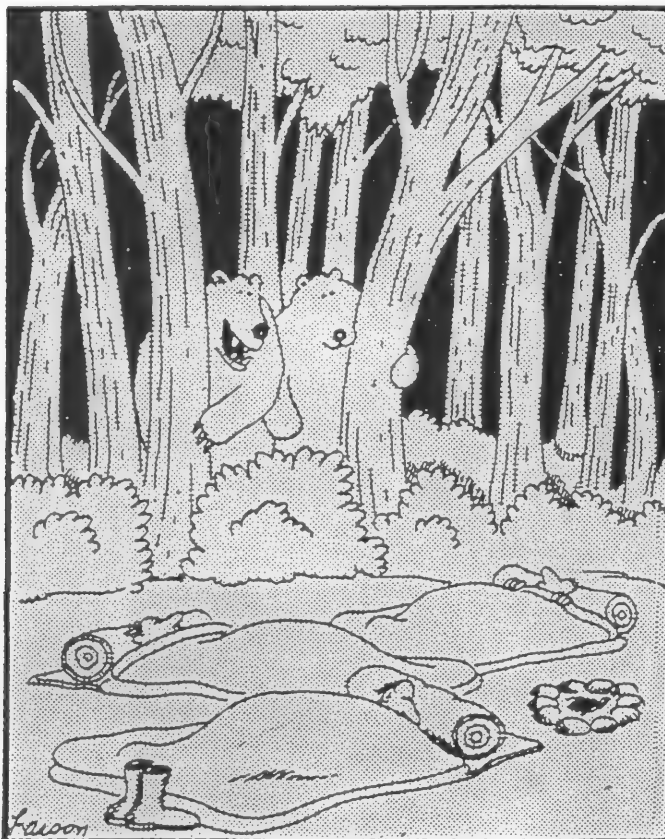




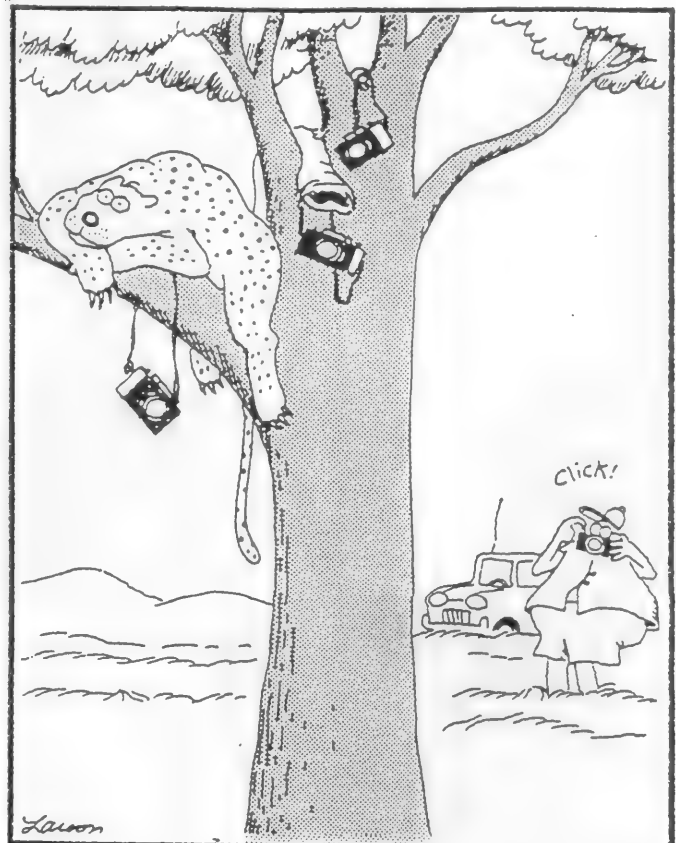
"Step on it, Arnold! Step on it!"



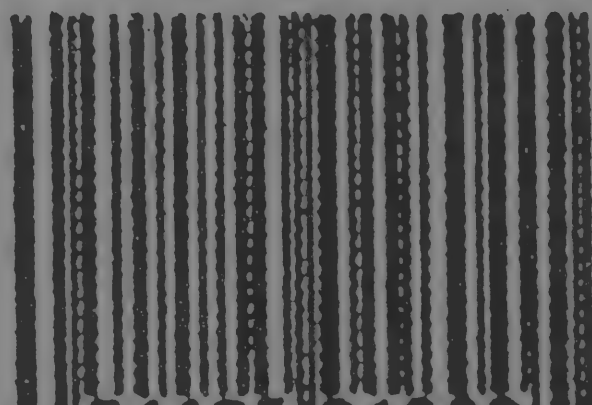
"That was incredible. No fur, claws, horns, antlers, or nothin' ... Just soft and pink."



"Sandwiches!"



**YOU
ARE THE**



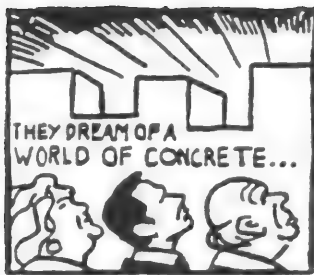
0 51125 01800 5

PRODUCT

YOU ARE THE PRODUCT

He watched the news. Same as yesterday's. The General Crisis coming along nicely. Nothing new except the commercials full of sly art and eco-porn. Scenes of the Louisiana bayous, strange birds in slow-motion flight, cypress trees bearded with Spanish moss. Above the primeval scene the voice of Power spoke, reeking with sincerity, in praise of itself, the Exxon Oil Company—its tidiness, its fastidious care for all things wild, its concern for human needs.

Coming back from the refrigerator, second beer in hand, Doc paused for a moment in front of the television screen. Long shot of an offshore drilling rig. Music rising on concluding phrase. The words "We thought you'd like to know" passing across the screen. Too much for Doc. All of a sudden it was all too much. He drew back his big booted right foot and kicked the picture tube square in the eye. It imploded-exploded with a sound like the popping of a grandiose light bulb. A blue glare filled the kitchen and then died in the instant of its birth; shards and flakes of fluorescent glass slid down the walls.

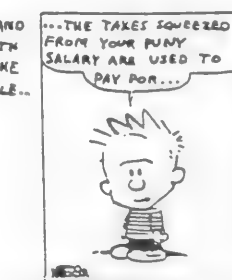
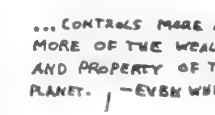
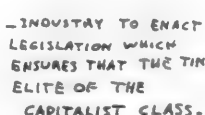
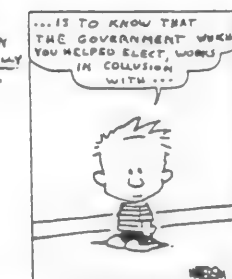
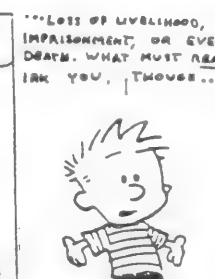
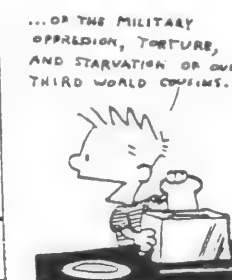
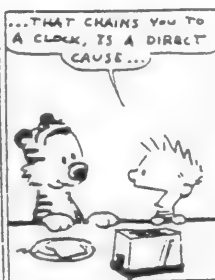
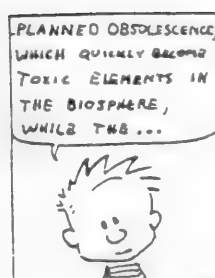


Only people who can distinguish their real desires from those that have been manufactured for them are able to make the revolution.



The spike is driven connecting all the malls in America

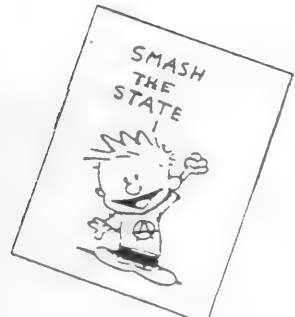




Just Wondering What Are The Moral Consequences of:

- allowing ecocidal corporations to live in posh glass lobbies without fear?
- NOT spiking the last remaining old growth?
- forgetting to pull up surveying stakes along the borders of your town?
- NOT shooting out the power lines leading to your local nuke plant as petro supplies dwindle and nukes become "necessary"?
- letting the jingle "you deserve a brick today" slip your mind?
- letting your hotheaded friends take all the risks, while you smile and say "right on...?"
- not bothering to fight back?

THIS INSPIRATIONAL MESSAGE SPONSORED BY: Citizens Opposed to Irresponsible Inaction; Outside Agitators Against Nonviolent Nonthought; Gandhians Who Think Satyagraha Meant Liberating the Means of Production And Kicking The Foreign Industrialists Out and Anonymous and Proud



Ask a few questions here and there, but do it casually.

THE POLITICS OF DAILY LIFE

**Think of your direct bodily experience of life.
No one can lie to you about that.**

Do you hear insect sound of drones clickering keyboards in a fluorescent hive
of fabric-padded cubicles?

How many hours a day do you spend in front of a TV screen?
A computer screen? An automobile screen? All three screens combined?

Is software your supervisor?

And how many hours a day do you sleep?

How are you affected by sound?

How are you affected by light?

How are you affected by warmth and touch?

How are you affected by music?

Is a good record better than live music raw?

Is it simply sound you want? Or shared ritual magic?

How many of your rituals come at you through a glass, vicariously?

What are you being screened from?

— Does it bother you if the windows don't open, and even your air is "conditioned"?

How about your degree and variety of body movement?

How do you feel in situations of enforced passivity?

How are you affected by a non-stop assault of symbolic communication, audio,
robotic voices, video, print, billboard, as you stumble through the forest of signs?

What are they urging upon you?

Do you need contemplation? Do you remember it?

Thinking from inside, rather than reacting to stimuli?

Is it hard to look away?

Is **looking in** the very thing that cannot be permitted?

How are you affected by being in crowds?

How much bodily space do you need?

Do you find yourself blocking your empathetic responses to other humans?

Do you find yourself committing acts of symbolic violence?

How are you affected by the size of the room you're in?

By living in two and three dimensional grids?

And by the visual space?

Do you need to see the sky? Water?

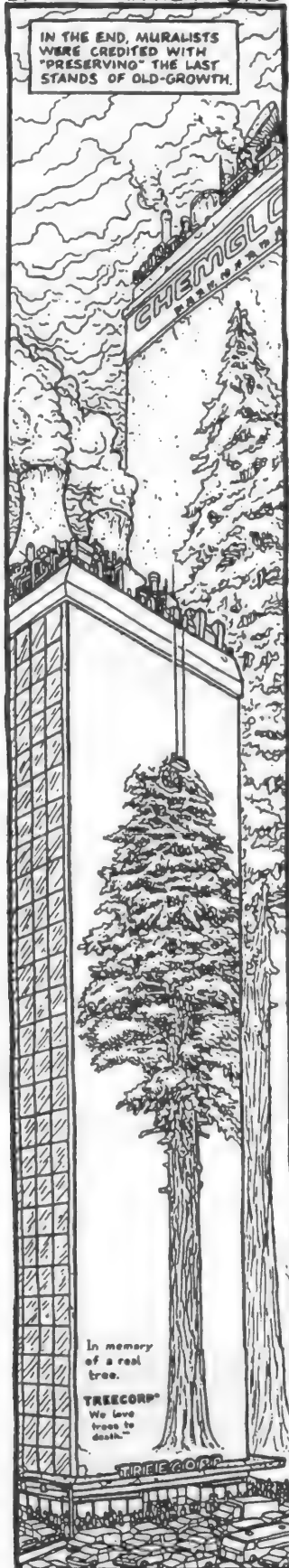
Foliage? Animals? Glinting, glimmering, moving?

(Is that why you have a pet, an aquarium, and fernplants?)

Or is video your glinting, glimmering, moving?

TALL ORDER

BY JON ARMSTRONG



Who prepares your meals? Do you eat standing up?

Do you trust what you're eating?

How are you affected by standardized time, designed solely to synchronize your movements with those of millions of others?

How long do you ever go without knowing what time it is?

Who or what controls your minutes and hours?

The minutes and hours that add up to your life?

How are you affected by being moved around without control, in elevators, subways, escalators, conveyor belts?

How are you affected by waiting?

waiting in line, waiting in traffic, waiting to pee, waiting...learning to discipline and punish your spontaneous urge?

How are you affected by being immobilized and scheduled rather than wandering and roaming freely and spontaneously?

Scavenging? (Shoplifting?)

Can you use your hands creatively,

building - making - touching a variety of materials?

How are you affected by holding in your desires?

By sexual repression, by the delay or denial of pleasure, starting in childhood, along with suppression of everything in you that evidences your wild nature, your animal life?

Is pleasure dangerous? Is danger joy?

What are we deprived of by labor-saving devices?

And thought-saving devices?

How are you affected by the efficiency requirement that puts the end product ahead of the process, that values only the future and never the moment, the present moment that gets shorter and shorter, as we try to speed to the future endpoint?

Are you saving time?

Are you lonely in a way that language can't allay or even express?

Do you sometimes feel yourself ready to

LOSE CONTROL?

That had been the signal.



**SMASH
YOUR
CLOCKS!**



NO LIFE
9 A.M. TO 5 P.M.
MON. TO FRI.
BRAIN CLEANING



Ending time opens all possibilities

SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN PEOPLE DON'T WORK.

This is Jim O'Donnell. He has a real job. With the logging industry.

He's holding tree spikes that broke a sawblade. They were put there by people who would rather not work.

Instead, they prefer to live for adventure, spontaneity and the pleasure of genuine experience.

They also sabotage machinery, loot logging sites, pull survey stakes and spike trees. They scorn externally-imposed law, morality and limits.

They refuse, as more and more people are doing, to accept their proper role in society. A role planned for them by people like the timber executives Jim O'Donnell works for who see Nature as lifeless, a pile of resources waiting to be exploited.

These bureaucrats and managers hold this view because, like all commodities, they too have a pricetag on them--called a paycheck.

They too are exploited.

This makes them lifeless, as well.

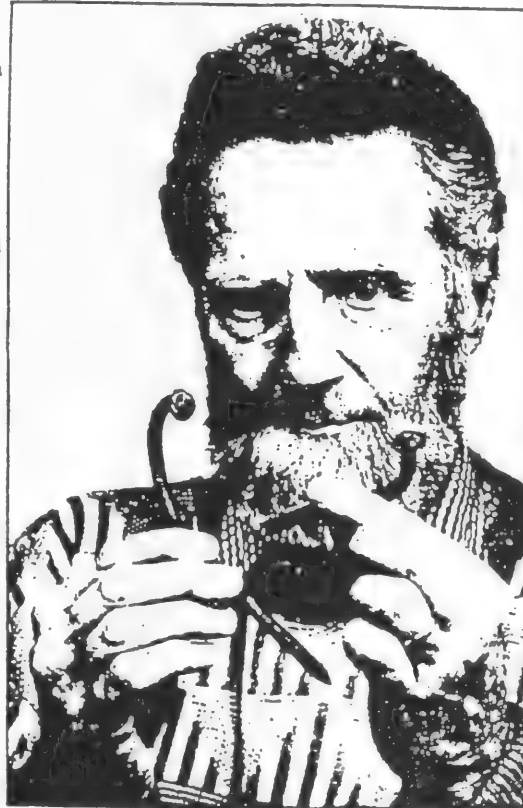
These "vandals", on the contrary, see Nature as wild, living and beautiful. A source of infinite joy.

They recognize this beauty as part of their own human nature.

They feel wild and free, unconstrained by the shackles of paycheck-to-pricetag consumerism that imprison so many people.

Jim O'Donnell wants them stopped. They are a hindrance to the efficient reproduction of consumer society and alienated humanity's dream of Nature fully tamed.

But what Jim O'Donnell and others like him don't understand is that the smallest glimpse of freedom is never forgotten. Once the gates of liberation are opened, there is no holding back the flood.



THEY SEE LIFE'S
BRILLIANCE AS TOO
PRECIOUS TO EVER
AGAIN RELINQUISH.
INDUSTRIALISM IS
THE ENEMY. DESTROY
WHAT DESTROYS YOU.



SHOPLIFTING!

"The Dictionary of Law is written by the bosses of order. Our moral dictionary says no heisting from each other. To steal from a brother or sister is evil. To not steal from the institutions that are the pillars of the Corporate Empire is equally immoral."

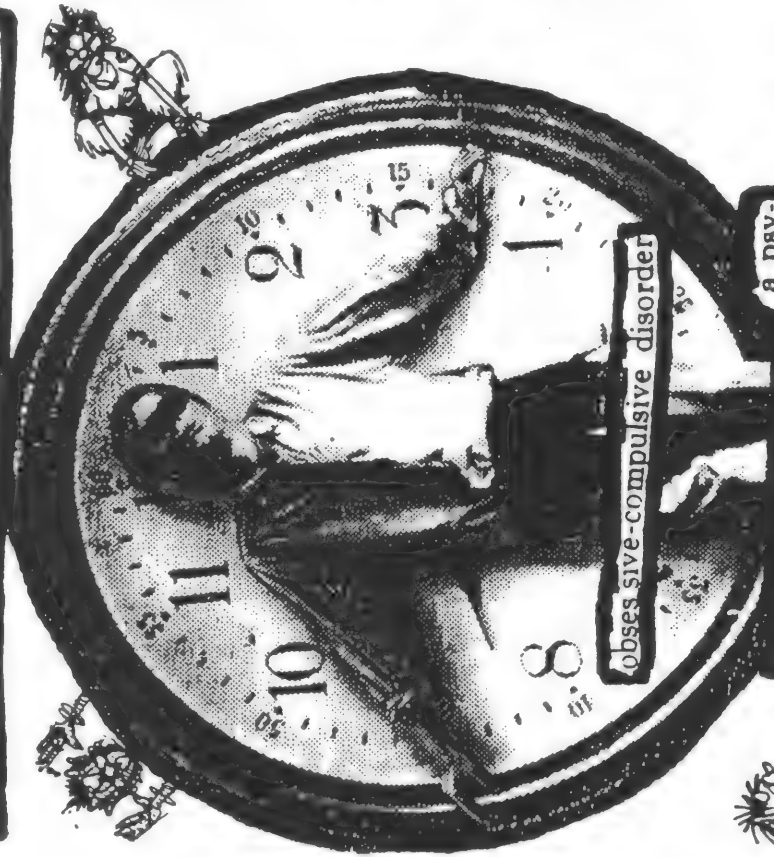
Abbie Hoffman

Theft! The very word activates a conditioned response of moral indignation in most people. Even self-proclaimed "counter-culture" types are intimidated by such a bold and direct declaration of freedom, such an audacious rejection of economic imprisonment. This almost universal aversion to stealing should be looked at as tragedy, for it demonstrates just how effectively the system has conditioned the masses into accepting the soft, easy life of a robot. The question is not whether theft is a morally virtuous act but rather "In what circumstances is it appropriate?" Let's face it, sometimes stealing is the only honorable thing to do.

Is it not suspicious that the corporate oligarchy cleverly disguises their own exploitation of the people, while at the same time criminalizing retaliation? What insanity has taken place when it is legal for the war machine to extort taxes from peasants and illegal to steal out of hunger or real need? In Emperor Bush's multinational/world bank/feudal system we are viewed as serfs, expendable chess pieces, poker chips that can be shuffled about like shares of stock in the name of profit and power. This is our birth caste but there is no reason to accept our roles....

When we allow opportunistic swindlers to turn our food, our land, our water, and even our air into a commodity, then we become accomplices to our own captivity. The system has us so busy chasing illusions that we fail to recognize capitalism as the common oppressor; the very same vampiric energy that

WORK IS A DISEASE



obsessive-compulsive disorder



is draining the Earth of her resources, conning us to hate our neighbor and kill each other over imaginary borders, robbing us of the best years of our lives and leaving our worn out corpses to rot on the altars of greed like sacrificial lambs. We were given this gift of life to swim with the fish, to fly with the birds, to laugh, to dance, to make love ... NOT to obediently perform worthless and degrading tasks called 'work' for forty years. Compulsory labor is a wholly unnatural state of affairs that leads to agonizing internal conflicts and premature death. Our instincts tell us to rebel against servitude but our socialization tells us to obey authority....

And that is why theft is a psychologically emancipating act, because the instant you step outside the system's suffocating behavioral code you experience an exhilarating release of pent-up anger and resentment. Political theft is nothing more than reclaiming stolen labor. With one swift stroke property is abolished and what was preached becomes practice. Autonomy is asserted and a vote is cast for revolution. Abstract ideas become concrete results. Steal on!



"... there is no need to ever again be victimized by this merciless economic soul grinder ... don't be afraid, go stuff your pockets, what they hoard can be yours for the taking ... no sense waiting for the corporate oligarchy to redistribute the wealth ... redistribute it yourself....."

Chuang Tzu



NICK IT!

walk out of the store with a block of cheese in my pocket and your eyebrows raise in question. I already know your thoughts.

What if I had gotten caught? You are wondering if it's right to steal. Just what does shoplifting have to do with saving the world, after all?

Well, my friend, sit down and open the cheese while I dig the crackers out of my fanny pack. Make yourself comfortable because you've asked a significant question. And I'm sure you can hear the answer, because only last month you and I sat side by side on a logging road, blocking the advance of a bulldozer onto a privately owned old-growth forest.

The notion of private property assumes that land--and all that's on it and under it--can be owned by humans. For this notion to survive, certain factors must exist, among them police, government, nations, states and war. The governments are there to make the laws regarding private property, the police are there to enforce them. If there's a government, there's a nation, and where there's more than one nation, there's war--usually over the issue of private property.

For a person to own something in the first place means s/he has had to work for it, that is, steal from the land. But this is the irony, because how can you steal from something that you are a part of? The Earth would give to us generously on her own terms, but by taking without asking and proclaiming "MINE!", we separate ourselves from nature. This is the root of our problem.

The reality is that we are of the Earth. One cannot own an ancient forest any more than a hardware store can own 60d nails. If we continue to operate under a set of rules that requires we pay for "other peoples'" private property, with money acquired from our own endeavors at exploiting the Earth, then we are supporting the system that is destroying the Earth.

Now, on a more personal level, there are the issues of who to steal from, and with what attitude one should loot. While it's true that all business desecrates the Earth, there are some worse than others. Within the system there are some that are not only trashing the



trust your desires.



"They have to be constantly watched," said the employers' newspaper, Textile World, "or they will go from bad to worse in order to make more time for play."

planet worse than others, but they are exploiting other people by forcing the system on them, forcing them to be part of it all just to survive. To steal from the order-givers is to subvert the system. To steal from the order-takers is to support the continuation of the system that's destroying the Earth and freedom. When the poor steal from the poor, those running the show only laugh. Consider, when choosing a target, if stealing from them will in any way

threaten their ability to meet their day to day needs or deprive them of what may be their only bit of pleasure. If so, then it can hardly be justified. On the other hand, will stealing from this person or establishment hinder their ability to commit yet more pillage or exploitation? In this case, not stealing is the real crime!

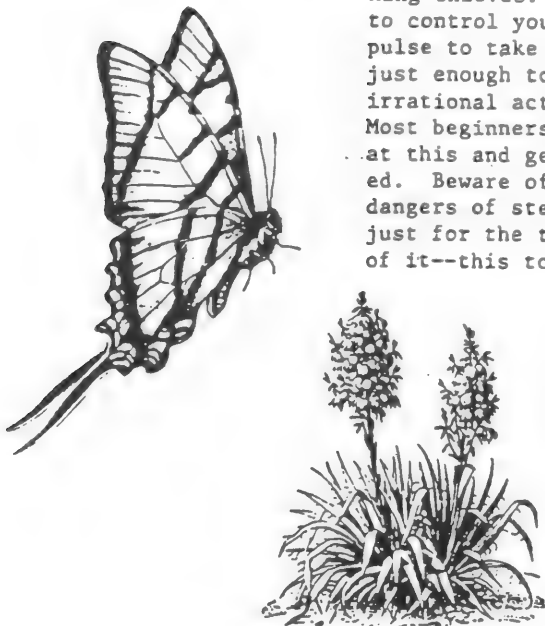
Hand in hand with the importance of conscientious targeting is the importance of thieving with the right attitude. If you steal in order to own things, to guard them protectively and label them "MINE!", then you're really only just supporting the institution of Property. If you steal to share, then this supports the idea of communal use--you are not stealing, you are liberating! Stealing to do actions to protect the Earth (the community with which we share) is sabotage in itself. Besides, it's more fun to share.

Then, there's the very important question, what are you going to do if you don't loot? You're going to work, to slave, in order to survive. And just where will you find time to be an activist if you're busy slaving all the time? Stealing is a monkeywrench in and of itself, but also it frees you to do more monkeywrenching. It frees you to play, to have fun, to be alive. The less you pay for, the more time you have to follow your desires.

By now, you might be asking "What about getting caught?" Is it worth-it? First, I can tell you,

don't get caught.

Don't become a clefto--it's a common problem with beginning thieves. Learn to control your impulse to take things just enough to avoid irrational acts. Most beginners fail at this and get nailed. Beware of the dangers of stealing just for the thrill of it--this too is a



BIZARRO Piraro

WHEN I FIRST SAW THIS LOVELY PEARL NECKLACE IN MACY'S I KNEW I JUST HAD TO HAVE IT! SO I WAITED UNTIL THE SALESPERSON WAS BUSY WITH SOMEONE ELSE.....



THE SHOPLIFTING CHANNEL

good way to get nicked yourself! With shoplifting, the most common form of theft, always be willing to put things back if you feel you've been seen. I say these things with a bit of hesitation, as I dream of the day when we can all boldly walk into the city and liberate what will then belong to us all openly and proudly. But in the mean time, don't get caught! (In future issues we would like to print information on anti-theft security systems and how to spot and avoid them. Please send in tips if you have them--or, would someone write an article on the subject?).

However, if you do get caught--at least for something minor like shoplifting--it's not that big of a deal. You may or may not even be arrested. If so you'll probably be released shortly. After going to court you may have to pay a fine, do community service or some such. (Not always: in some towns you do two weeks in jail if convicted of shoplifting, no matter what your sob story. Check the police and court report sections of your local paper to see what type of sentences shoplifters are getting. This is also a good way to find out which stores have extensive security systems as the location of the "crime" is often given in the report.) I suggest you think of it in terms of it being a small price to pay in exchange for how much you've gained. Undoubtedly if you add up the total number of hours spent in the bowels of the system, as compared to your total gain in stolen items, you will find that you were probably earning several hundred dollars an hour--all at the expense of your enemies.

Lastly, I want to tell you, don't be scared. Be a little nervous, wary, very aware and cautious but don't let the levathan scare you. It is not as omnipotent as they would have us believe. As we know from our monkeywrenching lessons, every monster has it's Achille's heel. Look for it carefully, and take advantage appropriately. And always, always, have fun.



I WANT YOU KIDS TO GET OUT THERE AND STEAL. SO HAVE A GOOD TIME AND... OH YEAH-DON'T GET CAUGHT!

CRIME-SHOPPERS TIP #27

IF YOU NOTICE SOMEONE SHOPLIFTING YOU CAN HELP THEM...

OH MY GOD! LOOK AT THAT HUGE RAT!

OR

ISN'T THAT MICHAEL JACKSON OVER THERE?

...BY CREATING A DIVERSION.

SHOPLIFTING AND EMPLOYEE THEFT!



KNOW, AS McTHIEF THE CRIME CAT I'M OFTEN ASKED TO SPEAK TO SCHOOL, CHURCH, AND COMMUNITY GROUPS. PEOPLE ALWAYS HAVE QUESTIONS ABOUT "HOW-TO?" AND "WHERE?", BUT MOSTLY THEY ASK ME "WHY?". WELL...

• McTHIEF THE CRIME CAT

"SHOP-OWNERS TAKE EVERYBODY'S MONEY"



THE BUSINESS OF BUSINESS IS THEFT. every cent of PROFIT that businesses make is stolen! they're playin' ya for a chump-so wise up. when you buy, they steal your money. when you work it's even worse: they steal your TIME, and then they give you a little bit of money, which someone else steals. Is dis a system? They've been robbing you blind all your life-now it's your turn to take a little bit back.

BUT DON'T SHOPLIFTERS MAKE PRICES HIGHER FOR EVERYONE ELSE?



SHOPLIFTERS DON'T CAUSE HIGH PRICES, BUSINESSES DO. BUSINESSES DON'T RAISE PRICES TO "COVER LOSSES" THEY DO IT TO PROTECT THEIR PROFITS.

ISN'T THAT KIND OF SIMPLISTIC? WHAT ABOUT NON-PROFIT BUSINESSES AND SMALL BUSINESSES THAT REALLY ARE LOSING MONEY?

POINT WELL TAKEN. IF A BUSINESS IS TRULY OWNED AND RUN BY THE PEOPLE WHO WORK THERE, AND THEY ARE ANTI-PROFIT, I SAY-DON'T RIP 'EM OFF! THEY'RE DOING WHAT THEY CAN. YA GOTTA USE YOUR OWN JUDGEMENT. UNFORTUNATELY, THE BUSINESSES THAT DESERVE TO BE RIPPED OFF THE MOST, THE BIG ONES, ARE ALSO THE HARDEST TO STEAL FROM, (WITH A FEW EXCEPTIONS, LIKE SUPER-MARKETS). BUT EVERY SYSTEM HAS IT'S WEAKNESSES, AND IF YOU ARE INTERESTED ENOUGH, YOU CAN FIGURE OUT HOW TO EXPLOIT THOSE WEAKNESSES FOR YOUR OWN ILL-GOTTEN GAIN!

... WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE JUST ABOUT OUT OF TIME.

SO REMEMBER

IT'S YOURS, TAKE IT. PROPERTY IS THEFT. A FEW TIPS:

BE A COMPARISON THIEF - DIFFERENT STORES HAVE DIFFERENT SECURITY SET-UPS. CHECK 'EM OUT.
NETWORK - YOU'LL BE SURPRISED AT HOW MANY OF YOUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS ARE ALREADY DOING IT.
ROB YOUR BOSS - WHEN YOUR PALS WANT YOU TO SHOPLIFT, YOU CAN SAY "NO THANKS, I TOOK AT THE OFFICE"
DISCRIMINATE - THINK ABOUT WHO YOU ARE STEALING FROM- RIP-OFF THOSE WHO DESERVE IT.

IT'S ESTIMATED THAT \$16 BILLION IN MERCHANDISE IS STOLEN ANNUALLY. IF WE ALL PITCH IN WE CAN DOUBLE THAT. SO BE CAREFUL, AND ENJOY! SEE YA AROUND

'WHY I BECAME A BURGLAR'

MARIUS JACOB'S LAST WORDS TO THE COURT.

Sirs,

Now you know who I am: a rebel who lives from the proceeds of his burglaries. Moreover I have set fire to several villas and have defended my freedom against aggression by agents of the State. I have laid bare my entire life of struggle and submit it as a problem to your intelligences. Since I acknowledge no one's right to judge me, I am begging for neither a pardon nor leniency. I will not appeal to those I hate and despise. You are stronger; do with me what you will. Send me to the penal colony or the scaffold, it matters little. But before we part company, I would like to say a final word....

You call a man a thief and a bandit as you apply the full severity of the law, never asking yourselves if he could have been something else. Has there ever been a man of independent means who turned to burglary? I admit I do not know any. But I, who am neither independently wealthy nor a property owner, who am only a man with just his arms and his brain to keep himself alive, I have had to act differently. Society allowed me only three means of existence: work, begging, or stealing. Far from disgusting me, work pleases me. Man cannot even go without work: his muscles and brain contain a certain amount of energy that must be expended. What disgusted me was to sweat blood for a wage that was handed out like charity, to create wealth that would only frustrate me. In a word, I was disgusted with turning to the prostitution of work. Begging is degradation, the negation of all dignity. Every man has a right to enjoy the banquet of life.

THE RIGHT TO LIVE IS NOT BEGGED. IT IS TAKEN.

Theft is restitution, a regaining of possession. Rather than be shut up in a factory as though in a prison, rather than begging for what I have a right to, I preferred to rebel and fight my enemies face to face by making war on the rich and attacking their property. Of course, I understand that you would have preferred that I submit to your laws, that, as a docile, spineless worker, I create wealth in exchange for a ridiculous wage and that, my body worn out and my brain dulled, I go and die on a street corner. Then you would not have called me a "cynical bandit", but an "honest worker". Using flattery, you would even have awarded me a labor medal. The priests promise paradise to their dupes; you are less abstract, you promise them a scrap of paper.

Thank you so much for such kindness, such gratitude, sirs! I prefer to be a cynic conscious of his rights than an automaton, a caryatid!

As soon as I had possession of my faculties, I turned to theft without hesitation. I do not share your so-called morality, which advocates a respect for property as a virtue when there are no worse thieves than property owners.

Consider yourselves lucky, sirs, that this prejudice has taken root in the people, for it is your best policeman. Knowing the powerlessness of the law, or rather, of force, you have made it your surest protector. But take care, all things come to an end. All that is built or set up by cunning and force can be destroyed by cunning and force.

The people are changing every day. You see, having learned these truths and conscious of their rights, all the starving, the beggars, in a word, all your victims, will arm themselves with a "jimmy" and storm your

houses to take back the wealth they created and that you have stolen from them. Do you think they will be more unfortunate as a result? I think it will be the opposite. If they think about it carefully they will prefer to run any risk sooner than fatten you while moaning in poverty. Prison...the penal colony...the scaffold, people will say. But what are these prospects compared to a wretched life full of every kind of suffering. The miner who struggles for his bread in the bowels of the earth without ever seeing the sunlight can die at any moment, the victim of an explosion of firedamp. The bricklayer who jumps from roof to roof can fall and be dashed to pieces; the sailor knows the date of his departure but does not know if he

will return to port. Many other workers contract fatal illnesses while exercising their trade; they exhaust themselves, poison themselves, kill themselves to create for you. Right down to the gendarmes, the policemen, your servants, who, for a bone you toss them to chew, sometimes die in their struggle against your enemies.

Stubborn in your narrow-minded selfishness, you remain skeptical of this vision, don't you? The people are afraid, you seem to say. We rule them by their fear of repression; if they yell, we will throw them in prison; if they make a move, we will deport them to the penal colony; if they act, we will guillotine them! A bad mistake, sirs, believe me. The sentences you inflict are not a remedy for acts of revolt. Far from being a remedy or even a palliative, repression only aggravates the malady.

Coercive measures can only sow the seeds of hatred and vengeance. It is a deadly cycle. Besides, since you started chopping off heads and filling the prisons and penal colonies, have you prevented hatred from manifesting itself? What's that? Answer! The facts prove your powerlessness. For my part, I knew perfectly well that my conduct could have no other outcome than the penal colony or the scaffold. Surely you see that it did not prevent me from

acting. If I turned to theft it was not for gain, for profit; it was a question of principle, of right. I preferred to keep my freedom, my independence, my dignity as a man, than make myself the author of a master's fortune. To put it more bluntly, without euphemism, I preferred to be a thief than to be stolen from.

Of course, I too condemn the act of violently and cunningly seizing the product of other people's labor. But that is precisely why I made war on the rich, thieves who steal the property of the poor. I too would like to live in a society from which all theft had been banished. I do not approve of theft, and have only used it as a means of revolt well-suited to fighting the most iniquitous of all thefts: private property.

To destroy an effect one must first destroy the cause. If theft exists it is only because there is abundance on one side and scarcity on the other; because everything belongs only to a few. THE STRUGGLE WILL ONLY DISAPPEAR WHEN MEN SHARE THEIR JOY AND THEIR SUFFERING, THEIR WORK AND THEIR WEALTH, WHEN EVERYTHING WILL BELONG TO ALL.

A revolutionary anarchist, I have made my revolution: let Anarchy come!

-Translated by Doug Imrie



Marius Jacob

THE PARADOX OF RECREATION

Contradiction and conundrum plague our movement of eco-activists on many levels. We focus on public lands while planet-raping scoundrels like Weyerhaeuser continue to decimate "private lands"; we drive petrol-guzzling death machines to remote action sites; we wipe after relieving our bowels, ect. Of course we never claimed to be perfect and it takes years to wean ourselves from the techno-industrial smack we've been suckled on since birth. Besides, ACTION is the name of the game, not feel-good P.C. drivel.

The paradox that invokes my ire regularly is our need to cowtow to the liberal recreationer. Liberals have always been part of the problem- their endless faith in the political system, their \$20 Greenpeace philanthropy, their lycra. Often these urban mountaineers whose checkbooks we milk go beyond yuppies who miss the bigger picture and become the enemies of wild nature. Their vision for wilderness is of conservation for their leisure time to relieve them of their high stress professional life. Wild nature is for wild nature. Humans venturing into the realm of the pine marten and bear must either be rank n' feral citizens of the wild themselves (we're doin' our best) or accept wilderness on its own terms.

For example, the rec-set, eco-weekenders have been a major voice in the debate over the North Cascades Grizzly recovery. Many oppose the return of the great bear to the ecosystems where their species once roved in droves. Why? Safety on the trail. Aaargh! Wilderness is not about safety for REI Shoppers! It's about predator and prey, the magic woo dance of life and death nurturing each other. Our pathetic kind have driven the Mighty Griz to the brink of extinction with our arrogant ways and everything possible must be done to ensure her recovery. I want the ancient forests with big trees AND Grizzlies!

Beyond the trenches of inner cities ruled by violence and poverty, the world of white america safely rests. Risk is absent from daily lives. The senses are dulled to the prospect of an animal with the ability to shred our fleshy skin. Without natural risk, humans seem to pursue risk in stupid ways. Bungee jumping, driving 100 M.P.H drunk, space travel, becoming cops- you name it. The

basis for "re-creation" is satisfying our primal urge to know fear by manufacturing thrills. Grizzlies, cougars, polar bears, scorpions, rattlesnakes, tsunamies, volcanoes, and earthquakes are all creation's way of challenging our being. I don't want to live in a world without these things.

So a message to the goretex totin', decaf double hazelnut latte drinkin', earth day T-shirt buyin', Jolene Unsold votin', organic beef eatin', Greenpeace givin' Babbit worshippin' recreationists- AFTER WE'RE FINISHED STOPPING THE MULTINATIONALS AND THE GOVERNMENT AGENCIES, WE'RE COMING FOR YOU SUCKER. MAY THE CLAWS OF THE GRIZ GRACE YOUR SPINELESS COMFORT! Please send us your donations.

-Bog Lemming



"Now remember—roar just as you leap.... These things have some of the greatest expressions."

MARCH AGAINST ANYTHING

a message from
your organisers

SAY NO TO EVIL!
JOIN THE STRUGGLE
BUY THE T-SHIRT!
ONLY 400 COPIES OF 3 PASTEL SHIRTS...

BORED!

WE ♥
THE MEDIA

ORDER
NOT
CHAOS!

DISCIPLINE
WILL WIN!

FRUSTRATED!

DUTY
NOT
PLEASURE

KEEP
MY
LINE

WE WELCOME EVERYONE TO TODAY'S DEMONSTRATION. We expect it to be one of the largest this country has ever seen. Let us march as one to show our governments how upset we are about the state of the world.

But for this demonstration to be effective we must march with dignity and the support of the media, the international press and the police. So please remember to follow the rules of the demonstration (see overleaf). And please OBEY all commands given by the monitors and the police, who will be working together throughout the demonstration to ensure peace and order.

At the end of the march there will be a long rally, with speeches by several very important people. After the rally, please disperse as quickly as possible and make your way home peacefully. Unfortunately there will be certain individuals attempting to instigate mass looting and rioting. IGNORE THEM. Remember, discipline is of the utmost importance. Without it, everything will collapse.

WITH YOUR CO-OPERATION, WE CAN MAKE TODAY A MASSIVE SUCCESS, AND START BUILDING FOR A REPEAT PERFORMANCE NEXT YEAR.

Rules & Regulations

During the course of the demonstration, some of you may feel frustrated and powerless. In order to help you channel that anger in a constructive way, the organizing sub-committee has suggested the following slogans which you may like to chant:

JOBBS, JOBS, JOBS NOT BOMBS!

BUSH AND QUAYLE: - OUT, OUT, OUT!

SANCTIONS NOW!

THE PEOPLE UNITED WILL NEVER BE DEFEATED!

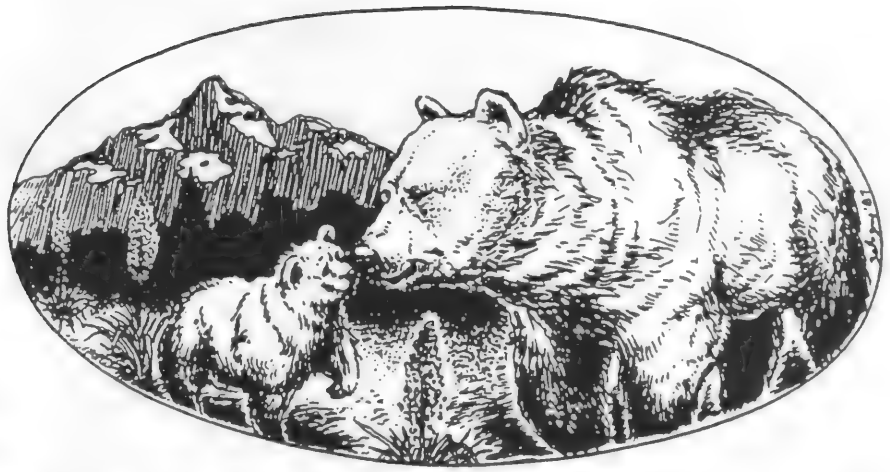
NOTE: The following chants are NOT acceptable: 'Bombs, bombs, bombs not jobs!', 'Burn it down, burn it down, burn that fucker to the ground!', 'Agnos, Hancock they're no good, hit 'em in the head with a piece of wood'.

In order to prevent any possible disorder, we ask all marchers to keep a reasonable distance between themselves and other marchers. This is the only way to prevent groups of people from becoming aware of their collective strength. The march will be flanked on both sides by uniformed monitors. Please do not break the formation, and do NOT, on any account, attempt to communicate with passers-by, without prior authorization from the publicity sub-committee.

It is vital that we walk slowly and with dignity, in order to preserve our passivity. RUNNING IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN.

Unfortunately there will be people here bent on discrediting today's demonstration. They will encourage you to express your anger directly, rather than through the proper democratic channels. They may try to destroy property (embassies, government buildings, police stations, large shops, etc.). They may launch unprovoked attacks on the police, on bank windows or on passing businessmen. They may even suggest that you join them in burning down city Hall. COMRADES, WHATEVER THEY SAY, IGNORE THEM! If you spot any extremists, do not approach them, but inform the monitors or the police, who are authorized to take appropriate action.

Today's events are the culmination of months of planning aimed at achieving maximum boredom, as a gesture of solidarity with the people on whose behalf we are marching. Beware of people who are out to sabotage that planning. You may hear talk about 'enjoyment' and 'everyday life' as if these things are as important as today's protest. You may see people running, singing, shouting, and refusing to behave in a peaceful and passive manner. You may even want to do these things yourself. RESIST THE TEMPTATION. Comrades, it is ORDER, DISCIPLINE and RESTRAINT which will bring victory, not the free expression of our desires.



Notes for Angry Ursids

FROM BROTHER GRIMM

You are appalled by the ill manners of your fellow travellers. You find yourself often more disgusted and enraged by their compromises than you are by the consistent malevolence of the destroyers of the world, the simple fact of evil. You think this is because you have had *hope* for these people, that in fact you have acknowledged them as decent animals in a way you have long since written off the developers and assassins, and when they reveal their humanity—in the worst sense of the word—it simply revolts you.

But it is also more personal than that. You have been wounded. You're not really angry at the Badger people and their toys as much as you are at all the various people who give up the pure truth of the wilds for a cut of *power*. The kind of people who champion radio-collars and tourism and *mitigation*. There is a sense of betrayal when you see them so clearly willing to make a separate peace. You imagine that they would be content if the world would only change a little, if the system were *reformed*, if Burger King and McDonalds would sell vegetarian burgers, if all the builders in the country used P.C. materials, if the mills were owned by the loggers, if cows were kept on *private* lands...

And you know that the rest of the revolution—the dismantling of civilization and the restoration of complete wilderness—would be abandoned, and you would be left out in the cold.... Because all their talk about *solidarity* is about solidarity with power—yes, it is, because the capitalists are not the only ones with a kind of power—loggers are not disempowered in at all the same ways that bears and yews are—labor has a cultural power that biodiversity simply doesn't. You know when they talk about solidarity, it is solidarity with the human masses, solidarity with what will sell to the liberals and the lefties, solidarity with what will go over in the media. They do *not* mean solidarity with tree-spikers, with lab-burners, with obscure little bugs and problem bears and misanthropists; they do not mean solidarity with *you*. No, they will sell your kind down the river to the mill in a hot tick, and you know it.

A lot of equipment got trashed at Cove/Mallard and the goddamn office organizers don't even want to acknowledge that. Someone finally tried to really *slow down* the destruction in Clayoquot Sound by burning the bridge that the peaceniks shut down for two minutes every day with mass arrests, and when someone was arrested for it he was denounced and cut loose by the "campaign." The Western Canada Wilderness Coalition, whose beautiful poster asks pardon, "thou bleeding piece of earth, that I am *meek and gentle with these butchers*," has offered a thousand bucks for the arrest and conviction of tree-spikers, and you probably will not be surprised when others do the same. This always happens; in Mexico, in Russia, in Spain, in any struggle the extremists have got to be shed before the reformers can make their peace with power.

So while you have good reason to disparage the *integrity* of these sort of people, who will use you for what they can and cut you adrift when it becomes expedient, you should realize that your reaction is made also of your basic *fear*. Because if our fellow travellers do ever get the deal cut with power—and there is really very little reason to expect that they will—you know that problem bears like you will be dumped out in the wasted wilderness, and *no one* will care to listen to you growl.

The reality is that most of the citizenry will never approve of active civil resistance except in a historical context. All one may conclude is that rebels tend to rebel, conformists tend to conform, and rarely the twain shall meet.

PACIFISM AS PATHOLOGY:

Excerpts from Pacifism as Pathology: Notes on an American Pseudo-Praxis, an excellent article by Ward Churchill, published in Issues of Radical Therapy (Journal) vol. XII, #8 142. If you can't find this article, write to L.W.O.D. send a buck or two for postage and copying & we'll send it.

Nonviolent Response to Personal Violence

Nonviolence focuses on communication.

Your objectives must be reasonable. You must believe you are fair and you must be able to communicate this to your opponent. Maintain as much eye contact as possible.

Make no abrupt gestures. Move slowly. When practical, tell your opponent what you are going to do before you do it. Don't say anything threatening, critical, or hostile.

Don't be afraid of stating the obvious; say simply, "You're hurting my arm."

Someone in the process of committing an act of violence has strong expectations as to how his/her victim will behave. If you manage to behave differently — in a nonthreatening manner — you can interrupt the flow of events that would have culminated in an act of violence. You must create a scenario new to your opponent.

Seek to befuddle your opponent's better nature; even the most brutal and brutalized among us have some spark of decency which the nonviolent defender can reach. Don't shut down in response to physical violence; you have to play it by ear. The best rule is to resist as firmly as you can without escalating the anger or the violence. Try varying approaches and keep trying to alter your opponent's picture of the situation.

Get your opponent talking and listen to what she says. Encourage him/her to talk about what she believes, wishes, fears. Don't argue the impression you don't give the impression that you agree with. The listening is more important than what you say — keep the talk going and keep it calm.



While the Mahatma and his followers were able to remain "pure," their victory was contingent upon others physically gutting their opponents for them.

As with any pathology, pacifism may be said to exhibit a characteristic symptomatology by which it can be diagnosed. Salient examples of the complex of factors making up the pathology may be sketched as follows:

Pacifism is delusional: This symptom is marked by a range of indicators, eg: insistence that reform or adjustment of given state policies constitutes a "revolutionary agenda," insistence that holding candlelit vigils and walking down the street constitute "acts of solidarity" with those engaged in armed struggle, or that — despite mere facts to the contrary — things such as "the nonviolent decolonization of India" or "the anti-war movement's forcing the Vietnam war to end" actually occurred.

At another level — and again despite clear facts to the contrary — insistence that certain tactics avoid "provoking violence" (when it is already massive) or that by remaining nonviolent pacifism can "morally compel" the state to respond in kind must be considered as deep-seated and persistent delusions.

Finally, it must be pointed out that many supposed "deeply principled" adherents are systematically deluding themselves that they are really pacifistic at all. This facet of the symptom is marked by a consistent avoidance of personal physical risk, an over-weening attitude of personal superiority vis a vis those who "fail" to make overt professions of nonviolence, and sporadic lapses into rather unapacifistic modes of conduct in interpersonal contexts (as opposed to relations with the state).

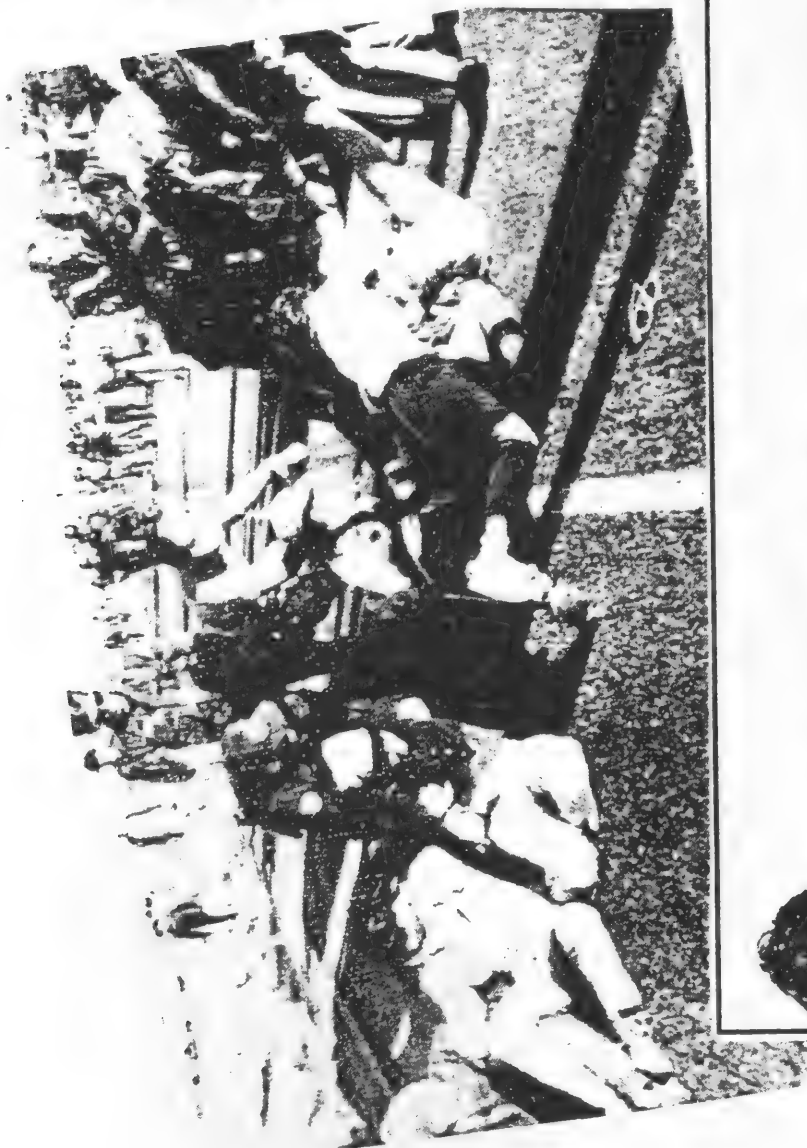
Pacifism is racist: In displacing massive state violence onto people of color both outside and inside the mother country, rather than absorbing any real measure of it themselves (even when their physical intervention might undercut some of the state's ability to inflict violence on nonwhites), pacifism can only be viewed as being objectively racist.

Racism itself has been accurately defined as a pathology. Within the context of pacifism, the basic strain must be considered as complicated by an extremely convoluted process of victim-blaming passing itself under the guise of "anti-racism" (a matter linking back to the above-mentioned delusional characteristics of the pathology of pacifism).

Finally, both displacement of violence and victim-blaming intertwine in their establishment of a comfort zone for whites who utilize it (perhaps entirely subconsciously) as a basis for "prefiguring" a complex of future "revolutionary" social relations which would serve to largely replicate the present privileged social position of whites, vis a vis nonwhites, as a cultural/intellectual "elite."

The cluster of subpaths encompassed by this overall aspect of the pacifist pathology is usually marked by a pronounced tendency on the part of those suffering the illness to react emotionally and with considerable defensiveness to any discussion (in some cases, mere mention) of the nature of racist behaviors. The behavior is typically manifested in agitated assertions — usually with no accusatory finger having been pointed — to the effect that "I have nothing to be ashamed of" or "I have no reason to feel guilty." As with any pathology, this is the proverbial tell-tale clue indicating s/he is subliminally aware that s/he has much to be ashamed of and is experiencing considerable guilt as a result. Such avoidance may, in extreme cases, merge once again with delusional characteristics of the pathology.

Pacifism possesses a sublime arrogance in its implicit assumption that its adherence to the terms somehow holds the ability to dictate the state of struggle in any contestation with the state.



Pacifism is suicidal: In its core impulse to prostrate itself before the obvious reality of the violence inherent to state power, pacifism not only inverts Emiliano Zapata's famous dictum that "It is better to die on one's feet than to live on one's knees," it actually posits the proposition that it is best to die on the latter and seeks to achieve this result as a matter of principle.

While it seems certain that at least a portion of pacifism's propensity toward suicide is born of the earlier mentioned delusion that it can impell nonviolence on the part of the state (and is therefore simply erroneous), there is a likelihood that one of two other factors is at work in many cases:

- 1) A sublimated deathwish manifesting itself in a rather commonly remarked "gambler's neurosis" (ie: "Can I risk everything and win?").
- 2) A desublimated deathwish manifesting itself in a "political" equivalent of walking out in front of a bus (ie: "Will it hit me or not?").

In any event, the suicidal characteristic of the pathology may be assumed to follow the contours of other suicide impulses, centering on repressed guilt neuroses and associated feelings of personal inadequacy (in all probability linked to the above-mentioned subliminal racism) and severely complicated by a delusional insistence that the deathwish itself constitutes a "pro-life" impetus.* It is interesting to note that the latter claim has been advanced relative to European Jews during the 1940s.

*The use of this term is not intended to connote association with the double-speak currently employed by anti-abortion propagandists.

From even this scanty profile, it is easy enough to discern that pacifism — far from being a praxis adequate to impell revolutionary change — assumes the configuration of a pathological illness when advanced as a political methodology. Given its deep seated, superficially self-serving and socially approved nature, it is likely to be an exceedingly difficult pathology to treat and a long-term barrier to the formation of revolutionary consciousness/action in the United States.



Profile of a Pathology

I just came home from Vietnam where I spent 12 months of my life trying to pacify the population. We couldn't do it; their resistance was amazing. And it was wrong; the process made me sick. So I came home to join the resistance in my own country, and I find you guys have pacified yourselves. That too amazes me; that too makes me sick.

Vietnam Veteran
Against the War
1970

Peacekeepers

In numerous demonstrations of the past it has been found that the effectiveness and nonviolence of the action has been greatly enhanced by the participation of people with special skills. These specialized participants, or peacekeepers, perform specific facilitating roles for the action. Even if you have not decided to specialize in the role of peacekeeper, however, you may find yourself in a conflict situation in which peacekeeper skills will be useful. In a nonviolent action everyone is, to some extent, a peacekeeper.

4. Maintain the internal self-discipline of the action. Peacekeepers facilitate the movement and action of large groups of people by directing traffic, encouraging people to walk and not run and providing information to the group. Peacekeepers are also prepared to handle conflicts among demonstrators.

5. Act as mediators between authorities and demonstrators. It may be important to have people as buffers between law enforcement officials, workers, and demonstrators. Peacekeepers help to maintain the nonviolent self-discipline of the demonstration and act as mediators in confrontations between authorities and protesters. Peacekeepers have primary responsibility to the participants in the action, but they should be prepared to protect legal authorities, workers, and non-participants from demonstrators if necessary.

6. Be forgiving. Give up resentment over the wrong you are trying to set right. Gandhi said, "I hate sin, and love the sinner." This applies to conflicts between demonstrators as well as to conflicts with police, workers, onlookers,



'Gee, I'd love
to help you
smash
industrialism
and create a
global
paradise,
but I've got
to go clean
oily
birds!'

Almost daily, we're treated to another horrendous spectacle of this society's headlong rush into oblivion.

And now, the recent oil spill on Washington's coast has provided a chance for hundreds of activists to wallow in industrial filth. The sincerity of the volunteers cannot be denied. Activities such as the sea-bird rescue provide an outlet for the genuine concern and sympathy for the victims of a world gone insane.

Yet, for all the effort, few birds will survive and very few of those will live to reproduce. And this is not even to mention the massive effects on all other marine and shore life.

If, then, oil spill damage is irreversible, all the activity and publicity of the clean-up only reinforces the industrialists' lie that all problems can be solved with better clean-up methods, stricter regulations and improved technology. It validates continued pillage of the biosphere in the name of Progress, and it excuses the inexcusable.

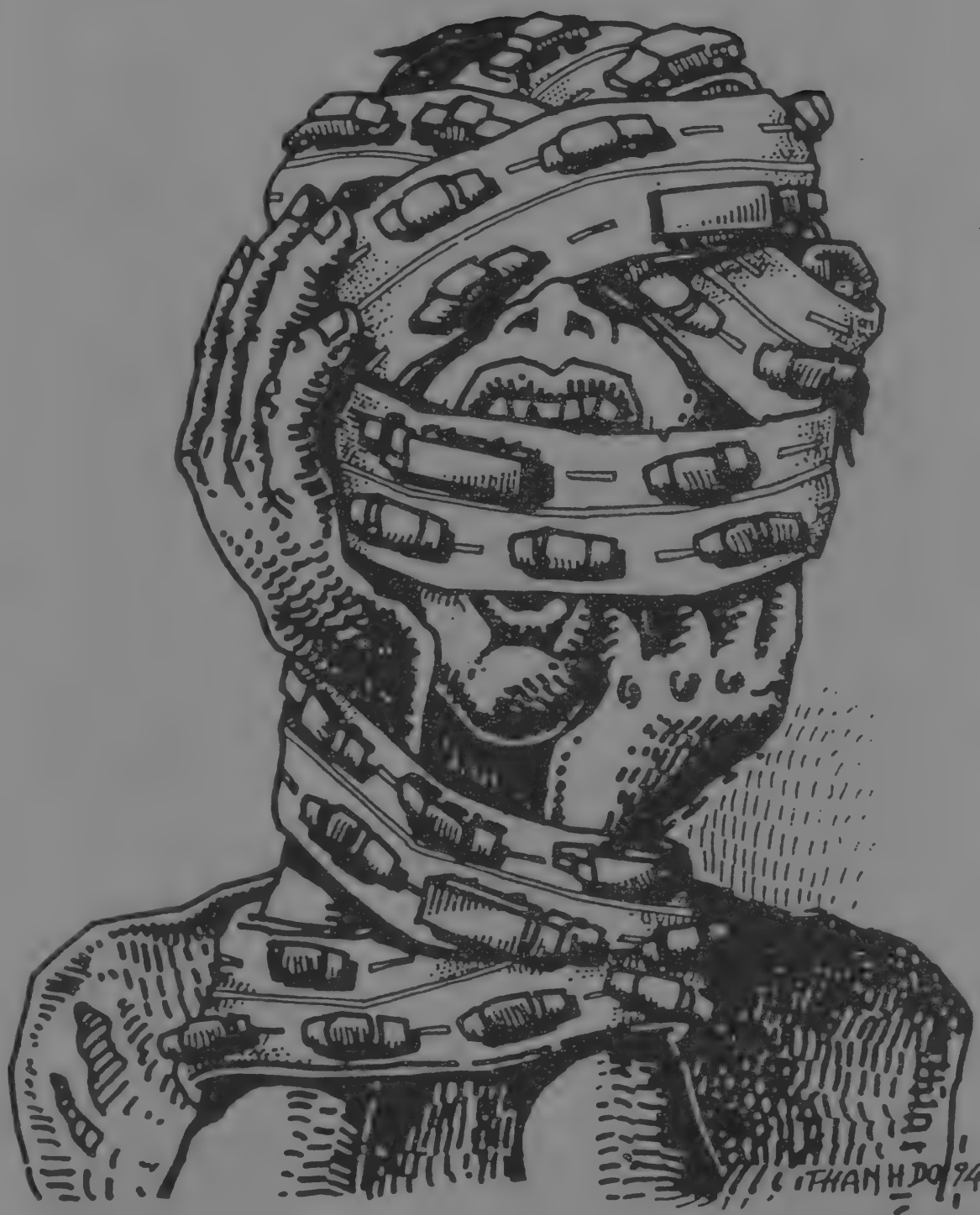
If we look at society as a whole, we see that the tragedies of our time are not "accidents" but consequences of industrial civilization itself. And, sooner or later, we are all victims.

When you've wiped the last glob of oil from your tired hands will you then go off to beg politicians for more regulations and write letters to the oil company president?

Or will you crave a world bountiful with life, where free human communities hold huge festivals on the overgrown ruins of razed factories and cities? Remember, you can't create until you can dream.

DARE
TO DREAM
TO BE UNREASONABLE
TO DEMAND THE "IMPOSSIBLE"

CONE WILD pob 2962 Bellingham, wa 98227



ROAD KILL

What Hayduke and friends could and did see were several of the many phases of a road-building project that follow the survey. To the far west, on the rise beyond Comb Wash, they saw bulldozers clearing the right-of-way. In forested areas the clearing job would require a crew of loggers with chain saws, but here in southeast Utah, on the plateau, the little pinyon pines and junipers offered no resistance to the bulldozers. The crawler-tractors pushed them all over with nonchalant ease and shoved them aside, smashed and bleeding, into heaps of brush, where they would be left to die and decompose. No one knows precisely how sentient is a pinyon pine, for example, or to what degree such woody organisms can feel pain or fear, and in any case the road builders had more important things to worry about, but this much is clearly established as scientific fact: a living tree, once uprooted, takes many days to wholly die.

Behind the first wave of bulldozers came a second, blading off the soil and ripping up loose stone down to the bedrock. Since this was a cut-and-fill operation it was necessary to blast away the bedrock down to the grade level specified by the highway engineers.

The demolition team arrived. Charges were lowered into the bore holes, gently tamped and stemmed, and wired to an electrical circuit. The watchers on the rim heard the chief blaster's warning whistle, saw the crew move off to a safe distance, saw the spout of smoke and heard the thunder as the blaster fired his shot. More bulldozers, loaders and giant trucks moved in to shovel up and haul away the debris.

Down in the center of the wash below the ridge the scrapers, the earthmovers and the dump trucks with eighty-ton beds unloaded their loads, building up the fill as the machines beyond were deepening the cut. Cut and fill, cut and fill, all afternoon the work went on. The object in mind was a modern high-speed highway for the convenience of the trucking industry, with grades no greater than 8 percent. That was the immediate object. The ideal lay still farther on. The engineer's dream is a model of perfect sphericity, the planet Earth with all irregularities removed, highways merely painted on a surface smooth as glass. Of course the engineers still have a long way to go but they are patient tireless little fellows; they keep hustling on, like termites in a termitorium. It's steady work, and their only natural enemies, they believe, are mechanical breakdown or "down time" for the equipment, and labor troubles, and bad weather, and sometimes faulty preparation by the geologists and surveyors.

The one enemy the contractor would not and did not think of was the band of four idealists stretched out on their stomachs on a rock under the desert sky.

☛ The car is the single biggest source of atmospheric pollution. Its emissions contribute greatly to global warming, acid rain, ozone depletion and human ill-health.

☛ Cars create untold waste. Car and road construction requires the extraction, processing and transport of huge amounts of metals, plastics, acids, glass and rubber. Each process creates its own environmental hazards and wastes vast amounts of land, energy and labour.

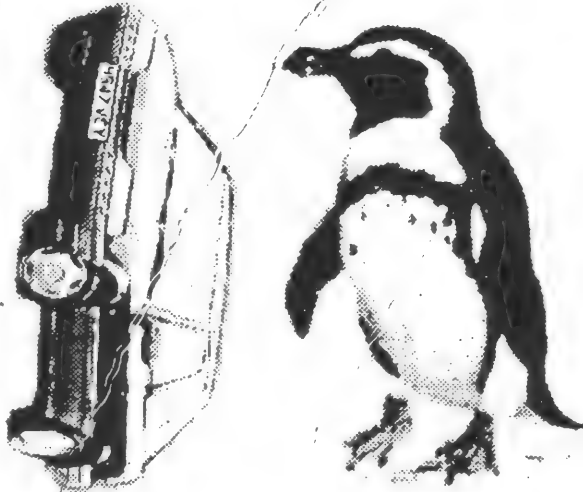
☛ The car uses more than a third of the world's oil and plastics. Oil extraction and transportation is responsible for devastating pollution, the destruction of unique ecosystems and has major cause of several wars.

☛ Road accidents killed more than 5000 people in Britain last year, while there were a quarter of a million reported injuries. Non-human casualties have never been counted.

☛ CARS ARE CRAP.

Cars V Penguins

Institute: Faluous Research



☛ Penguins waddle when they walk on land and are a great source of amusement for humans.

☛ Penguins chase fish and eat them.

☛ After a swim, penguins lift themselves onto a bit of iceberg and clean their feathers.

☛ Like an avalanche of waiters, whole crowds of penguins will launch themselves into the sea one after another.

☛ Penguins have streamlined bodies so they can move through the water with ease and style.

☛ PENGUINS ARE AMAZING.

Toyota Tires

Treat everything equal
as you are no more in value
than that ant crossing the road
who actually may need
more attention
as he is ignorant of death
by a Toyota tire

by Matuschka

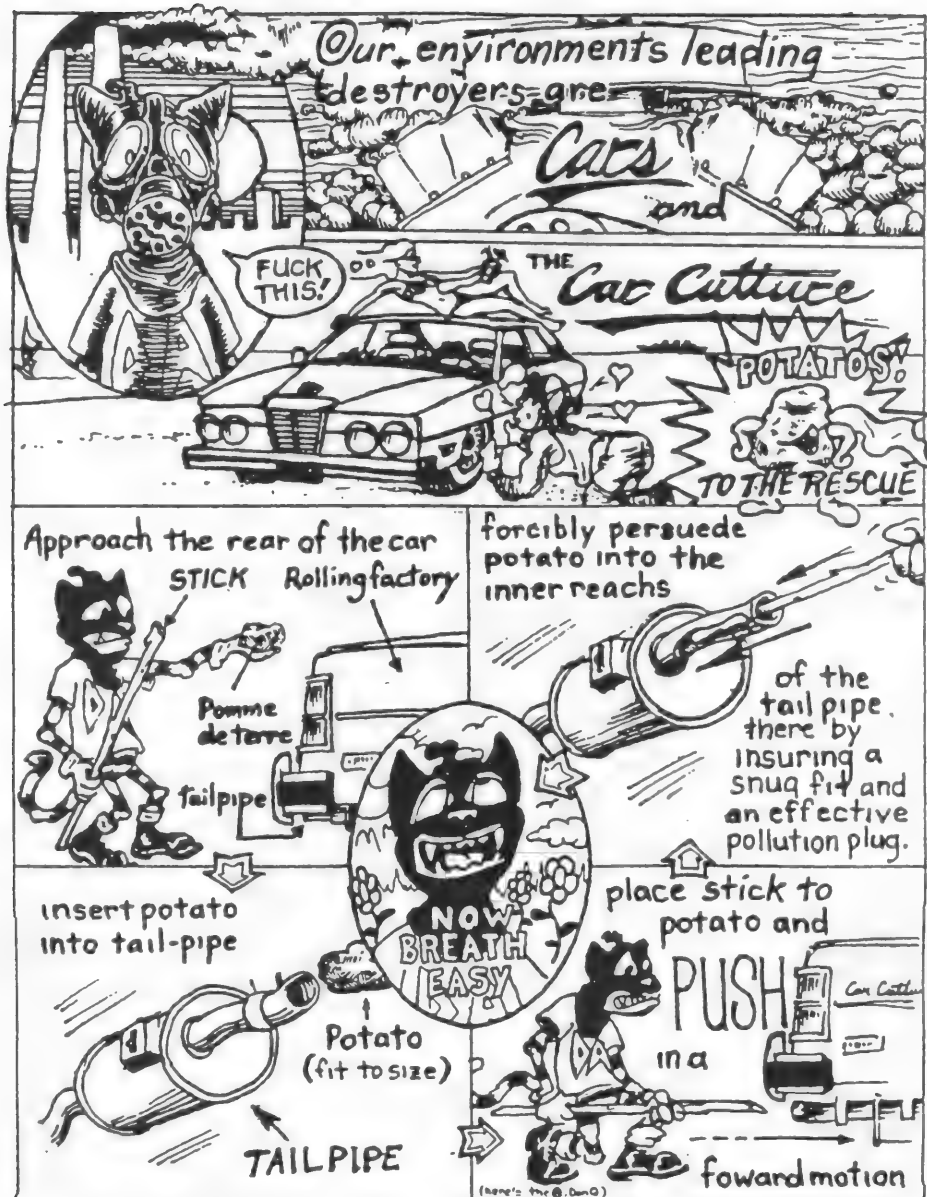
Migrations

Honking and flapping high
through the crisp fall morn
the geese re-enact
their ancient journey south –
then back north in spring.
The flock knows
just where to go
for just what it needs.

Their primordial pattern
resonates through the centuries
along wind-carrying currents –
Gaia's rhythm.

Far below cars jam and curse
from streets to avenues
in toxic unclarity,
a cacaphony of misery.
Sweating and swearing,
veiled in smokey tanks,
the throng anxiously waits
for the blink of the light,
to stop – then go – then stop
then –

Joel Hammer



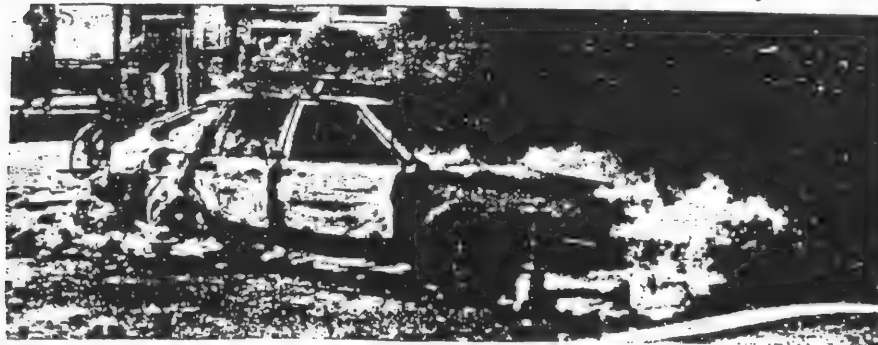
A new car is built somewhere in the world once every second, meaning that after a good night's sleep, there will be 30,000 more cars on the planet. Try not to think about it too much, you might do something rash.



The visitor gazed again
At the new brand of mass execution
Casually sponsored by market forces,
And noticed that in a riot
Or a revolution
It was curious that cars,
Anyone's cars,
Seemed to be the first to go.



Automobiles tend to reflect and
sum up the marvels of consumption.
They mirror a society without history
--except when they are burning.





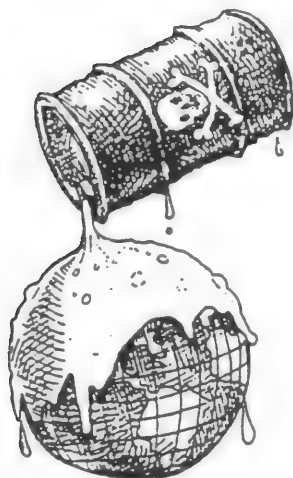


"We call the time of the dinosaurs the serpent world, and we believe it was destroyed and buried deep in the Earth for a reason. When you drill for oil you bring the serpent world up into this world where it was never supposed to be. We say it should stay in the ground, and if you look at the damage the serpent world is doing to us today you can see we're right."

-Chief Heavy Runner
Blackfeet Nation

Road Kill, U.S. 40

Raptor.
Sky lord.
Thunderbolt wings.
Lightning claws.
You really are
just feather and bone.
Ruth Gow

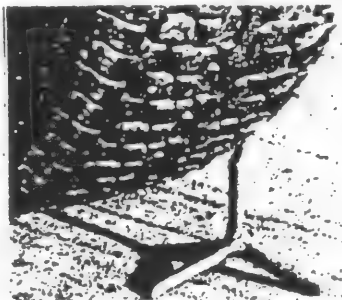


I feel I have to recount this dream I keep having over and over. In it I go for a walk and scatter bags of roofing nails all over the road. Not in great big bunches but one and two at a time. In my dream everyone I know in my small town keeps talking about their flat tires. And then as they talk they turn into cancer cells and my bag of nails are the antibodies. So I just keep spreading antibodies, antibodies everywhere, one or two at a time.

Sometimes I have another dream: in it I drive 3 inch spikes into the road at 60 degree angles with just about 1/2 an inch exposed. I'm always careful to drive them in at 2 or 3 am, while I'm asleep. In my dream dozens of commuters at a time are stuck at the side of the road in giant cancer cells, and my antibodies just manage to stick up a little, but they do their job.

It's a sick dream, really, stopping one or two cars at time will not save the earth, I know. But I was hoping someone may be able to provide some insight. Perhaps some of your readers have similar dreams. Maybe it would help if we had a national dream of roofing nails day. Say June 3.
—CANADIAN DREAMER

AN ADVERTISEMENT



JOHNNY'S GIANT JACKS (in the key of "B Flat")

If you were once a little kid
And playing jacks is what you did
Buy Johnny's Giant Jacks
Buy Johnny's Giant Jacks
Buy Johnny's Giant, Johnny's Giant
Johnny's Giant Jacks

You take them to a logging road
And forget to take them when you go
Buy Johnny's Giant Jacks... (etc)

No matter how you drop them down
They always point up from the ground
Buy Johnny's Giant Jacks... (etc)

Eighteen come inside a box
One for each wheel of a semi-truck
Buy Johnny's Giant Jacks... (etc)

by Armed & Gittin' Even



A ROOST FOR CHICKENS Sharp on nine the Trainites had scattered caltraps in the roadway and created a monumental snarl-up twelve blocks by seven. The fuzz, as usual, was elsewhere—there were always plenty of sympathizers willing to cause a diversion. It was impossible to guess how many allies the movement had; at a rough guess, though, one could say that in New York City, Chicago, Detroit, LA or San Francisco people were apt to cheer, while in the surrounding suburbs or the Midwest people were apt to go fetch guns. In other words, they had least support in the areas which had voted for Prexy.

Next, the stalled cars had their windows opaqued with a cheap commercial compound used for etching glass, and slogans were painted on their doors. Some were long: **THIS VEHICLE IS A DANGER TO LIFE AND LIMB**. Many were short: **IT STINKS!** But the commonest of all was the universally known catchphrase: **STOP, YOU'RE KILLING ME!**

And in every case the inscription was concluded with a rough egg-shape above a saltire—the simplified ideogrammatic version of the invariable Trainite symbol, a skull and crossbones reduced to Ƨ.

Then, consulting printed data-sheets, many of which were flapping along the gutter hours later in the wind of passing cars, they turned to the nearby store-windows and obscured the goods on offer with similarly appropriate slogans. Unprejudiced, they found something apt for every single store.

It wasn't too hard.

Delighted, kids on the afternoon school shift joined in the job of keeping at bay angry drivers, store-clerks and other meddlers. Some of them weren't smart enough to get lost when the fuzz arrived—by helicopter after frantic radio messages—and made their first trip to Juvenile Hall. But what the hell? They were of an age to realize a conviction was a keen thing to have. Might stop you being drafted. Might save your life.

Most of the drivers, however, had the sense to stay put, fuming behind their blank windshields as they calculated the cost of repairs and repainting. Practically all of them were armed, but not one was stupid enough to pull a gun. It had been tried during a Trainite demonstration in San Francisco last month. A girl had been shot dead. Others, anonymous in whole-head masks and drab mock-homespun clothing, had dragged the killer from his car and used the same violent acid they applied to glass to write **MURDERER** on his flesh.

In any case, there was little future in rolling down a window to curse the demonstrators. Throats didn't last long in the raw air.

**EXCERPTED FROM
THE SHEEP LOOK UP**

by **JOHN BRUNNER**





WE'RE WORKING WITHIN THE SYSTEM

REPORTS FROM THE FIELD

"But they have everything. They have the organization and the control and the communications and the army and the police and the secret police. They have the big machines. They have the law and drugs and jails and courts and judges and prisons. They are so huge. We are so small."

"Dinosaurs. Cast-iron dinosaurs. They ain't got a fucking chance against us."

"Four of us. Four million of them, counting the Air Force. That's a contest?"

"Bonnie, you think we're alone? I'll bet—listen, I'll bet right this very minute there's guys out in the dark doing the same kind of work we're doing. All over the country, little bunches of guys in twos and threes, fighting back."

"You're talking about a well-organized national movement."

"No I'm not. No organization at all. None of us knowing anything about any other little bunch. That's why they can't stop us."



WITH HATCHET, PIKE AND GUN

It began on the night of November 4, cloudy but still not yet winter-cold, in the little village of Bulwell, some four miles north of Nottingham, England. A small band of men gathered in the darkness, blackened their faces or covered them with scarves, counted off in military style, hoisted their weapons—hammers, axes, swords and pistols—and marched off in a more-or-less soldierly fashion along back roads to their destination.

When they reached the house of a “master weaver” named Hollingsworth, they posted a guard to make sure no neighbors interfered with their work and suddenly forced their way inside through doors that gave way to their hammerblows. They set upon half a dozen weaving machines, new wide-lace looms that produced such shoddy goods at such a pace that one man could turn out the work of six—and thus had already done some 500 men out of work—and within a few minutes had destroyed them all. Fearing that Hollingsworth’s wild cries from the upstairs bedroom would rouse the neighbors, they quickly scattered into the darkness. Not long after, they reassembled at the edge of town and responded in turn to a list of numbers called out by their leader. When each man was accounted for, a pistol was fired and they disbanded and headed for home.

A week later, on a Sunday night, the workers attacked again—only this time Hollingsworth was ready. In preparation for a new onslaught he had arranged for seven or eight of his workers and neighbors to stand watch with muskets over his last seven looms, and when the band of attackers approached his house they were met with a volley of shots. In the exchange of gunfire that followed one young man, a weaver named John Westley, was shot while tearing down the window shutters to force his way in and, according to a contemporary account, had just time to exclaim before he died, “Proceed, my brave fellows, I die with a willing heart!”

Proceed they did. With a fury made stronger by the loss of their comrade, they broke down the front door and smashed the windows while the family and guards escaped by the back entrance. And then, methodically, they smashed the remaining looms and some of the furniture, set fire to the house and dispersed into the night, never identified, never caught. The house was a gutted ruin in an hour.

Thus, starkly, began the movement that was to become known as Luddism, named after the mythical and mysterious figure who, in different guises and different locales, was their leader, King Edward (“Ned”) Ludd. It began that November night in 1811, just as England was rushing headlong into what would become known as the Industrial Revolution, and it ended, with 11 Luddites hanging from the York gallows, in January of 1813.



Before it was over, it destroyed something over £100,000 worth of property (at a time when the average laborer earned around £30 a year), including at least 1,500 weaving machines, two houses, three factories and a public hall. It had enough popular support to be able to carry on secret, illegal activities for months on end without being betrayed, despite official bribes and threats, nighttime arrests, and interrogations. It evoked the greatest spasm of repression Britain ever in its history used against domestic dissent, including batteries of spies and special constables, volunteer militias and posses, and a force of nearly 14,000 soldiers, at a cost of probably close to a million pounds. It had given up probably three dozen lives in Luddite actions, and another 24 to the gallows, and had taken one mill owner’s life and injured several others.

And it had embedded in the culture of English industrialism, and the English language itself, an **irradicable idea** of opposition to the domination of industrial technology and the values of mechanization, exploitation, consumption, competition and emasculation that go along with it...an idea alive with new vigor now, as the second industrial Revolution driven by the microchip sweeps the world.

adapted from:

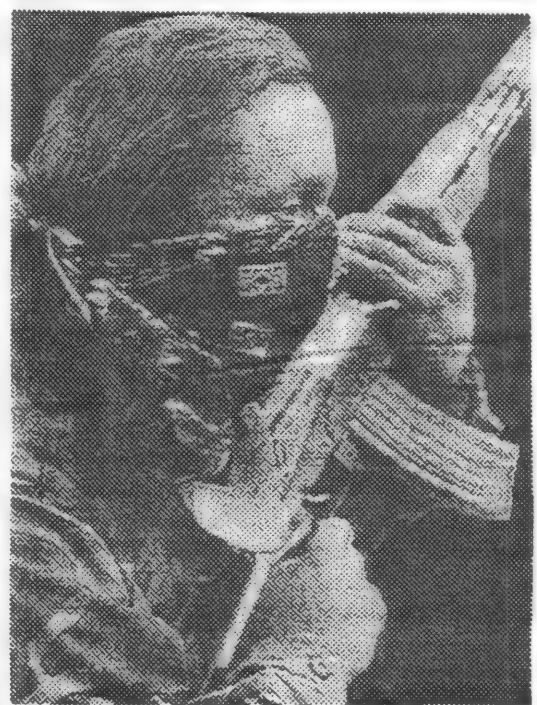
*Rebels Against the Future: The Luddites
and Their War on the Industrial Revolution*
by Kirkpatrick Sale

Natives Blow up Ontario Bridge - An explosion that knocked out a bridge in northern Ontario's Temagami wilderness may be just the opening shot in a looming battle over increased logging and mining in the area's old-growth forest. An aboriginal group has claimed responsibility for the explosion, which ripped a gaping hole in a bridge across the Temagami River about 75 kilometers northwest of North Bay. No one was injured in the blast.

The Ontario government has approved now logging and mining in the Temagami forest, a focus for protests by environmentalists and aboriginal groups since the late 1980s. Woody Becker, of the Ma Kominsing Anishinawbeg tribal group, said the bridge was blown up to protest the expansion of logging and mining in the region's old growth pine forests.

Provincial police are also investigating a fire at another bridge in nearby Armagh Township. It was extinguished before it caused serious damage. (*Summer 1996*)

Throughout Canada, indigenous resistance has been growing with many native nations declaring themselves sovereign and blocking roads, bridges and railways across their lands. Indigenous warriors have also toppled powerlines, burned bridges, sunk boats, destroyed logging equipment and been arrested defending their lands from government sanctioned corporate destruction. The Okanagan, Nuxalk, Tsilhqot'in Nations and the Haida band have all declared their sovereignty by right of Crown Law and have begun their fight to prevent the desecration of sacred lands and waters -- in some instances stopping logging and military exercises.



In March 1990, the Mohawks of Kanesatake occupied the Pines -- traditional lands which also contain the people's cemetery and a lacrosse field -- against the Municipality of Oka's plans to expand an adjacent golf course over the Pines. The golf course expansion was part of Oka's plans to expand a lucrative tourist industry. On July 11, over 100 members of the Quebec Provincial Police (SQ) attacked the barricades, opening fire on mostly women and children and firing tear-gas and concussion grenades. Members of the Kahnawake Warrior's Society and warriors from Kanesatake returned fire. In the exchange of fire, one SQ officer was killed. Following the fire-fight in the Pines and the retreat of the police, Warriors from Kahnawake seized the Mercier Bridge -- a major commuter bridge into Montreal -- to deter a second SQ attack. More barricades were erected on roads and highways around both Kanesatake and Kahnawake by hundreds of Mohawk women and men -- setting into motion one of the longest armed stand-offs in North America in recent history. The stand-off, which saw hundreds of police and over 4,000 troops from the Canadian Armed Forces deployed, initiated widespread solidarity from Native peoples across Canada; road and railway blockades were erected, Indian Affairs offices occupied, demonstrations held, and sabotage carried out against railway bridges and electrical power lines. The vulnerability of such infrastructure was well known, and in fact this possibility of an escalation of Native resistance was a main part of why there was no massacre carried out against the Natives and supporters who held out against the Canadian military. On September 26, the last remaining defenders made the collective decision to disengage -- not surrender -- and began to move out of the area.

At the same time, members of the Peigan Lonerider's Society had diverted the sacred Oldman River away from a dam system in Alberta and confronted the RCMP. Milton Born With A Tooth would subsequently be arrested for firing two warning shots into the air. He has since been sentenced to 18 months.

As well, the Lil'wat nation in BC erected road blockades on their traditional land in an assertion of their sovereignty as well as part of the solidarity campaign with the Mohawks. Four months later the RCMP would raid the blockade and arrest some 50 Lil'wat and supporters, on November 6. On November 24, a logging operation on Lubicon Cree land in northern Alberta was attacked and some \$20,000 damage inflicted on vehicles and equipment. Thirteen Lubicon Cree including Chief Bernard Ominayak were subsequently charged with the action but have yet to be put on trial; a trial they have refused to recognize as having any jurisdiction on Lubicon Cree land.

ALF Attacks ADC in Utah



In its sixth raid since June, 1991, the Animal Liberation Front (ALF) has claimed responsibility for the recent attacks on Animal Damage Control (ADC) facilities in Utah. On October 24, 1992 at the USDA Animal Damage Control Predator Research Facility (PRF) in Milville, Utah, and at ADC Project Leader Fredrick F. Knowlton's office at Utah State University's federally funded coyote research facility in Logan, ALF activists released coyotes and started fires resulting in over \$100,000 in damage.

The US Department of Agriculture

(USDA) facility held more than 100 coyotes used in behavioral research studies for the Animal Damage Control program. ALF cut holes in pens, releasing 29 coyotes, and started a fire in the lab which destroyed a third of the facility, causing serious damage to the rest of the vivisection laboratory. ALF was alerted to the presence of the coyotes by USU students. The USDA claims it studies coyote behavior to help sheep and cattle growers.

Over the last 70 years, the ADC has maintained a relentless and ruthless war against native predators. On be-

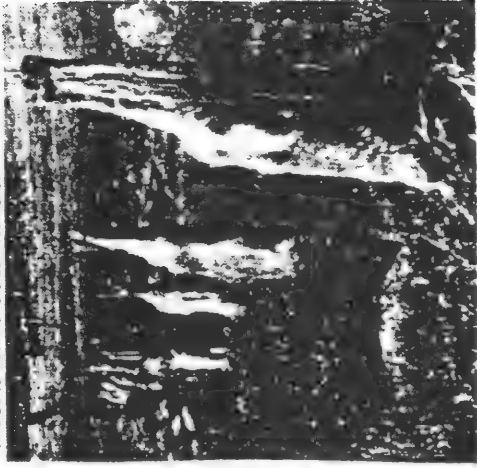
half of sheep and cattle producers, the ADC has designed and developed predator control tactics such as snares, leg-hold traps, bait, and sterilization. To prevent financial loss to livestock interests who graze public lands, ADC has slaughtered millions of coyotes, wolves, bobcats, foxes, and cougars in a massive poisoning and gunning campaign across the West.

After setting fire to the PRF, ALF moved on to the Utah State University campus where Knowlton's office is located. Just fifty yards from the police station, raiders entered his office and began confiscating records detailing the illegal dumping of over two tons of radioactive coyote bodies, losses of radioactive-collared goats in field experiments, and tests where coyotes were left in leg-hold traps and snares for over eighteen hours. The documents detailed the force feeding of toxic poisons and records of aerial shootings of research coyotes. ALF then set a fire in the office which resulted in an estimated \$10,000 in damage and destroyed much of his research.

This latest raid comes in the middle of three grand jury investigations into previous ALF attacks. Grand juries were convened in Michigan, Oregon and Washington in early spring and will run until next winter. Dozens of individuals have been questioned and subpoenaed and one activist, Jonathan Paul, was jailed for contempt on November 3 for refusing to testify before the grand jury in Spokane.

Grand juries are investigating the following incidents: a fire at Oregon State University's mink research facility in Corvallis (June, 1991); a fire at the Northwest Food Farm Cooperative in Edmonds, Washington (June, 1991); a raid at the USDA's Washington State University research facility (August, 1991); a fire at the Malecky Mink Ranch in Yamhill, Oregon (December, 1991); a fire at offices and research facilities at Michigan State University (February, 1992); and the recent fires at USU. Combined damage estimates of the raids total over \$1,500,000.

The USU incident is being investigated by a task force composed of representatives from the FBI, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, the Utah Fire Marshal's Office, the USU Police Department and the county sheriff's and attorney's offices. No arrests have been made.



NONVIOLENT GUERRILLA WARFARE

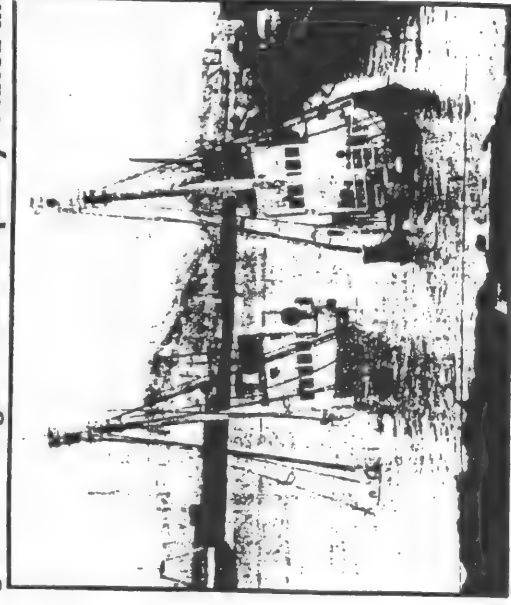
Written By: Rod Coronado

In 1985 I joined the crew of the Sea Shepherd on a campaign to interfere with the annual pilot whale slaughter in the Danish Faroe Islands. Ever since I was 12, I had admired the actions of direct action groups like Sea Shepherd, Earth First!, and the Animal Liberation Front. I had told myself that I only wanted to work with people like that who cut through the bullshit and got the job done. So when I was 18 I boarded the Sea Shepherd ship and spent the next six months as a crew member. During our crossing of the Atlantic we stopped to refuel in Reykjavik, Iceland, the home port of the country's only whaling fleet. The ships were not killing whales due to our presence and we warned them that we would be back if they continued to kill whales. While we were there I took the opportunity to check out the docks where the whaling ships were moored. There was a 24-hour police guard parked on the dock, but except for that, there was only one watchman on all four ships. I took a mental note and returned to the Sea Shepherd. A year later when the Sea Shepherd was at the International Whaling Commission meeting in Sweden, Iceland vowed to continue whaling despite the passage of an international ban. Once again we were taking our ship to the Faroes so we couldn't take immediate action with the Sea Shepherd. That is when I approached a quiet hard working 23 year old Cornish Hunt Saboteur who was on the crew. His name is David Howitt. I told Dave about what I saw in Iceland the previous year, and asked him if he wanted to help me try to sink one of their ships. We were both experienced diesel engineers and knew how to sink a ship without explosives. He agreed to help and after the Faroes campaign where I was arrested and banned from all of Scandinavia for our interference with the pilot whale slaughter, we left the ship to begin research on our target, and to work to save money to get to Iceland. Dave picked hops in Southern England, and I refinished antiques and waited tables in London to make money. Every few weeks we would get together to discuss our plans. To blow off a little steam we would fill light bulbs with red paint and a little paint thinner and throw them at fur shop windows in London. By October we had made our flight reservations and as two tourists we flew to Reykjavik, Iceland to begin our campaign. The first thing we did was buy a crescent wrench and a pair of bolt cutters. We knew it would be at least 4

weeks before we took action and we wanted as much time as possible between the action and the purchase of tools to minimize suspicion. Next we began to hang out hidden late at night at the docks watching the whaling ships. Sure enough, there was only one watchman on all four ships and no police protection. After the second week we had observed the normal habits on the dock and could predict at which times there would be movement on the whaling ships. Next we went to the whaling station 40 miles away to check it out because we heard there were tours given. It was the off-season, so the place was empty so we decided to wander around to buildings and scope out the potential for hitting the whaling station as well. We had learned through research at the library that there was a "whale meat mountain" of surplus whale products that could not be legally sold to Japan, the main market for all whale meat. Local consumption of whale meat was at an all time low. We wanted to find out where the whale meat mountain was so I took a job at a local meat packing plant that packaged the whale meat. I never found the mountain but was discovered by immigration to be an illegal worker since I didn't have a work visa and was fired. My boss was very sympathetic and forwarded me some cash until he could pay me. I was mostly afraid the law would discover that I was wanted in the nearby Faroe Islands. Later I would learn a computer check didn't turn up anything because the Faroe Islands fax machine was turned off when they attempted a background check. Not knowing this at the time we knew we'd have to act fast. We mailed all our research papers to England and rented a car. We told our friends we had made at the youth hostel that we were leaving a day earlier than we actually were. Dave and I drove to the airport the day before our flight and pre-checked our bags, holding onto a change of clothes for after the action. On November 10, 1986 Dave and I drove out to Hvalfjordur (Whaling Bay) as a rainstorm began to blacken the already dark sky. Parking off the shoulder of the road at a nearby quarry, we changed into our dark clothes and military pants and raingear, packed our daypacks with the crescent wrench and bolt cutters as well as underwater flashlights and trudged the last 1/2 mile to the whaling station. As we began to walk down the driveway to the first processing buildings we were surprised to see the lights of a diesel excavator digging on the whaling station property. Ducking behind a rise in the earth we sat for an hour watching the man on the machine until he quit for the night and drove the excavator back to the nearby town. It was about 9 pm

cooling system that draws seawater from below waterline. We found a 16 inch valve cover and began to remove the bolts that separated the inside of the ship from the ocean outside. When we had removed most of the bolts the seawater began to gush from the valve seam. Leaving the valve as it was we quickly exited the ship and hopped on board the next ship. Repeating the process, we located the valve on the second ship and began removing bolts. This time we removed all the bolts and the valve cover busted off and seawater began to flood the engine room. This ship was sinking! Soaking wet we returned to the first ship and removed the last bolts holding the valve together and again seawater began to flood the ship. We didn't want to risk scuttling the third ship for fear that the sleeping watchman might be trapped on board. We estimated we had 45 minutes before the ships sank so we casually walked off the ships and returned to our car and drove away. As soon as we left the city limits of Reykjavik we were pulled over by a police car. I was driving and suspected that this was a random sobriety check so I remained calm and was asked to step out of the car and into the backseat of the police car with my grease-stained sweatshirt and wet military pants. The officer asked if I'd been drinking and asked that I give him a breathalyzer test which I did, and then he released me. Returning to my car we drove to the airport and caught our dawn flight before the general alarm had been raised. As soon as we left the airplane we phoned anonymously the U.K. Sea Shepherd office and notified them of our actions. Iceland was quick to label us as terrorists and we organized a press conference to officially accept responsibility and accuse the Icelandic whaling industry of illegal whaling. We also welcomed legal charges against us and challenged Iceland to argue their defense of pirate whaling in a court of law. They refused. The total dollar damage to the Icelandic Whaling Industry was 3 million dollars and to this day those two sunken whaling ships have never killed another whale. Our actions drew international attention to Iceland's illegal whaling and following the negative light shone on Iceland, public opinion shifted for support of whaling from 50% to less than 30%. Once again Sea Shepherd and young warriors had proven that action speaks louder than words and when "legitimate" means of protest fail there still remains avenues of change. Sea Shepherd is the whales' Navy, Earth First! the earth mother's army, and the Animal Liberation Front, the animal nation's Special Forces. Join them today and become the ungovernable force!

by now so Dave and I quickly began to break into each building on the facility and wielding the large crescent wrench and bolt cutters began to smash every piece of machinery of value. We discovered a computer-control room that kept the meat processing and refrigeration machinery operating 24 hrs a day. We shut it all down and began to smash the head-high computers until sparks were flying and L.E.D. lights were flashing. The machinery around us shutdown and there was silence. Building after building, we broke in and smashed equipment until we discovered whale meat mountain in a refrigeration storage unit. After the refrigeration units were sabotaged we wedged the doors opened with the hopes that the frozen meat would thaw before discovered. Then we broke into the administration offices and confiscated documents and poured cyanic acid over everything. We spent almost 4 hours doing damage and later when the facility was discovered to be sabotaged, witnesses would say it looked like an air raid had struck the station. Tired and sweaty we ran back to the car and drove back to Reykjavik while the rainstorm continued. Reaching the docks we put on our raingear again and knowing the foot traffic would be nonexistent, casually walked down the docks and boarded the whaling ship tied closest to the dock just as if we were sailors returning after a late night drunk. Three of the ships were tied up alongside each other, while the fourth was in dry dock. The third farthest ship from the dock was the one with the watchman aboard. Dave and I being former ships engineers made it easy to find the engine room hatches. We croppped the locks with the bolt cutters and entered the first ship. Descending into the engine room we quickly located the saltwater



Scuttled illegal Icelandic whaling vessels in Reykjavik harbor, Nov. 9, 1986.

A.L.F. Communiqué
Greetings from the Animal
Liberation Front. Late on the
night of Monday, Jan. 15, we
raided a milk farm in Sheboygan
W.I. The milk farm was owned by
Bob Zimbal, and was
liberated. The A.L.
milk was released into
Washington D.C. and
distributed. The A.L.
wrote the following letter
to the Washington Post:

"HAPPY INDEPENDENCE DAY!"

In the early hours of July 4th, the Animal Liberation Front released several hundred mink from the Latzig Mink Ranch 809 Cty. Rd. 7 SW in Howard Lake, MN.

After being released from their cages, many of the milk escaped through a large gate in the fence which we opened; many others were lifted over the fence to freedom.

The farm is located a short distance from water, in an area resembling the animals' natural habitat.

We recognize that some of the released milk may not survive, but for these genetically wild animals they have at the very least been given a fighting chance at life, as opposed to certain death within five months if they had remained in their cages.

We will not allow the suffering and the slaughter of animals in fur farms to continue without resistance, and will continue direct action against all forms animal abuse.

SOOS HTAFRICA

[illegible][illegible]

OCTOBER 1995 - OCTOBER 1996

OCTOBER YEAR OF LIBERATION

ONE

	LOCATION	ANIMALS
Anandale, BC		
Chilliwack, BC		
Chilliwack, WA		
Aldergrove, WA		
Olympia, WA		
Pasadena, CA		

DATE	ANIMALS
Sept. 95	1 coyote
10-24-95	2,400 mink
11-14-95	5,000 mink
11-16-95	3,400 cages opened
11-16-95	30 fox mink
11-16-95	2,400 mink
11-16-95	3,000 mink
1-15-96	75 mink
4-4-96	1,000 mink
June 96	400 mink
6-7-96	1,000 mink
6-21-96	3,000 mink
7-4-96	1,000 mink
7-4-96	2,500 mink
7-17-96	8,000 mink
8-9-96	2,000+ mink
8-12-96	10 mink, 35 fox
9-28-96	
10-2-96	
10-6-96	

"A.L.F. COMMUNIQUE"

Early morning hours on August 12, 1996 the A.L.F. liberated 2500 mink from Justice Jorney's mink ranch in Alliance Ohio.

As the cages were ripped open we were amazed at how quietly and patiently each mink waited for its turn to be liberated. They felt mud beneath their feet for the first time and splashed playfully through the rain puddles.

A

Experiment On Vivisector-
Last month 100 masked British
activists trashed a vivisector's
house on a Saturday afternoon
while he was sitting in his back
yard. Things like this make us
want to move to England!

**Animal Liberation Front
Communique**

"In the early morning of July 17 well over 1000 mink were released from their prisons into the wild where they belong. Holt West, South Jordan, UT 84065. The fur farmers at 10291 South 1230 are all stepping up security, they had just installed and used.

A.L.F. COMMUNIQUE

"We took this opportunity to cause to
primate research and to cause the
much financial loss as possible on UC
the biggest enemy to animals and murder
West Coast. We will not allow year.
Davis to imprison, year for others to
millions of animals, the way that this evil
Let this fire light the know animals for
follow. Let them and that fighting for
towards the earth and that important
not be tolerated and more that protect
the liberation for laws that protect
the respect for nation.

...were to
the scene forced us
Breeder cards were also
destroyed. Once again, more
actions are coming. The time is
now for animal liberation.

A.L.F. till next time

"... We can think of few things crueller in this world than the confinement of a living feeling, intelligent and wild animal to one or two cubic feet of life ..."

A FIGHTING CHANCE

When the wind was just right, it carried the stench of the fur farm to us -- an overwhelming assault on our senses. When I inhaled I could taste the blood and filth, I could hear the cries of pain, I could see the suffering and I could feel the terror of this place. It was (and is) pure evil.

We cut across several large fields to get to the back fence of the mink farm. When walking in open spaces, we hunched over and let our arms hang down so that, if anyone was watching, we wouldn't look human. As we traveled we often had to pull strands of barbed wire apart and squeeze through to get past perimeter fences. We made friends with the many cows and other animals we passed on our way towards the farm.

After checking for alarms, trip wires and video cameras, we easily climbed the back fence into the concentration camp. Still watching carefully for alarms, etc., we entered the sheds. Our presence brought the many thousands of mink to attention. They became very excited, rustling around in their tiny cages and "talking" to each other with short, high-pitched squeaks. With our small flashlights, we could see their curious little faces and inquisitive eyes -- truly beautiful creatures! I imagined the fate that would have awaited them if we had not come to intervene: their necks snapped or their lungs filled with gas after a few more months of enduring the psychological and physical torture of being imprisoned in this hell.

There were four rows of cages in each shed: filthy, corroded cages that provided no bedding for mink that normally nest in the wild. Simple latches held most cages shut, but some (the breeders) had a piece of heavy gauge wire twisted around the wires of the cage, securing the doors.

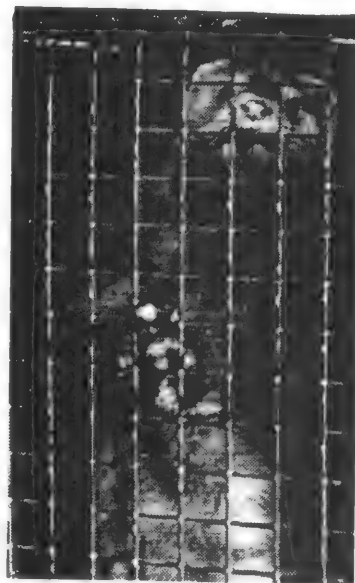
We opened the cages. After opening roughly a dozen cages in the dark, I paused for a brief moment to shine my flashlight across them and caught sight of a shiny, sleek figure, hopping out of her hellhole. The mink scurried across the ground and out of the barn. While I wanted to focus and appreciate each and every animal as they found their way to freedom, I knew I couldn't do so at the expense of those who would be left behind. I had to spend every moment on the farm opening cages to allow as many as possible a fighting chance at a natural life.

I continued my work, frantically unlatching and cutting wires. While I worked, several mink ran across the top of the cages while others scurried about my feet, squeaking with joy. Before long, these feisty critters were all over the place, running this way and that, playing and fighting with each other. Now and then I would briefly stop my work to separate two of the little guys and shoo them towards the outer fences, where they would find their freedom. **RUN LITTLE GUYS, RUN!**

The work was exhausting and I could feel my bones ache with the monotony of the routine. But I kept going--I could never live with myself if I didn't open as many cages as was humanly possible. I lost count at 500.

I finished my shed and checked on the others to see if they needed help. Finding their sheds empty, I moved on to the next one, and we finished that one off together. Sadly, we came to our pre-designated cut-off time. Though there were many more sheds full of prisoners, we had to leave -- the farmers would wake soon and the rise of the sun would provide no cover for ours and the minks' escape.

We marked some of the now empty sheds with spray-paint and then retreated. As we fled, we chased many mink to the holes cut in the fence. Once on the other side, we stopped for a moment to watch the many dark figures gliding and scampering through the fields towards the creek that would lead them to their new prospective homes.



THE EARTH LIBERATION FRONT

By Tara the Sea ELF

Many people are now aware of the Earth Liberation Front (ELF) mainly through the alternative press. The mainstream press has largely censored their actions because their example may incite others to take action. But how did the ELF start and what makes it different from other environmental movements or organizations?

The ELF solidified in 1992 at the first UK Earth First! gathering in Brighton, England. Earth First! had begun to impact the environmental movement in Britain



through actions at Twyford Down and tropical hardwood blockades in Liverpool. Earth First! originated in the US, where it was associated with monkeywrenching. Earth First in Britain had threatened sabotage when necessary, but up until April '92, very few acts had been publicized. Around the same time as the gathering, a major attack on Peat Moor in Yorkshire, causing nearly £500,000 of damage, brought greater public attention to Earth First! and environmental direct action. But the British Earth First! movement was not ready for it. Many condemned the sabotage, frightened that it could destroy their image or links with other groups. Some activists were also worried about government harassment, similar to what had happened in the US where Earth First!ers were set up by the FBI and imprisoned for sabotage. Others, many

of whom had been involved in radical politics, the *Green Anarchist* and animal liberation for years, advocated the need to separate the two types of actions, with one group taking up each. Earth First! could continue its public non-violent activities, while a second group could concentrate upon sabotage and more aggressive actions against corporations. ELF took on this role.

No one could have predicted the way in which the two movements would become so incredibly different. Most of this stemmed from the fact that ELF evolved with the Animal Liberation Front (ALF), rooted in the confrontational nature of European activism. From the beginning, ELF took on a much more international flavor, focusing on the complexities of how industry worked and the way multinationals operated through sub-companies.

ELF dumped the American baggage that had followed Earth First! to Britain, especially the macho, male-oriented "eco-warrior image," which was set in American pioneering culture. Instead, ELF looked to Europe for its history of radical change, with Autonomie, the squatting movement, the Luddites, Levellers, Diggers, etc., giving a social as well as an ecological flavor to how people lead and pursued their lives and their actions.

ELF also perpetuates the legends of the "Little People," which in most European countries have a history of causing trouble, being mischievously always heard, but never seen. These "mythical creatures" lived close to the earth in most legends. Some ELF activists assumed elf names when writing articles, sending press statements, etc. It was a humorous thing with a serious nature that just took off. ELF has no command structure or solid network; each group is independent. There is no press officer or office, so the authorities have nowhere to trace or focus their eyes and ears. ELF units attack, cause damage, and then notify either the target company or the press that ELF was responsible. As with the European legends, the Elves are rarely seen, but no one doubts their existence.

Many elves sick of empty promises of action that in the end only came to compromises, declared a series of annual "Earth Nights" where all radical groups could take action at the same time and would give common ground to earth and animal liberationists.

The first Earth Night, on Halloween '92, was quite a success, with machines at Twyford and a few other "front-line sites" being destroyed. At the same time Elves were producing various pamphlets on how to destroy machinery and buildings, plus lists of addresses of companies and their directors. The pamphlets proved very successful and put road companies such as Tarmac on the alert, causing them to waste thousands of pounds on security. One ELF clan produced a magazine entitled *Partizan*, which changed the direction of ecological actions in Britain, because it openly declared all out war on the road companies, giving tips on destroying machines and printing directors' addresses. More importantly, *Partizan* made the link between animal and earth liberation, listing ALF along with ELF raids.

The *Green Anarchist* reported the occurrence of more covert actions. Sadly,



In other days any unaccountable deaths of animals and humans were believed to be due to 'Elf-shot'. Small flint arrowheads found in the countryside were attributed to the elves. Where no physical shot was in evidence, it was assumed the arrowhead made no wound but instead induced paralysis. The victim could then be carried away to Faerie while a replica body was left behind to sicken and die.

Earth First! was a little reluctant to mention these activities. But other groups welcomed ELF, especially the anarchist movement who praised ELF for inviting all groups concerned with human liberation and antifascism to join in on Earth Night.

Many in ELF began to realize that the goals of deep ecology, social ecology, etc., were divisive and somewhat theoretical. They only discussed ways to lead one's life, not how to demolish the system beforehand. This is not to say that these theories don't have any relevance. Ideas are necessary to push society forward, but in many cases they fail to show that to achieve these ecotopias, you first have to defeat the system that is destroying the Earth. From this discussion, the term "revolutionary ecology" emerged and ELF began to analyze what was occurring in Mexico with the Zapatistas and the tactics of revolutionary groups in the past, such as the Angry Brigade. They operated in covert decentralized ways, but more importantly, they bridged gaps with other groups to bring them in on actions and to provide a unified movement to take on the huge array of forces stacked against them. By combining the philosophies of social and deep ecology with the tactics of other revolutionary groups, ELF formed something new and desperately needed: a practical resistance movement that had teeth and claws as well as rhetoric.

Elves began to make links with groups abroad. Arguably the most successful links were with the Dutch, resulting in lengthy media exposure of the Halloween Earth Nights in 1993. Earth Night in Holland began with the torching of a tanker at Schipol airport, followed on consecutive nights with the destruction of cars, road machines, hunting lodges, vivisection labs, etc., causing millions of guilders in damage. Raids by the Dutch ELF have continued, the most recent being the bombing of a toxic waste dump in April '96. The Dutch have a history of such responses. One only has to recall the mid '80's, when South African apartheid was targeted and Shell stations and Amro Bank offices were being burned regularly.

ELF's popularity spread not just to the Netherlands, but also to Germany, where activists pulled off daring actions with ELF

groups and self-styled "Eco-Commandos" attacking Shell stations over the Brent Spar and most recently over the Nigerian hanging of Ken Saro-Wiwa. MuckDonalds received the odd brick or firebomb through their window. In Canada, ELF's sister, the Earth Liberation Army, attacked lumberyards and hunting lodges.

Back in Britain, ELF activities increased, more Shell stations were hit, more diggers and road offices were targeted. In 1994, Elves made a daring raid on the Department of Transport, taking vital documents and destroying computers and papers. Meanwhile across the sea, the arrival of the Environmental Rangers in the US, who, like the Mohawks or the American Indian Movement, are prepared to take up arms to defend the wilderness, shows an evolution of Earth First! and realization that tactics must become more revolutionary if we are really going to "save the planet." All these groups reflect the philosophy of many First Nations across the world, that you have to show your enemy how serious you are in defending what you regard as sacred.

ELF is not a "radical environmental group"; it is an ecological resistance movement, that embraces eco-feminism, animal, earth and human liberation. Its goal is to preserve what we have left, take back what has been destroyed, and above all, defend the very existence that we and other species have. And if that means taking on the multinationals, then so be it! The greatest weapons are imagination and the ability to strike when least expected. Also, targets should not be only the vivisection labs, but also the very foundation of capitalism: the sources of profit. Concentrating on these targets is vital, as the Shell campaign has shown. The sheer concentration of damage sends shudders down the companies' backs. Aiming energies at these routes undermines the very foundation the state relies upon and makes it more difficult for it to retain control.

We must see our fight as a holistic one covering all the many areas of oppression and tutelage. A lot of emphasis has been put upon roads, rainforests and mining, but there are other targets even more sinister and closer to home. Our own bodies are being mutated and tampered with through biotechnology and genetic

engineering. This affects not only us, but also the millions of animals who are being used by companies to test their products. The same companies are tampering with crops so that third world countries can become more reliant upon mono-crops and Western aid. More disturbing is the realization that our own species is changing its genetic structure because of the severe changes to the environment we are causing. The way in which we are now physically maturing earlier (some girls experiencing their menstruation before the age of six), the high infertility of both sexes, etc., is based upon the food we digest, the water we drink, the chemicals we purchase. The whole infrastructure of how we live has been controlled and dominated by an elite fueled by one purpose, greed, with only more misery for the generations that follow.

Recent raids on the *Green Anarchist*, Earth Liberation Prisoners and the ALF support group in Britain only go to show that the state is determined to silence any threat to its existence. The government senses that there is an international movement growing, and they are working through Interpol and other security networks to undermine and destroy it. But it's pointless, as the animal liberation cause has shown. For every one put behind bars, ten will be inspired to take action.

Elves send their solidarity and greetings to the ELF, Earth Liberation Army and Environmental Rangers in the US. We hope actions multiply tenfold. ELF is growing, and its message is a simple one: We are fighting a war for the survival of our planet, so let's hit the scum who are causing it with everything we can muster. Roll on Earth Night! No compromise!





EARTH NIGHT NEWS

MILITANCY HAS FIRM HOLD IN FINLAND

Animal lib greetings from Finland! Finnish activists have been very busy, especially during December. Here is a small list of some Elainten Vapautus Rintama (EVR = Finnish ALF) actions that occurred in December:

- In Vantaa, near Helsinki, some meat trucks got burned down.
- A huge pelt processing building belonging to Finland's second biggest fur farm burned down. The building had 20,000 polecat and 2,000 fox furs in it, plus lots of machinery! It caused millions of Finnish marks worth of damage to the fur industry.
- On a fur farm near Tampere, 50 foxes were painted with red Henna dye.
- In ONE night in mid-December in Helsinki, some 15 fur shops and a few McMurder's got smashed up.
- On Christmas Eve an arson attack on three meat trucks caused millions of Finnish marks worth of damage. The trucks were burned completely, and slogans of "EVR" and "Leave the animals alone" were painted.
- All over the country there was lots of vandalism of furriers, McDonald's, meat factories and trucks, etc. AND THAT WAS ALL IN ONE MONTH!!!

FEBRUARY 1996

ENGLAND: Newbury - 200 anti-road protestors surround Tarmac headquarters. Whilst the security guards rush outside to watch over the peaceful demo, about 60 activists sneak around back and climb inside the building via an unlocked window. Faxes, phones and computers are sabotaged. Plus activists rearrange the office filing system! Tarmac is left with thousands of pounds of damage. Sadly, there was one arrest.

MARCH 1996

UNITED STATES: Davis, CA - **Animal Liberation Front (ALF)** leave incendiary devices at the Center for Comparative Medicine, now under construction adjacent to the Regional Primate Research Laboratory at the Univ. of California, Davis. The fiery sabotage of the facility caused 4 or 5 secondary explosions, 10-15 foot high flames and heavy smoke, said the ALF. Ten years ago (April 1987) the ALF set fire to another UC Davis lab under construction, causing \$4.5 million in damages.

APRIL 1996

FINLAND: Turku - **Earth Liberation Front (ELF)** sabotage machines at road construction site. Survey stakes are removed twice.

HOLLAND: Amsterdam - **ELF** bomb BASF. German company involved with toxic waste.

MAY 1996

SPAIN: Navarre - Eight activists use metal grinders to cut down cables used in dam construction, resulting in £4.5 million damage and £8 million lost construction time. All eight now remanded.

PORTUGAL - Ecoteurs and anti-fascists join forces to bring down powerlines in defiance of new laws.

FINLAND: Espoo - **ELF** sabotage three machines on Keha II road construction site. Survey stakes are pulled.

JULY 1996

ENGLAND: London - *Reclaim The Streets*, a 7,000 strong street party on the M41 motorway, causes traffic chaos and £20,000 damage to the road.

FINLAND: Imatra - Four separate attacks on motorway construction site. Survey stakes are removed and digger ecotaged each time. Slogans: "Earth Liberation", "Roads Kill!", "We'll be back".

AUGUST 1996

ENGLAND: Exeter, Devon - **ELF** start four fires at Rockbeare Hill quarry, owned by Camas Aggregates, destroying an articulated lorry. Tarmac control room is trashed. Quarry was supplying chippings to A30.

"Pixies" Torch Road-Building Equipment

Bonfire at Newbury

January 11th was the culmination of three days of events at Newbury, England, to mark the passage of one year since the direct action protests began. But the protest didn't end the way organizers expected.

People of all ages and backgrounds bundled up in their dark winter clothes as mounted police attempted to protect the fence from the pushing and shoving crowd.

On the other side of the fence stood the magnificent "Middle Oak," the last remaining tree on the Newbury Bypass route, shrouded in mist and locked behind an ugly ring of steel fencing.

Inside were a row of security guards, various pieces of earth-destroying equipment and a huge gaping hole dug into what was once a pleasant field.

The crowd surged through and embraced Middle Oak, forming a large circle around the beloved old tree. Some climbed into its familiar branches.

The crowd then moved on toward the destroyers—a large dumper truck, several earth-moving diggers and a huge crane. They swarmed over the equipment and up the crane and into the temporary offices.

Soon there was no space left, and the rest stood and marvelled at their luck to have gotten so far into the compound in spite of police and security guards.

There were costumes and masks. A pantomime tiger danced. "The Space Goats" played their songs about the pixies while "real" pixies were at work, hidden by the crowds. Soon the destruction became apparent.

For a time, security guards and police tried to keep people away from the equipment. But the police were far outnumbered and eventually just stood back,

training their cameras on the crowd.

Little by little the damage became apparent: broken pipes, a water pump rolled down a hill gushing water, shattered windows.

But still people danced on the office roof while about 15 of the more daring managed to climb the 150-foot crane. It made a spectacular sight, and to top it off a protester struggled to the very top with a lit fire wand. There, dragon-like, he breathed fire in victory celebration.

However exciting as all this was, it was in the nature of what we had all seen before on the many road protests that have been happening in the U.K. over the past five years.

But then something new happened: The front seat of the dumper truck appeared to be on fire—could it really be? Who would have dared so much?

photo: John Hodges



Could they really have done it and not been caught? The crowd stared in disbelief.

And then the digger was on fire as well. The flames were no longer small—they leapt from the windows and soon the portable cabin offices also glowed in the darkness. A strong acrid smoke emanated from the beasts.

People moved away because of the smoke, because of the danger, because of the enormity of it all. And as we turned to look back, the offices had been completely consumed. And yes, even the crane was alight!

What does it all mean for the environmental movement in Britain? Only time will tell.

If You Don't RIOT

Then You Can't COMPLAIN

F,CO-wars

Eugene police see pattern in pole incident, firebombings

EUGENE — Police are investigating the possibility that disruption of electricity to a residential neighborhood may be the latest in a string of political terrorism acts in Eugene.

Vandals, using a heavy-duty hacksaw, cut the support wires holding a 50-foot pole Sunday evening, disrupting electricity to about 200 businesses and residences in north Eugene.

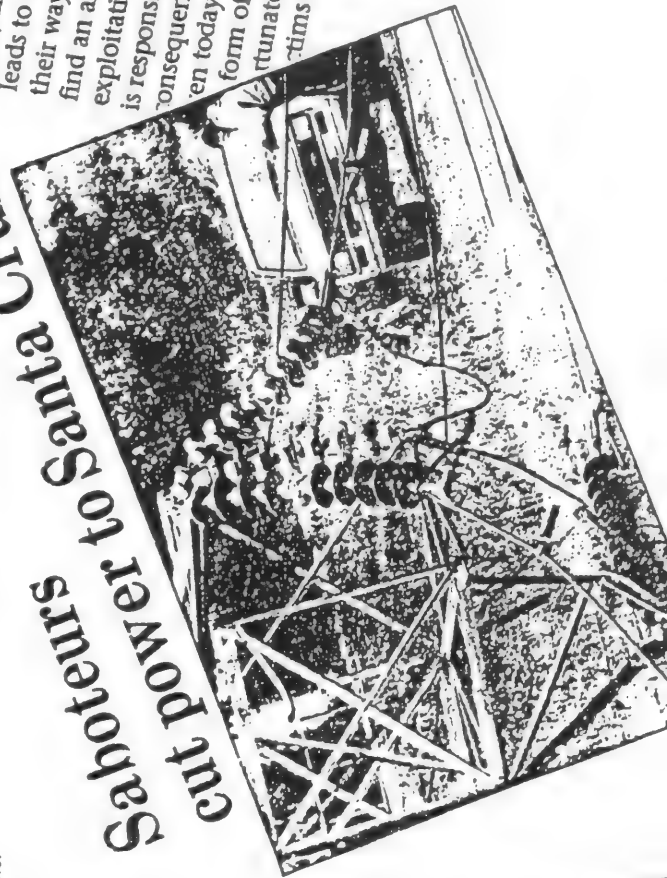
Police said they were weighing the possibility that the incident might be linked to three firebombings of federal facilities in January and the disabling of a fourth explosive device discovered April 5 outside the entrance to the U.S. Army's Southern Oregon recruiting headquarters in west Eugene.

The earlier firebombings, which coincided with the outbreak of hostilities in the Persian Gulf, caused extensive damage to facilities owned by the Internal Revenue Service, the Marines and the Army.

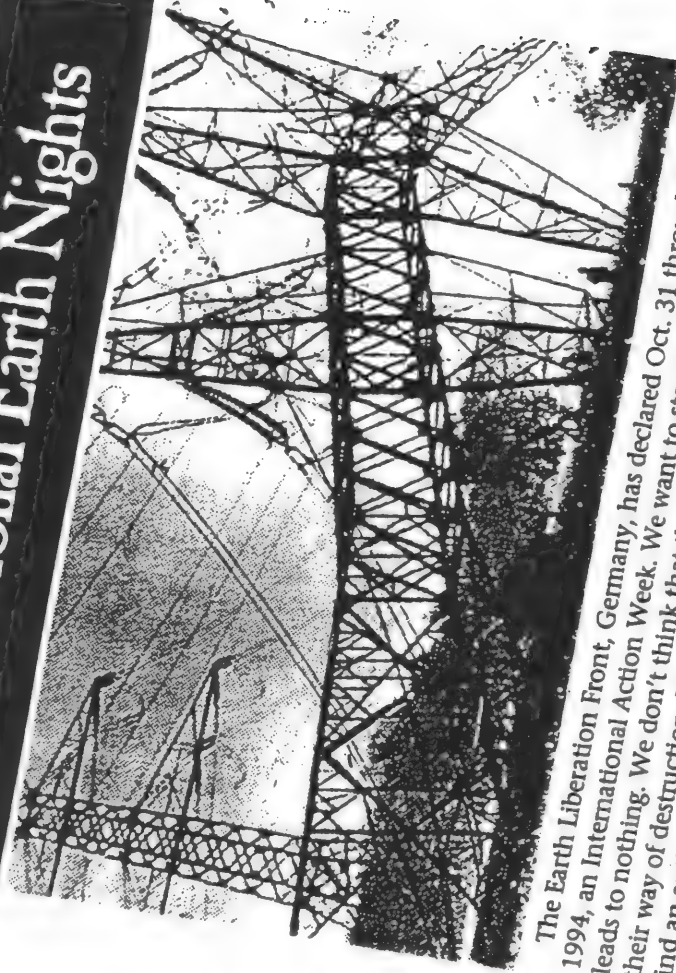
An anonymous call placed to a reporter Sunday claimed that downing the pole was intended to keep a television special honoring American troops from appearing on a Eugene television station.

"Are we looking at a connection? Certainly we are," said Eugene police Sgt. Chuck Tilby, who is heading the department's probe of the firebombing incidents. "We would be remiss if we didn't."

Saboteurs cut power to Santa Cruz



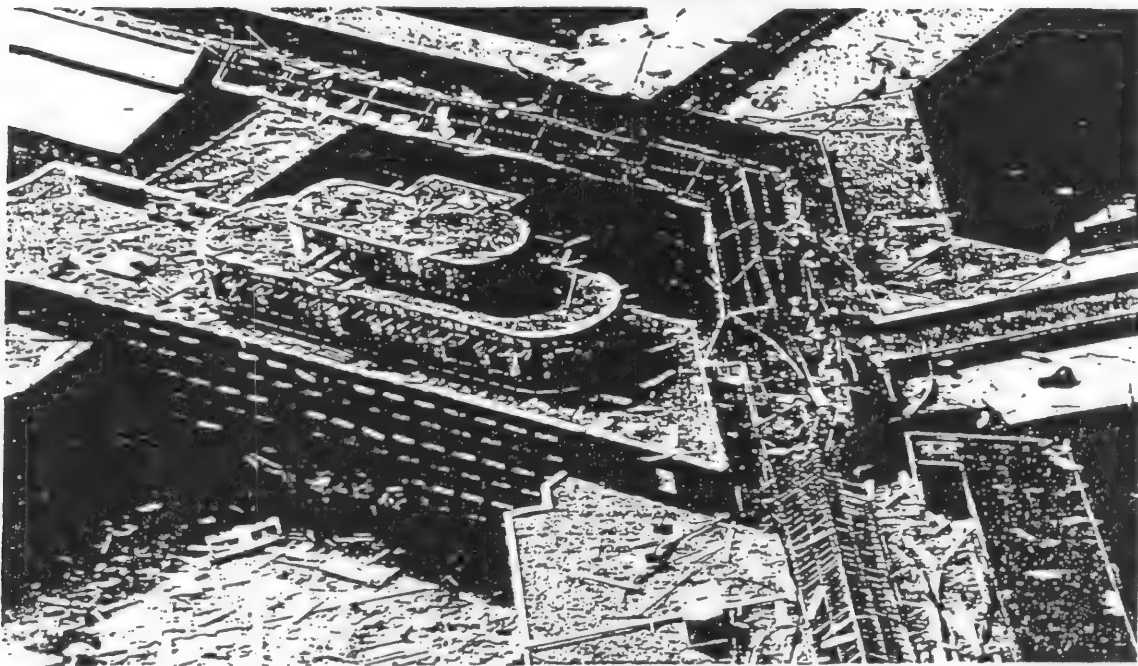
International Earth Nights



The Earth Liberation Front, Germany, has declared Oct. 31 through Nov. 6, 1994, an International Action Week. We want to stop the development that leads to nothing. We don't think that the ruling class will give up their role or find an antidote for a single one of its poisons. Disrespectful behavior and exploitation of the environment—mainly by the imperialist behavior and consequences would be without example in the history of planet earth. The form of deteriorating quality of life, famines, innumerable illnesses, etc., even today humanity suffers punishment for its attempts to control nature, in turn of innocent animals and humans who are not to be victims of the senseless destruction. This makes it

ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS
All over the world people are just beginning to search for appropriate answers. Targets of sabotage have stretched right across the spectrum.

the bombing of a HighTech-Prison



Red Army Fraction GERMANY

The bombed prison was designed to hold political prisoners, such as captured RAF members. RAF guerillas kidnapped the guards at the prison construction site at gunpoint and left them tied up in a vehicle in a faraway field. They then wheatpasted the surrounding area with warning posters, and after checking the area for civilians, blew up the prison. The opening of the prison, which has been under construction for nearly a decade, was set back 3-4 years by the blast.



Nina



Pinta



Santa Maria

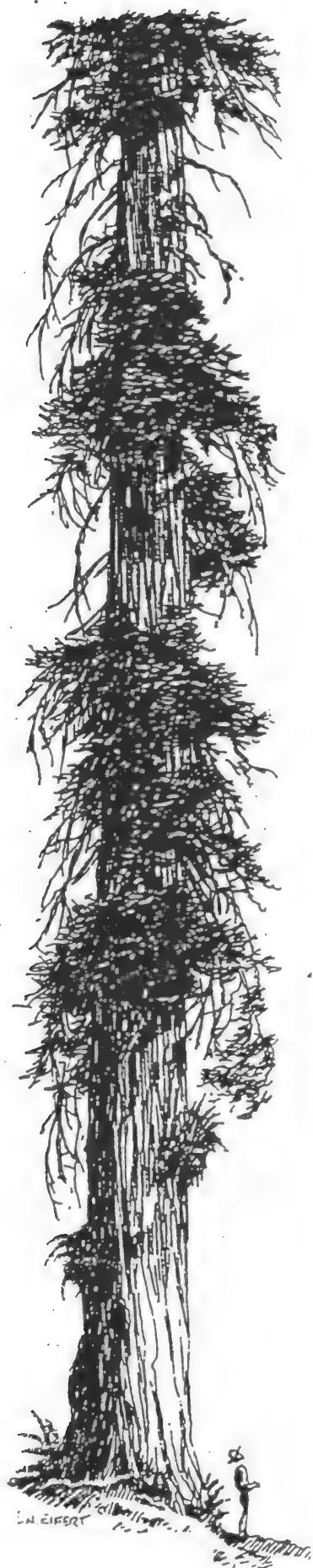
WEITERSTADT, GERMANY—
ON SAT. MARCH 27, AT approximately 5am, the Commando Katharina Hammerschmidt of the Red Army Fraction (RAF) destroyed the high-tech prison in Weiterstadt, Germany with 200 kg of explosives. The bombing caused an estimated 100 million DM in damage (over \$60 million) and is expected to set the prison opening, originally scheduled for early May, back by four years. This prison was to be a model for new high-tech prisons.



there
really
is
a
fire
out
there

"External changes will only come about as by-products of changes in our internal world, in particular, in our perception of ourselves. The evolution of society rests on the shoulders of the evolution of each of us as individuals, and that requires that we free ourselves from the bonds of fear, helplessness, hopelessness, powerlessness, and associated states."

— Stuart Hill



INSPIRATION

ANC - African National Congress. CPLA - Colombia Popular Liberation Army. ELA - Greece. FARC - Colombia. FPR-LZ - Honduras. GRAPO - Spain. Iraultza - Basque region of Spain. MRPF - Chile. MRTA - Tupac Amaru Revolutionary Movement, Peru. NLA - National Liberation Army of Colombia. SL - Shining Path of Peru. RC - Revolutionary Cells of W. Germany.

Selected Incident Chronology

- *January 1978 - Bombed US Information Agency and American Express. (ELA) GREECE
- *August 1981 - Bombed the US Embassy, Bank of America, the Coca Cola bottler, and a Carnation dairy products firm, all in Lima. (SL) PERU
- *August 1982 - Bombed Bank of America and Sears. (GRAPO) SPAIN
- *November 1982 - Time bombed subsidiaries of US Castle and Cook. (FPR-LZ) HONDURAS
- *December 1982 - Bombed the incomplete Koeberg nuclear plant. (ANC) SOUTH AFRICA
- *April/May 1983 - Bombed the Rank Xerox offices in Bolboa and Pamplona. No injuries. (Iraultza) BASQUE
- *May 1983 - Blew up 10 powerline towers that blacked out Lima, then bombed over 30 locations causing \$27 million damage. (SL) PERU
- *June 1983 - Bombed a General Motors-affiliated company in San Sebastian to protest US investment in Basque Region. No injuries. (Iraultza) BASQUE
- *November/December 1983 - Bombed Coca Cola offices and bottlers, Bank of America, Rank Xerox, IBM, 3M, and NCR offices in protest of US actions in Granada. No injuries. (Iraultza) BASQUE
- *January 1984 - Bombed a Ford dealership. No injuries. (Iraultza) BASQUE
- *May 1984 - Conducted a rocket attack on the Mobil Oil refinery, causing several million dollars in damage. (ANC)
- *November 1984 - Bombed IBM. Considerable damage, no injuries. (Iraultza) BASQUE
- *January 1985 - Bombed a movie theater that was showing "Red Dawn". No injuries. (Iraultza) BASQUE
- *February 1985 - Bombed Firestone in solidarity with Latin America's 'struggle against US imperialism'. No injuries. (Iraultza) BASQUE
- *February 1985 - Bombed seven businesses in Medellin including IBM, GTE, Union Carbide and Xerox. (FARC) COLOMBIA
- *March 1985 - Bombed Citibank and Republic National in Santiago. (MRPF)
- *March 1985 - Set fire to 2 Kentucky Fried Chicken restaurants and attempted a third in Lima. (MRTA) PERU
- *May 1985 - Bombed Hertz and Avis offices. No injuries. (Iraultza) BASQUE
- *November 1985 - Bombed Lima's Texaco offices. (MRTA) PERU
- *November 1985 - Bombed Honeywell Bull offices. No injuries. (Iraultza) BASQUE
- *December 1985 - Kidnapped two US employees of Bechtel Corp.; one died in captivity and one was later released. (CPLA) COLOMBIA
- *January 1986 - Demanded \$100 million from Shell Oil to continue their operations in Magaleas Valley. Shell chose to suspend their operations rather than meet their demands. (FARC) COLOMBIA
- *February 1986 - Bombed Citibank offices on 'behalf of the anti-Nato movement'. No injuries. (Iraultza) BASQUE
- *December 1986 - Numerous raids on US-owned oil production subsidiaries destroying machinery and stealing explosives. (NLA) COLOMBIA
- *June 1987 - Arson attack on Rhine-Westphalian's chemical plant in Kelsterbach. Several hundred thousand dollars' damage. (RC) WEST GERMANY
- *April-August 1987 - Bombed many US-Colombian oil operations. (NLA) COLOMBIA
- *November 1987 - Blacked out Lima then attacked a Nissan factory, Ministries of Health and Justice, and the US Embassy. (SL) PERU
- *February-March 1988 - Caused extensive damage and no injuries in two bombings of Shell Oil offices and a pharmaceutical factory in Lima. (MRTA) PERU

*Power recognizes only power, and
all who recognize this have made gains.
- Malcolm X*

International
Monetary Fund


WORLD BANK

International
Chambers of
Commerce

Task Force on Terrorism

To: Guerilla insurgents worldwide

Re: Decrease in terrorist-related deaths

As exemplified in the actions listed below, it is apparent that international guerilla movements have responded affirmatively to our plea for a decrease in terrorist-related bloodshed by opting against assassination or homicide.

While we are encouraged by this affirmative action, we feel that our position was not made entirely clear: replacing manslaughter with economic sabotage and destruction is not a tolerable solution to us. In fact it hurts us more - dead employees, soldiers, diplomats and complacent bystanders *don't* cost us money, but they do make you look bad. Bombed out offices and refineries cost us money and face, but make you look like heroes.

This is unsatisfactory to us. As we've explained before, we feel that our economic best interest is in the best interest of your own countries. You understand that, don't you? *Don't* you? So please stop hurting us. We can work together. It appears that bloodshed makes you look bad, while sabotage makes us look bad. Must one or the other of us always look bad?

There is another way: Find enclosed some fine examples of the writings of M.L.King and Mahatma Ghandi, as well as Krishnamurti and Joan Baez. We hope that you follow the lead taken by the American lunatic left and adopt the cause of passive non-violence, where both sides look like they are doing good, nothing changes, and everyone thinks they are happy. Open health food stores. Hold conferences. Organize vigils. But please don't interfere in vital economic exploitation programs, and please, please stop bombing us.

For a new, orderly world,

Dexter Tweed
Chairman, Interagency Task
Force on Terrorism
700 Drainage Ditch Place
Miami, Florida USA

ANC - African National Congress. AZAPO - Azanian People's Organization. CPLA --Columbia Popular Liberation Army. EIA - Greece. EZLF - Emeliano Zapata Liberation Front, Mexico. FARC-Columbia. FMLN - El Salvador. FPR-LZ - Honduras. GRAPO - Spain. Iraultza - Basque region of Spain. MRPF - Chile. MRTA - Tupac Amaru, Peru. NLA - National Liberation Army of Colombia. RAF - Red Army Fractions, Germanv. Sendero Luminoso - Shining Path of Peru. IRA - Irish Republican Army.

*If there is no struggle there is no progress...
Power concedes nothing without a demand.
It never did and it never will.*

- Frederick Douglass

Vandals hit logging site

Vandals destroyed logging equipment valued at \$107,000 at a Lake Samahollow logging site Monday.

Whatcom County Under Sheriff Doug Gull said the equipment belongs to Janicki Logging of Sedro-Woolley.

A loader, a yarder, a compressor, a bulldozer and an air drill all were damaged extensively by vandalism including dirt or sand mixed with salt dumped in the hydraulic, fuel and cooling systems, wires cut, gauges smashed and tires slashed.

Tools valued at \$350 also were stolen. The incident was reported at 7:20 a.m. today.



Hot-wired bulldozer runs amuck

By The Tribune Staff and News Service

SAN FRANCISCO — A group of juveniles hot-wired a bulldozer to get it going, and the machine smashed large houses and two cars near Candlestick Park, police said yesterday.

Police Officer Matt Krinsky said three or four youths found the bulldozer at a construction site at Meade Avenue and Jennings Street about 4:30 p.m., but

caused it after starting it to drive it.

Krinsky said the bulldozer rolled down a grade from Meade Avenue across Le Conte Avenue and into the 900 block of Key Avenue where it plowed into and demolished a house.

Still running by itself, it destroyed a bicycle lane, a power pole, water and gas lines and a second car and pushed it into two houses.

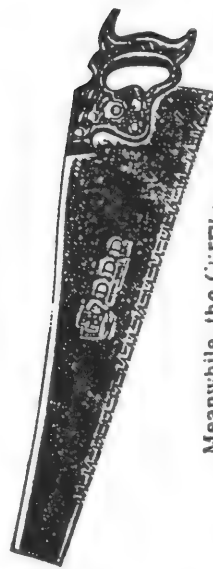
Police estimate the damage at about \$250,000. No suspects have been apprehended.

In 1985 ecoteurs firebombed a \$250,000 wood chipper in Hawaii which was grinding rainforest into fuel for sugar mills (without a permit and in violation of a court order). The company then went bankrupt.



Spiking poses danger
Reports of tree spiking number in the dozens in forests, according to a spokesman for the Forest Society in the Washington, D.C. area.

Group drives steel spikes in trees in move to stop logging operation



Meanwhile, the Curry County's department said someone hiked into the South Indigo logging sale area between Aug. 11 and Aug. 17 and vandalized logging equipment owned by Sherman Contracting Co. The company was logging the sale for Gold Beach Plywood.

Co-owner Frank Sherman said vandals packed dirt into engine oil filters and transmission fluid filters, causing \$35,000 in damage to a yarder, a log loader, a skidder and a bulldozer.

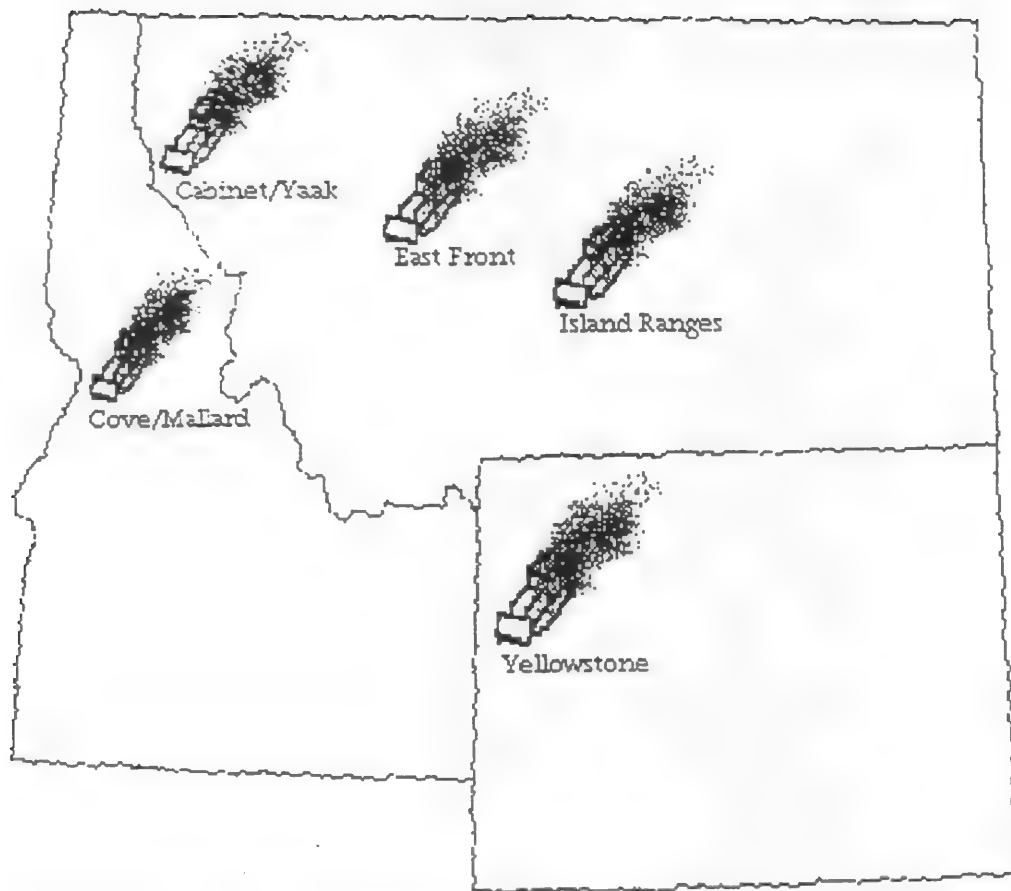
He said down time and lost wages amounted to an additional \$25,000 in damages.

terrorism su

Rocks and gravel were put in the radiator and crankcase of a bulldozer belonging to the Hern Shingle company on the Kincade timber sale on the Cascade River. The bulldozer's operating levers also were bent.

About \$40,000 damage was done to logging equipment of the Summit Timber Co. on the Dandy Ridge timber sale in the Baker River valley and equipment belonging to a third logging operator was vandalized on the North Fork of the Nooksack River, Quilam said.





Burn

That

Dozer

IMMEDIATE THREATS TO THE WILD ROCKIES DEMAND ACTION!

COVE/MALLARD

This Massive timber sale will heat up again this summer as dozens of Earth First!ers travel to Dixie, Idaho to protect the flank of the largest undeveloped chunk of forest in the lower 48. Remember that fire is a natural part of this ecosystem. Watch out though, there will be lots of SWAT Freddie's crawling in the woods and lots of innocent protesters who will get blamed for unusual conflagrations.

CABINET/YAAK

Freddie is busy, busy, busy chewing away at grizzly bear and caribou habitat in these perilously diminished ecosystems. That's rednecks in these hills, but if you act slow and stupid and pretend that your carelessness with matches is the result of many generations of careful inbreeding, you will fail to arouse significant suspicion amongst the locals.

EAST FRONT

Fina Oil just received permission from the BLM to doze roads and drill wells in the Badger-Two Medicine. If the wells go in, the flames must go up. Ditto for Blackleaf Canyon to the south.

ISLAND RANGES

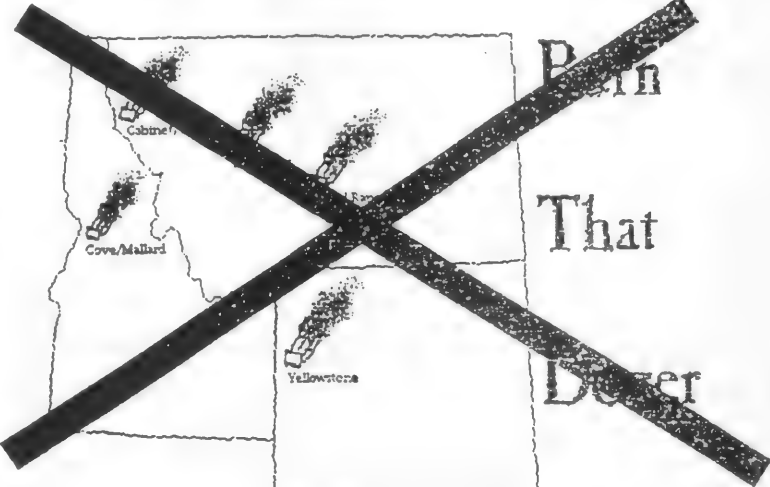
The Lewis and Clark National Forest's Supervisor is still counting the cash reward he got for hitting his timber target last year, but he wants more. Much more. He's aiming to get it from the Little Belt and Little Snowy Mountains. These isolated ecosystems will collapse to nothingness under the weight of dozer blades and skidder treads. Luckily, high temperatures are predicted for the area. Very high.

YELLOWSTONE

There's more blacktop in Yellowstone than on the Jersey Turnpike. In Winter, bubble-headed, broad-assed hordes of neon humanity blindly cruise the groomed ice highways in endless loops. Help the cleansing fires of '88 return to dance with glee upon the graders and groomers.

-Advertisement-

Burning Bulldozers is not the Solution



BURN
That
DANGER

Immediate threats to the Wild Rockies demand action

Cove/Mallard
This massive timber sale will heat up again this summer as dozens of Earth Firsters travel to Dixie, Idaho to protect the flock of the largest undeveloped chunk of forest in the lower 48. Remember that fire is a natural part of this ecosystem. Which is why, the more the fire, the more the forest. The more the forest, the more the wood.

Don't Listen to Fools and Anarchists

Yellowstone
The broad-based herds of neon humanity blindly cruise the groomed ice highways in endless loops. Help the clearing fires of '88 return to dance with glee upon the golden and grooved.

Members of the mineral and wood fiber extraction industries and fans of internal combustion recreation were shocked to find reference in the last edition of the *Wild Rockies Review* to the practice of incinerating bulldozers. We abhor the thought of this most sacred symbol of our land ethic being subjected to this most uncontrolled, unpredictable, chaotic and wild force of nature. In keeping with the tenets of our elaborately and exhaustively rationalized paradigm of comfort and convenience, we are asking human inhabitants of the Inland Northwest to restrict themselves to the standard and accepted uses of fire: within the combustion chambers of snowmobiles, ATVs, road graders, and bulldozers; within handgun shells when shooting at environmentalists, friends and neighbors; and within the homes of environmentalists after having carefully bulldozed an encircling fireline to keep the flames from spreading to surrounding resources.

Paid for by Citizens Reputedly Part of Local Grassroots Activist Organizations but Actually a Bunch of Industry Thugs and Unquestioning, Sheeplike Members of the American Consumerist Cult



Dear Wild Rockies Earth First!,

While I enjoyed the party that you all threw for the Freddies at Cove/Mallard this summer, it seems that the whole base-camp idea and public protest in the roads isn't going to do much to stop the logging and roadbuilding there. And it didn't seem to me that all the work that went into media was worth it.

KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT,
GUARD THE SENSES,
AND LIFE IS EVER FULL.
OPEN YOUR MOUTH,
ALWAYS BE BUSY,
AND LIFE IS BEYOND HOPE.

But I have an idea. The "satellite" camp setup worked well, I thought, and we have established that we are much better in the woods than the Freddies. And remember the woods stuff that hit the Freddies was never reported: the torched rock crusher and mangled vehicles, for instance.

My modest plan: we quit messing around and finally just declare war on the Red River Freddies. The Red River Ranger District is a big place. Terrain is gentle, summer weather is mild, water is plentiful, the forest is mostly open lodgepole, and a whole lot of ground can be covered quickly by someone with a compass. People on horseback are easily stymied. Roads are few. Trails are bad.

The Red River Ranger District needs to be shut down. Competent affinity groups on extended trips, adequately supplied, could easily do that. Next year the Freddies at Red River should not be able to drive any-

where on the district and expect the roads they use to be passable. And they must have justified concern that at any moment, on any road, a gang of camo'd activists may descend upon their vehicle and destroy it.

Last summer the woods were ours. Next summer we should make use of that fact, but expand our sights to the entire district. By confining ourselves to the immediate Cove/Mallard sale areas, we create a "front" that is short and easy for the Freddies to watch. Furthermore, logging can always be done in the winter, when we're gone. But we don't need logging to hit the Freddies, and they're the ones we're after anyway. Against a number of teams dispersed all across the district, teams who have no need ever to come into a "base" camp such as existed last year, against such a thing as this the Freddies will be totally helpless.

My dream: right now people around the country will assemble affinity groups. They will learn to use a compass, to dead-reckon, to walk silently in the woods. They will buy good quality camo at post hunting season sales. They will begin to plan for next summer. They will arrange bear-proof caches in discreet places in or near the RRRD. They will choose a portion of the RRRD to live in next summer and get to know it. They will put together the basic gear they need: small first aid kit, knife, good long underwear and hat, poncho, good boots, a small pack. A good camo tarp and light sleeping bag. And perhaps a pick ax. They will work in groups of one to six from Windy Summit to Granite Spring, from Sam's Creek to Mackay Bar, from the Gospel Hump to the Salmon River Breaks. They will close the Magruder Corridor. Road 1190 will be a torn up ruin. They won't need cars or telephones or media contacts, and they will have no use for meaningless arrests.

Sincerely, *Seventeen and a Half Off Center*



FLAMING ARROWS: HOT RECIPIES FOR EXPLOSIVE TIMES

"I ain't sure about this," Smith said.

"I don't like it either," Hayduke said. "I'd a hell of a lot rather forget the whole thing and go fly fishing down on West Horse Creek. Let's forget Black Mesa. Let the coal company tear it up. Who cares if five years from now you can't see fifteen miles across the Grand Canyon because the air is so fucked up by these motherfucking new power plants? I'd rather be picking columbines up in the mountains above Telluride anyhow. Why the hell should we worry about it?"

"I know, but I don't like this here fooling around with explosives," Smith said. "Some folks are gonna get hurt."

"Nobody's gonna get hurt. Unless they start shooting at me."

"It's a felony and I reckon it's a Federal offense too, to blow things up. Ain't that right, Doc?"

"That is correct," Doc said. "Furthermore"—puffing steadily on his long Marsh-Wheeling, squinting through the smoke first at Hayduke then at Smith then at Hayduke—"it's unpopular. Bad public relations. Anarchy is not the answer."

"Doc's right," says Smith.

"It's dangerous," Doc said. "We may kill somebody. We may get ourselves killed. It's not good PR."

"Let's take a vote," Hayduke said. "What do you say, Doc?"

"No voting," Doc said. "We're not going to have any tyranny of the majority in this organization. We proceed on the principle of unanimity. What we do we do all together or not at all. This is a brotherhood we have here, not a legislative assembly."

Hayduke looked to Bonnie for support. His last hope. Her steady eyes returned his gaze; she mashed out her cigarette, staring at him.

"I ain't saying I'm absolutely agin it," Smith went on, "I'm just saying I ain't sure."

"Shit," said Hayduke, turning back to Smith. "You're saying you're willing to commit crimes but you're not sure we should do the job right. That's what you're saying, Seldom."

"No, George, I'm saying we got to be careful about how we do it. We can't do it right if we do it wrong."

Hayduke shrugged wearily, disgusted with the argument. They listened to the steady rumble of the coal conveyor, the scream of traffic on the highway, the far-off rattle of the electrical railway. Eastward, ten miles away, the dust from the strip mines rose toward the sky, obscuring the morning sun behind an immense smudge of coal-gray and soil-brown particulates.

The pause threatened to become paralysis. So Bonnie spoke. "Men," she began, "such as you are—"

"Fucking Christ," growls Hayduke.

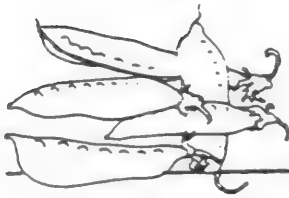
"—such as you are, we're in this together, for better or for worse. We've already done enough to get locked up for life if we ever got caught. Therefore I say let's get on with it. Let's use whatever we need—and whatever we have."



the swiftness of deer
the vision of eagle
the strength of bear
the sureness of cougar
the stealth of snake
the wildness of wolf

guide these steps of mine,
my hand as it releases
these flames of life's hope
towards that which would
destroy us all...
"destroy what destroys you!"

Cher Fawkes'



RECIPE REVIEW



You know, I often find myself somewhere, say, at the bank or at the army recruiter's office or at the home of some corporate executive, and I get Hungry! I say to myself- GEE! I sure wish I could cook a yummy vegan "meal" right here (I'm the kind that likes to eat alone, and late at night), but what would I cook, how would I cook it? Well along comes a wonderful solution to this dilemma, in the cookbook put out by the nice folks at the CIA. Let me share with you some of my favorite recipes from the excellent cookbook CIA Field Expedient Incendiary Manual (published by Desert Publications, Cornville, AZ 86325). It's kind of an odd title for a cookbook, and the recipes are a bit technical, but they work! Some of the ingredients might seem strange to you, but that's probably because you haven't been cooking vegan food very long. Forget everything you think you know about cooking! This cookbook redefines "meal" making. For these folks, presentation and setting are everything. They give all kinds of useful hints on how and where to prepare your "meal":



An incendiary may be a material or mixture of materials which when used against wood, rags, paper, straw, or other combustible materials will burn with enough heat and flame to be sure of starting a "meal". Or an incendiary, usually a different type from the first one, may be used for melting, cutting, or welding metals. Examples of the first type are gasoline, fuel oil and napalm. An example to use against metal is thermate.

An igniter is a material which will start an incendiary burning. The best example of an igniter is a match. Sometimes, to start an incendiary burning, other kinds of igniters are needed, such as sugar-chlorate and fire fudge.

A delay is a device used to make it possible to be away from the scene of the "meal" when the "meal" starts. At the place where the "meal" is to be started, the delay, the igniter and the incendiary are arranged in such a manner that you can leave after the delay is set up. At the proper time the delay will ignite the igniter, which will then start the incendiary burning, and you will have a "meal".



So have fun, but pay attention when you're cooking - you wouldn't want to burn anything.

Paraffin-Sawdust Incendiary

You Will Need:

Sawdust, paraffin wax, beeswax, or wax obtained by melting candles.

A pot, a source of heat such as a stove or hot plate, a spoon or stick for stirring.

To Be Used Against:

All kinds of wooden structures including heavy beams and timbers. Paraffin-sawdust works very well on paper, rags, straw, excelsior, and other tinder type materials. It will work well for starting fires in open containers of flammable liquids, piles of coal, coke, or lumber and on baled rags and paper. Do not use it against metallic objects.

Can Be Ignited By:

The flame of a match. It ignites slowly enough to be safe when ignited this way. When a delay is required, use any igniter or delay device which produces a flame. Note that a fuse will not ignite this mixture.

Preparation:

The pot used can be made of any material and should hold at least 2000ml. Put enough paraffin or other wax in the pot so that it is about half full. Heat the pot on a stove or hot plate until the wax melts. Wax candles will work very well as a source of wax. Take the heated pot off the stove or hot plate. Add sawdust to the melted wax until the pot is nearly full, and stir the mixture with a spoon or stick for a few minutes. Be sure that there is no layer of wax at the bottom of the pot which has not been mixed with the sawdust. Continue to stir the mixture until the wax has cooled enough to become solid again. Transfer the sawdust-wax mixture to a can or jar, or store it in a paper bag or box. The mixture may be stored for months without losing its effectiveness, unless it gets wet. When it dries, it will again be effective.

Application:

An easy, effective way to use this mixture is to place a quantity of about a liter of mixture into a paper bag and put the paper bag down on the objective to be burned. A match may be used to ignite the edge of the bag which will then ignite the paraffin-sawdust mixture. The fire starts very slowly so there is no hazard involved, and it usually takes two or three minutes before the paraffin-sawdust mixture is burning strongly. This, of course, is a disadvantage where a hot fire is required quickly. Once started, however, this mixture burns vigorously because the paraffin itself gives a fairly hot flame and the sawdust acts like charcoal to increase the destructive effect.

Where very large wooden beams or structures are to be burned, use more of the mixture. A bag containing two or three liters will be enough to destroy any objective on which paraffin-sawdust mixture can be used effectively.

To be most effective on wooden structures, this mixture should be in a pile, never spread it out in a thin layer. Place it under the object to be burned if possible, so that the flames will contact the object. In a packing box or in a room, place the mixture at the bottom in a corner.

Cold and windy weather have little effect on the way paraffin-sawdust mixture burns except that in windy weather it may burn more vigorously.

A similar incendiary may be made by melting some paraffin or beeswax, then dipping sheets of paper in the molten wax for a few seconds. Remove the paper and let the wax harden. This waxed paper lights readily from a match and burns hotly. Although not quite as hot or persistent as the paraffin-sawdust mixture, the waxed paper is an excellent incendiary and may be substituted in many instances. The paper may be wadded up, folded, or torn into strips. Ordinary household wax paper is not as good because it has a much thinner coating of wax, but it is a fairly good incendiary for readily ignited materials. Use enough waxed paper to equal in volume the amounts required for the paraffin-sawdust mixture.

Fire Fudge Igniter

You Will Need:

Granulated sugar, potassium chlorate. Potassium chlorate, also known as Potassium Oxymuriate, commonly used for medicinal purposes and as a disinfectant. May be obtained from drug stores, college chemistry labs.

A small heat resistant glass dish or an enameled pan with a cover, a measuring cylinder which will measure 25 cc, a spoon, a balance or scale, a source of heat on which water can be boiled, a thermometer for measuring temperatures of liquids up to at least 110 degrees C.

To Be Used For Igniting:

All the incendiaries listed in this manual except commercial thermite. It will directly ignite readily combustible materials such as crumpled paper, rags, excelsior, and hay.

Can Be Ignited By:

Bickford fuse, fire-cracker fuse, homemade time fuse, flame, concentrated sulfuric acid, concentrated nitric acid.

Preparation:

Boil some clean water in a clean heat resistant glass or enamel pan for five minutes. Throw the water away. Pour 25 cc of clean water into the pan, warm it, then add 25 grams of sugar and stir with a spoon until dissolved. Cover the pan.

Bring this solution to a boil for a few minutes, then remove the cover, insert a clean thermometer, and continue to boil the solution with the cover off until the thermometer reads 110 degrees C. The solution will be a fairly thick syrup.

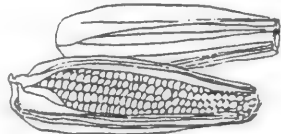
Remove the pan from the source of heat and rapidly add 50 grams of potassium chlorate. Stir gently with a spoon for a minute to mix the syrup and powder, then pour or spoon the putty-like mixture either into small paper molds or onto a sheet of paper. If poured into molds, the paper can be peeled off when the fudge cools and hardens. If poured onto a piece of paper, the large piece which is formed can be cut up or broken up into smaller pieces when it cools and hardens.

The resulting fudge is a white, smooth material which very much resembles domestic fudge fondant. Immediately after cooling it is moderately hard, but it will become harder after 24 hours. Keep it in a tightly sealed container and it will retain its effectiveness for months.

Application:

To use fire fudge, take one piece, or enough pieces to give the same volume as half a hen's egg. Place the fire fudge on top of the incendiary to be ignited. Ignite the fire fudge by one of the methods listed above. When igniting fire fudge by using acid, only concentrated acid must be used. If battery grade sulfuric acid is available, it cannot be used until it is concentrated. To concentrate sulfuric acid, heat it in a copper, enameled, heat resistant glass, or porcelain pot until dense, white fumes start to come off. If only dilute nitric acid is available, there is no simple way to concentrate it, and therefore it cannot be used to ignite fire fudge. Always use a delay when using fire fudge because it ignites almost instantly from a drop of concentrated sulfuric or nitric acid.

Fire fudge works well in cold weather. Because it looks exactly like hard candy or fudge, it can be carried around without arousing suspicion. It cannot be eaten because it is poisonous. It is a very good general purpose igniter with the disadvantage that it requires some skill to prepare properly. If the instructions given for its preparation are not followed exactly, the result will usually be a crumbly, grainy product rather than a smooth fudge type material. This crumbly material will work as well as the fudge, although it does not have the advantage of ease of handling and of looking like fudge. In all applications, a simple sugar-chlorate mixture will work as well as fire fudge.





*I am only effective as long as there is a shadow on white America
of the black man standing behind me with a Molotov cocktail.*
- Martin Luther King

Gelatin Capsule Delays

You Will Need:

Sulfuric acid, also known as oil of vitriol, commonly used in storage batteries and for cleaning metal. May be obtained from batteries (will usually have to be concentrated by boiling before it can be used), from metal-working shops, or from college chemistry labs.

Gelatin capsules, the large kind that hold at least two spoonfuls, used for giving medicine to animals. Large gelatin capsules can be obtained from drug stores or animal stores.

A glass jar or bottle with a glass or plastic stopper for carrying acid. The capacity of the bottle may be only slightly larger than the capacity of the gelatin capsule. A shallow glass or porcelain dish may also be needed.

To Be Used For Igniting:

Sugar-chlorate, fire fudge, and match heads.

Preparation and Application:

Gelatin will slowly dissolve in either water or concentrated sulfuric acid, usually faster in the water than in the acid. The water or acid dripping through the capsule will ignite when it comes in contact with the correct igniter mixture.

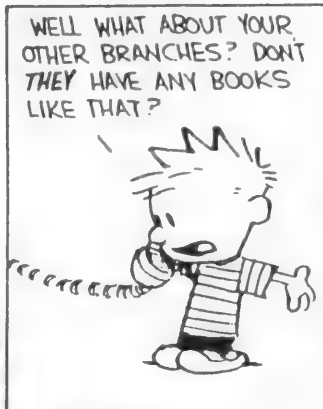
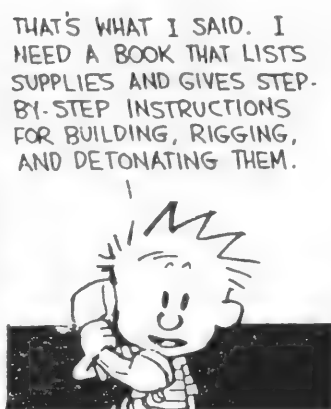
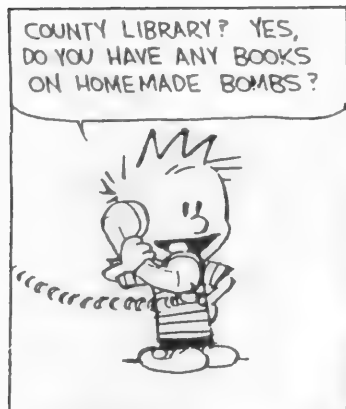
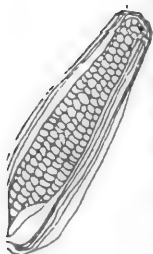
When using concentrated sulfuric acid with a gelatin capsule, the following igniters can be used: Sugar-chlorate, fire fudge, match heads.

Whether the delay is water actuated or acid actuated, the method of preparing the delay is the same. Sulfuric acid must be handled carefully, and only in glass or unchipped enamel containers.

Prepare the gelatin capsule delay by filling it with sulfuric acid, wipe the outside off carefully, and set it down in a pile of about three spoonfuls of the igniter mixture. Pile the incendiary material around the igniter. Once the liquid is added to the capsule, the other operations should be done quickly.

Gelatin capsule delays work slowly in cold weather and will not work at all below 0 degrees C. Besides temperature, other things which change the delay time are thickness of the capsule and the concentration of the acid being used. Always check the delay time of some of the same kind of capsules at home under conditions which are similar to that of the target.

With water at 25 degrees C, a gelatin capsule may give a delay time of about 20 minutes. The same kind of capsule with concentrated sulfuric acid at 25 degrees C may give a delay time of one hour. At 10 degrees C, the same capsule may give a delay of 6 to 8 hours with water and a delay of 24 hours with sulfuric acid. At lower temperatures the delay time becomes less accurate.



UNLEASHING THE FURY OF FIRE

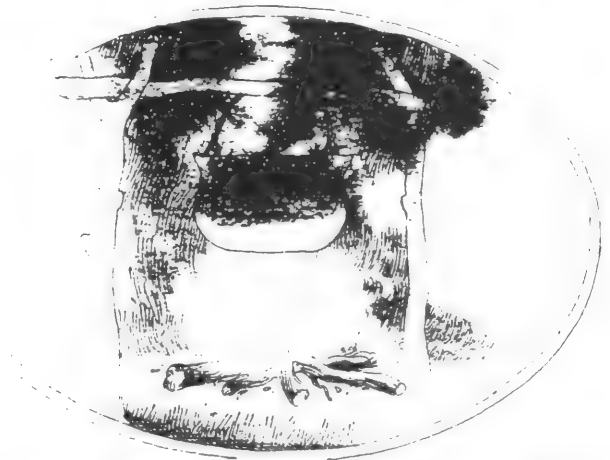
Five recipes from the kitchens of the Animal Liberation Front

Fire is a tool. It can be your friend if you respect its power or your foe if you don't. Nothing does the amount of damage that fire can (try doing a million dollars damage to a lab with only hand tools). But also, nothing else equals its potential for accidental injury and loss of life to both activist and bystander. Arson works. But those who use it make damn sure that no animal (humans included) will be inadvertently killed. Make sure that all buildings or vehicles are free of creatures before lighting one single match.

The incendiary devices on the following pages are well known to ALF activists (and frustrated arson investigators) in numerous countries. Several designs are included to cover most any situation. Some actions require a carefully timed escape, whereas others can be hit and run. If multiple ignition points are needed to destroy a large building or several vehicles, the timers should go off simultaneously. Otherwise the first fire may bring fire trucks onto the scene before the other fires have a chance to do damage.

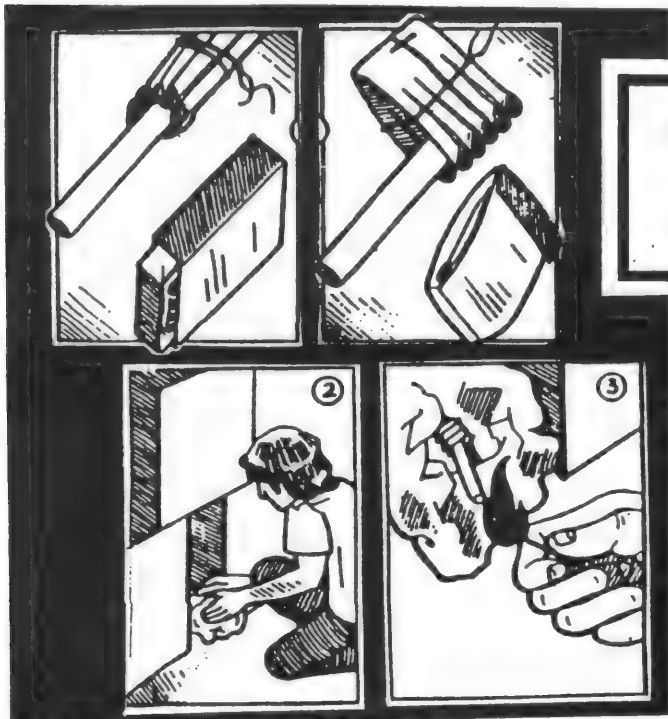
Don't be intimidated by the instructions. Constructing any of these devices is very straightforward and not difficult. This is not rocket science (although some model rocket engine igniters come in handy – located in the hobby section of large stores). Soldering is the only special skill required and it's easy to learn.

Give yourself plenty of time – in other words, don't try to put anything together for the first time on the day before your action. Simply gathering the materials in a safe manner will take a lot of time. Acquire components at multiple stores, far from the target, far from where you live – ideally without your face being captured on video by store security cameras.



There are far too many reports of devices that failed to go off. This provides investigators with lots of evidence to analyze and allows the target to improve their security. Be absolutely certain that your fire will ignite (barring flash floods, alien intervention and the like). Test every timing device. Test the rest of your setup. Think about the effects of temperature and wind. Consider how best to transport your devices so that wires and glued pieces are not knocked out of position. Place devices in pairs so that a device that fails is likely to be burned up or melted. However, **never** rely on the fire to destroy evidence. As with other actions, carry your tools, gloves, etc. away from the site and then dispose of them.

In the US, arson has no statute of limitations. It is always considered a serious crime. If you get caught you could spend the next several years in prison thinking about what went wrong. **Tell no one** and be sure that you follow all security precautions vigorously.



ALF Recipe 1: The Marlboro Quick Fix

- Uses cigarettes for a 5 to 10 minute delay
 - Requires no preparation; materials are readily available
- Secondhand smoke never tasted so good**

1. Place an unlighted cigarette between two rows of matches. Unite them together by tying them firmly with a string.
2. Wrap the matches in dry paper or any other inflammable substance. Place the device between empty wooden boxes.
3. Light the cigarette at the free end. The matches will light in 5 or 10 minutes.



ALF Recipe #2: Transformations from the Far East

- An incendiary involving almost no pre-assembly
- Uses sticks of incense for a 15 to 45 minute delay
- **WARNING:** Incense often fails to stay lit; test different brands and use lots of backup
- **DANGER:** Don't use gasoline with this delay; the open flame could ignite the gasoline vapors before you are out of harm's way

Incense can indeed trigger enlightenment

Here's how to build a simple incendiary device that can be used for burning both buildings and vehicles.

Equipment & Preparation:

First you need gallon plastic milk jugs with screw-on lids. One gallon purified water jugs work well also. Check local recycling stations for milk jugs, or buy water jugs if it's easier. You will need to rinse out the jugs and let them dry. Make sure you wash off any fingerprints. Purchase kerosene from a busy store (out of town if possible). Fill the jugs almost all the way with the kerosene, but leave an inch or so of space for fumes to gather at the top so your jugs don't leak. You will also need one spare, fuel-filled jug for every four incendiaries.

You need one thick rectangular household sponge for each incendiary you will be using. Set them on their sides and punch two deep holes in each for the igniters.

For an ignition delay, take a stick of incense and attach wooden matches to it near the stick end. Tie them on tight with string or use a few rubber bands. Make two for each incendiary plus a few extras. The time delay can be anywhere from 15-45 minutes and will vary according to many circumstances including the temperature and wind. Make sure you test some beforehand so you know approximately how long it will take before the matches ignite.

Construction & ignition:

The incendiary devices are transported in three separate pieces: the jugs, the sponges, and the timed igniters. One gallon milk jugs are perfect because they can easily be carried using their handles and they also hold a lot of fuel. Place an incendiary jug in the location

you want it to burn and stuff a sponge through the handle of the plastic jug. Douse the whole area with kerosene from one of the extra jugs making sure to saturate the sponge. Light the timed igniters a safe distance from any fuel or incendiaries and then stick two incense timers into the pre-punched holes in the fuel soaked sponge, one on either side of the handle.

When the incense burns down to the match heads, it will ignite them and they will in turn ignite the sponge, which will melt the jug and finally ignite the fuel. Sound Complicated? It really isn't.

A very simple way to torch a car is just to spread a sheet over it and then pour flammable liquid on the sheet. Ignite it with a fireplace lighter or long stick so you don't catch yourself on fire. This should only be used when you need to hit and run. Get away quick!

TIPS:

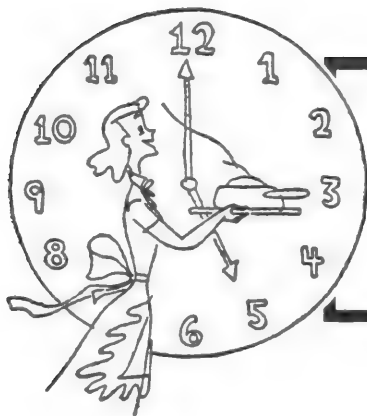
Arson is a big time felony so wear gloves and old clothes that you can throw away through the entire process and be very careful not to leave a single shred of evidence. A very important thing to check is that the heads of the matches on the incense delays are very, very close to the fuel soaked sponge. If you have too much of a gap, the flame from the matches will not light the sponge and all your work will have been for nothing. If you need to, the incense igniters can be skipped and the sponges can be lit directly. Avoid working with gasoline. It's too volatile. Always bring a few extra lighters in case one malfunctions.

**Be careful.
No evidence!**

A single spark can start a prairie fire.

- favorite aphorism of the Weather Underground

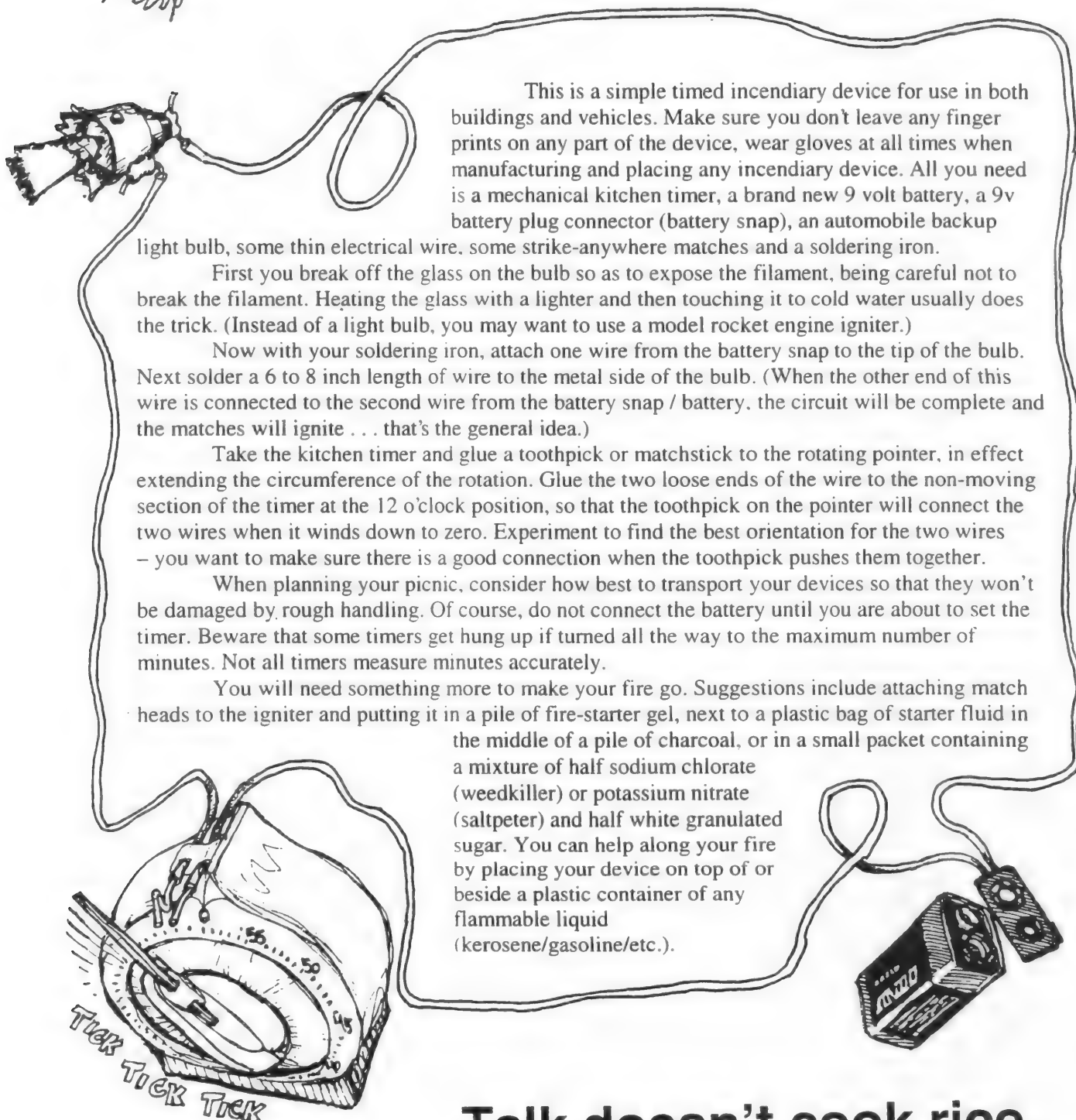




ALF Recipe #3: The Betty Crocker Surprise

- Uses a kitchen timer for (almost) a one hour delay
- WARNING: Like other junk from discount stores, kitchen timers perform erratically, test each one extensively

Redefining home economics one meal at a time



This is a simple timed incendiary device for use in both buildings and vehicles. Make sure you don't leave any finger prints on any part of the device, wear gloves at all times when manufacturing and placing any incendiary device. All you need is a mechanical kitchen timer, a brand new 9 volt battery, a 9v battery plug connector (battery snap), an automobile backup

light bulb, some thin electrical wire, some strike-anywhere matches and a soldering iron.

First you break off the glass on the bulb so as to expose the filament, being careful not to break the filament. Heating the glass with a lighter and then touching it to cold water usually does the trick. (Instead of a light bulb, you may want to use a model rocket engine igniter.)

Now with your soldering iron, attach one wire from the battery snap to the tip of the bulb. Next solder a 6 to 8 inch length of wire to the metal side of the bulb. (When the other end of this wire is connected to the second wire from the battery snap / battery, the circuit will be complete and the matches will ignite . . . that's the general idea.)

Take the kitchen timer and glue a toothpick or matchstick to the rotating pointer, in effect extending the circumference of the rotation. Glue the two loose ends of the wire to the non-moving section of the timer at the 12 o'clock position, so that the toothpick on the pointer will connect the two wires when it winds down to zero. Experiment to find the best orientation for the two wires – you want to make sure there is a good connection when the toothpick pushes them together.

When planning your picnic, consider how best to transport your devices so that they won't be damaged by rough handling. Of course, do not connect the battery until you are about to set the timer. Beware that some timers get hung up if turned all the way to the maximum number of minutes. Not all timers measure minutes accurately.

You will need something more to make your fire go. Suggestions include attaching match heads to the igniter and putting it in a pile of fire-starter gel, next to a plastic bag of starter fluid in the middle of a pile of charcoal, or in a small packet containing a mixture of half sodium chlorate (weedkiller) or potassium nitrate (saltpeter) and half white granulated sugar. You can help along your fire by placing your device on top of or beside a plastic container of any flammable liquid (kerosene/gasoline/etc.).

Talk doesn't cook rice.

– Chinese proverb



ALF Recipe #4: The Saks Fifth Avenue Appetizer

- A very small incendiary device, designed for easy transport and concealment
- Uses a wristwatch for up to a 9 or 10 hour delay
- **WARNING:** The hands on some watches are not strong enough

This little package makes for a very upscale gift

Department stores which house fur departments have been targeted in two waves of actions in the U.S. and across England. Stores are closing their fur departments, particularly since the campaigns are now including the use of timed incendiary devices. These devices are designed to switch on a store's sprinkler system. By law large department stores have "water sprinkler systems" – you can see them on the ceiling – which are triggered by fire and smoke. So it is perfectly safe for a fire to be started in the store (in the middle of the night when no-one is there) as there is no danger of it spreading. The sprinklers put the fire out and the water floods the store, causing extensive water damage.

Of course, we don't break into the store in the middle of the night to start a fire – we place incendiary devices in the store during shopping hours, under something inflammable. Devices are timed to go off in the middle of the night. Usually a device is placed under an armchair or a sofa on the top floor, the result is that all the floors underneath are flooded. As some stores (in England) are now checking under their sofas after closing, we now place them out of sight under anything

that is combustible and not always on the top floor. We do not place them in coat pockets or in a sofa – a device that fails to ignite could ignite at a later date after someone has purchased the coat or sofa and brought it home.

The devices placed in stores are quite different from those we use to destroy vehicles. For stores, we needed a device with a long timer that could be concealed in a small package.

Tools and Materials:

- Ordinary wind-up wristwatch
- 20 pack cigarette box
- thin card to fit inside cigarette box
- 12 volt automobile light bulb
- new 9 volt alkaline battery
- battery snap for 9 volt battery
- wire similar to wire on battery snap
- single strand wire, stiff enough to hold shape
- firelighter / firestarter bricks
- strike-anywhere matches (not safety matches)
- nail polish (nail varnish)
- thin paper bag (bin liner)
- tweezers
- superglue
- soldering iron and solder

Construction:

We use an empty 20 pack cigarette box with holes punched in both sides for ventilation. The inside is painted with nail polish. We then take a piece of thin card cut to fit inside the cigarette box and punch holes in it and coat it with nail polish.

We superglue the battery to the card along with pieces of firelighter covered in nail polish (to seal in the fumes).

We then take a 12 volt bulb (a tail light or backup light). The glass of the bulb must first be broken by heating with a lighter and then placing in cold water (be careful not to damage the filament). We solder one of the wires from an ordinary battery snap (1) (the type used in certain clocks, toys, small radios etc.) to the nipple at the back of the bulb. A spare piece of similar wire is soldered to the side of the bulb (the side of the bulb is also a contact).

Soldering is as easy as changing a fuse in a plug. The small soldering iron is switched on, the wire is placed against the bulb nipple and the iron is then placed so it touches the end of the wire and heats it and the nipple. Then the solder is pressed against the soldering iron and allowed to melt and run down the side of the nipple. The iron and solder are removed but the wire must be held in place, covered in solder until it hardens. The same procedure is followed when soldering the spare wire to the side of the bulb (2).

Onto the two ends of wire from the battery snap and bulb, we solder some single strand fine wire that is stiff enough to be able to be formed into a bridge shape and the other bent upright.

We then cut a piece of bin liner (thin paper bag) to the same size as one of the pieces of firelighter. The slip of bin liner is then coated on both sides with



Dingles department store (London), Christmas 1988. Sprinkler systems malfunction, resulting in the complete destruction of the store, causing millions in damage. They immediately stopped selling furs in all their stores.

nail polish and placed on top of a piece of firelighter so it sticks to it. We then superglue the bulb to an adjoining piece of firelighter so the filament is touching the slip of nail polish covered bin liner (4). A little more nail polish is painted on the bin liner around the filament and the heads of the strike anywhere matches (not safety matches). Pieces of match head are cut off with a razor blade and placed in the wet nail polish on the bin liner so they are also touching the filament.

We then take the watch, remove the crystal (glass or plastic lens) and superglue the two pieces of the formed wire, the bridge and the upright, so that the bridge is between the figures 1 and 3 on the watch (5). The upright is glued so that it is slightly closer to the centre of the watch in the middle of the bridge but not quite touching it. The height of the bridge is determined by the length of the minute and second hands on the watch; the device works when the hour hand pushes the upright against the bridge and completes the circuit, so the minute and second hands have to be bent out of

the way so that as they go round and round they don't push the upright against the bridge (6). By careful use of a pair of tweezers, we bend the second and minute hands first upright and then out so that the ends of the second and minute hand pass over the bridge and upright (You might also try to cut them off carefully with wire cutters). The hour hand is pointed to 3 o'clock (so that it is past the bridge and upright) then the watch is wound up and superglued to the card.

Everything used in this device must be kept free of fingerprints, hair and fibers. Gloves must be worn during the entire construction process. After all the soldering is done, you should file all traces of solder from the tip of the soldering iron. When finished dispose of any and all excess glue, cardboard, wire, nail polish, solder, glass in a garbage other than your own.

Placement:

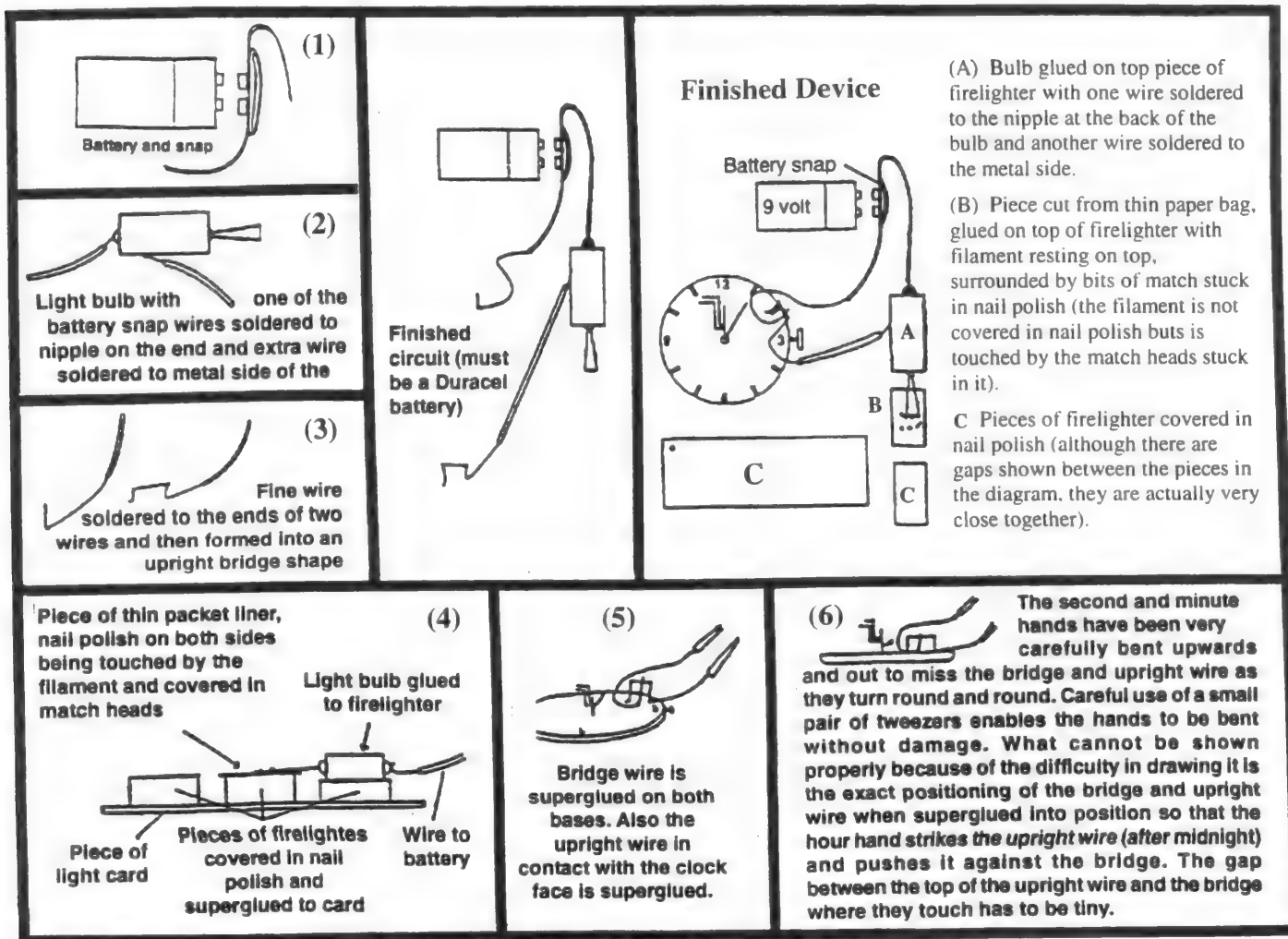
The snap is not connected to the battery until we get to the store and visit the toilet. Even if it were to fall over and set the device off, it only

produces a small flame for 10 - 15 seconds which wouldn't do any harm - but it would look odd disposing of a cigarette box with a flame coming out of the punched holes in the side. The devices are placed in the stores between 3pm and closing as they have about 9 or 10 hours and ignite after midnight.

Specific care must be taken regarding in-store undercover security guards and security cameras (both on the lookout for shoplifters). Holiday seasons when the shops are fullest is an ideal time for easy placement of devices.

One problem with this simple setup is that the hour hands on some watches are unable to push the upright against the bridge. To cover for this, two or three devices are planted in the store. Another alternative is to use a small traveler's alarm clock, dispense with the cigarette box and make a larger box from card and glue to take the small clock.

Always test your devices before hand.





ALF Recipe #5: Just Desserts

- An electronic incendiary device for precise timing (easier to coordinate multiple devices)
- Uses an alarm clock for up to a 24 hour delay (more time to get away)
- WARNING: Use extreme caution procuring the ingredients

Some like it hot

This incendiary timing device is constructed from an ordinary plug-in-the-wall-type alarm clock that has a 9 volt battery backup.

Tools required:

Soldering iron
Drill and drill bits
Wire cutters
Voltmeter
Phillips screwdriver

Materials per device:

electric alarm clock with 9 volt battery backup
(1) 12 volt REED relay (radio shack part # 275-233)
(1 small spool) solder
(1 small spool) insulated wire between 18 and 24 gauge
(1) 12 volt LED with integrated resistor
(1) 1156 tail light bulb (12volt)
(1) diode
(1) new 9 volt battery
(1) 9 volt battery plug connector (battery snap) - optional
(1) sheet fine sand paper
(1 tube) super glue

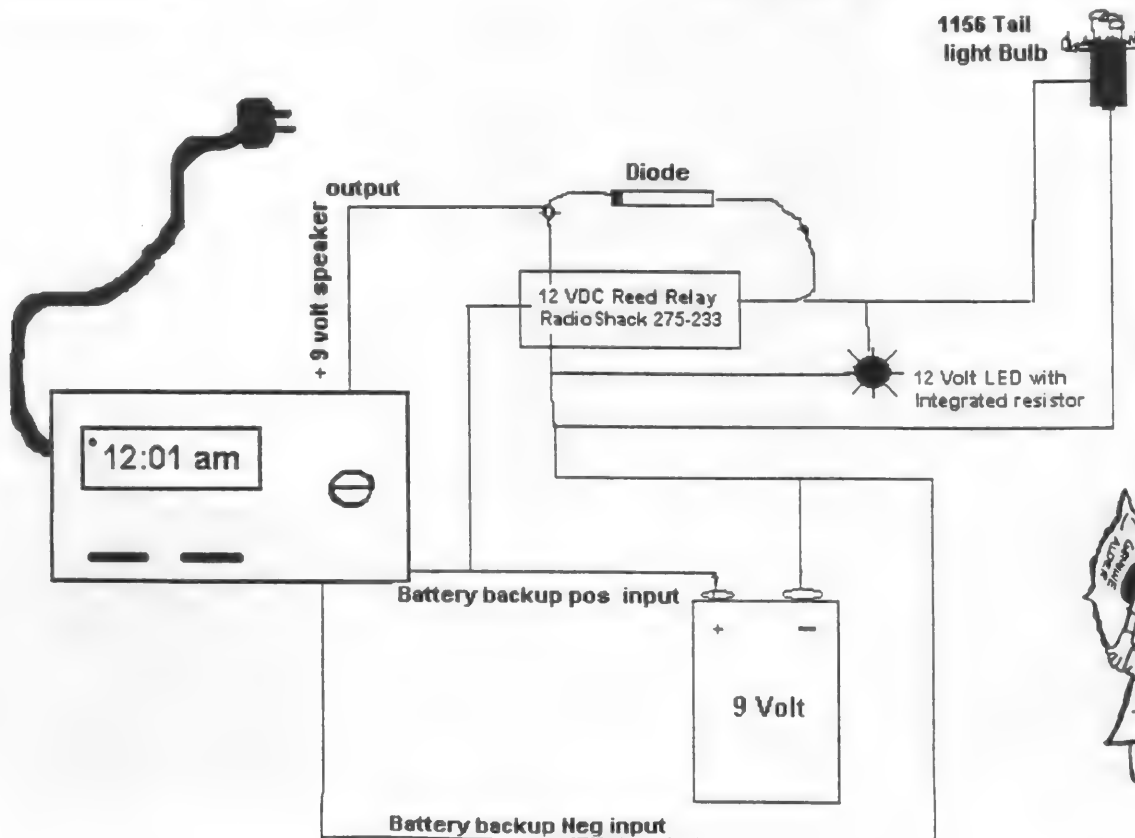
Construction:

1. With the clock unplugged, remove any obvious serial #s. Use the screwdriver to remove the three or four screws holding the clock together. Gently separate the two halves. In one half there will be a metal disk about the size of a 25 cent piece with two wires going to it. This is the speaker. Cut both wires and strip the ends.

2. Plug the clock in, set the alarm for one minute and attach the 9 volt battery. Now unplug the clock. The display will turn off and the alarm will revert to battery power. Using the voltmeter, check which of the two leads STARTS with NO POWER and then suddenly registers power. This is a trigger wire for the relay. After unplugging the battery, cut the other wire to get it out of the way.

CAUTION: Some of the clocks tested had one lead that always had power.

3. The relay has four posts, three on one side and one on the other. It may be necessary to carefully bend some of the posts to make soldering easier. Solder a diode from the



solitary post to the post that the trigger will be connected to. The stripped end should be connected to the same post that the trigger wire is connected to. Using the sand paper remove lot # from diode. Solder a 10 inch wire to the solitary post. This will eventually lead to the tail light.

4. Solder a 3 inch lead to the positive end of the LED (usually the longer of the two posts – check the package). It may be necessary to carefully bend the posts. Then attach the lead to the solitary post on the relay. Solder another 3 inch lead to the negative side of the LED and attach this wire to the post opposite the one the diode is attached to.

CAUTION: Note the orientation of the diode in the diagram. Diodes conduct electricity in one direction ONLY. This is also true of the LED (light emitting diode).

5. Cut the wires to the 9 volt battery plug close to the plug and strip the ends. Attach the black wire to the post opposite the diode and the red wire to the middle post (opposite the solitary post).

6. Solder an 11 inch wire to the post opposite the diode. This will eventually lead to the tail light.

7. Either lengthen the clipped wires on the 9 volt plug to 4 inches or replace it (easier). The black wire should be attached to the post opposite the diode. The red wire should be attached to the center post opposite the solitary post.

8. Finally, attach the trigger wire from the clock to the post opposite all the ground (black) wires. Push the 9 volt plug back through its hole.

9. On the clock, drill one hole large enough for the LED to peek through. Drill 6 more holes only slightly bigger than the wire going to the tail light.

10. Super glue (gently the welds are fragile) the relay inside the clock. There is usually space somewhere in there. Super glue the LED into its hole.

11. Weave the first wire through the three holes, passing up through the first hole down through the second and back out through the third. This will insure that if the wire is pulled it will not break the fragile welds. Repeat for second wire. After glue has dried, carefully reassemble the clock.

Testing:

Set alarm and see if voltmeter registers. When alarm triggers the relay, the relay will LOCK OPEN sending current to the voltmeter. To deactivate you must remove the battery. Note that LED should have lit up when circuit was triggered. In the field, if LED is lit, **DO NOT ATTACH TAIL LIGHT – THIS WILL CAUSE IMMEDIATE IGNITION.**

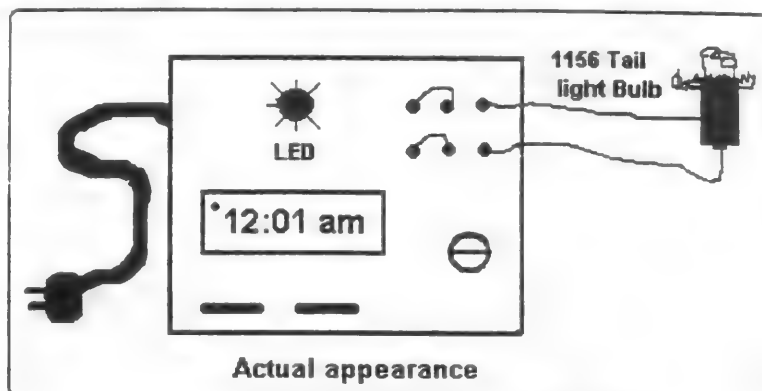
Complete the device by removing the glass on the bulb, attaching the wires to its base, and surrounding the filament with flammable materials. Refer to the other recipes for instructions.

Test using actual bulb setup under same time and temperature conditions. Clocks varied greatly with respect to the amount of current drawn. As temperature drops, so does battery life.

Security Notes:

Obvious warnings about fingerprints, hair, fibers and buying materials apply. Remember most electronics stores have video cameras. So buy components well in advance so that if the components are eventually traced to a particular store you aren't on video a few days before the action purchasing components. Don't buy components near where you live or the target. Get the alarm clocks made in China. The electronic components are harder to track to an individual clock which could then be tracked to a shipment and ultimately to a store. Don't buy lots of components in the same place.

Wire cutters, strippers, drill bits and soldering iron tip should be disposed of. They leave distinctive marks that can be easily traced. Be a clean freak. Solder, wire insulation, wire ends, packaging and plastic shavings can all be traced directly back to a device. Ideally rent a motel room far from the scene and take a day to prep the materials.



Capitalism has provided

the fuel;

Let us spark the fire

of its demise.

- Netdahe

Burning Machinery

(plus some advice on Molotov cocktails)



The heroes are the
night itself
with
kerchief and
kerosene and
lightened match and
the voice of rage
like thunder
in the blackness.

-- eli yates

Burning a large metallic object requires dousing it with a flammable fluid. Gasoline is highly explosive and very dangerous to work with. Anyone who uses gasoline to start a fire is risking self-immolation. Also, gasoline drips off surfaces and won't stay where it is poured. Mixed with soap flakes (use Ivory Snow, not a detergent) gasoline turns into jellied gasoline or napalm. In this condition, it is still very volatile but is more stationary. The classic method of using jellied gasoline is in a "Molotov cocktail," a glass bottle of gasoline and soap flakes with a denatured alcohol-soaked rag stuffed in the mouth of the bottle. The end of the rag outside of the bottle is lit and the Molotov cocktail is immediately thrown against the target from as far away as possible. The bottle shatters upon impact and the gasoline ignites. If this is all that is done to a large machine, the gasoline in the bottle may be all that burns and relatively little damage may be done. If the targeted machine is previously soaked in diesel fuel or, more dangerously, jellied gasoline, complete destruction is far more likely.

A Molotov cocktail is a very dangerous tool. Anyone contemplating its use should be very careful. Because of the inherent danger, the use of Molotov cocktails is not encouraged.

Diesel fuel, unlike gasoline, is not explosive. It is denser than gasoline and burns longer but not as hot. It is much safer to use but much more difficult to ignite—especially in cold weather. It sometimes will not even ignite when a match is held to it. A Molotov cocktail can be used to ignite diesel, but a safer way would be to simply use a rag soaked in solvent, or denatured alcohol, which readily burns but is not explosive. (The second edition of *Ecodefense* mistakenly suggested using a rag soaked in rubbing alcohol. Rubbing alcohol does not readily burn.)

Preparing A Machine For Burning

To keep the diesel fuel from running off the bulldozer or other object to be burned, soak rags (cotton are better than synthetics) in diesel fuel. Other absorbent materials—like sawdust or straw—can also be used. Stuff the soaked rags in the engine if it is accessible, under exposed wiring, hoses, and gauges, in treads or around tires, and in the cab under the dash. As little as two gallons of diesel may be enough if used in this way. Place the rag soaked in solvent alcohol on the diesel-soaked rags and light it.

Getting Diesel Fuel

An ideal place to get diesel fuel is right out of the machine you are about to burn. Use a short piece of hose to siphon fuel onto the machine, into a container, or onto nearby machines. Soak everything well. If there is a tank of diesel on site (there often is), cut the padlock off with a large set of bolt cutters, and use a 12 inch crescent wrench (if necessary) to open the valve clockwise. Be very careful as the fuel may be under pressure and could spray out of the valve. You can also bring your own diesel fuel (or kerosene which has similar burning properties) in plastic jugs (don't fill them all the way or they may leak). Put the empty jugs where they will burn along with everything else.

Or you can take the drain plug out of the fuel tank on the machine to be burned, drain the tank under the machine, and light it. **DO THIS ONLY WITH DIESEL FUEL WHICH IS NON-EXPLOSIVE AND NOT WITH GASOLINE WHICH WILL BLOW YOU TO SMITHEREENS!**

Security

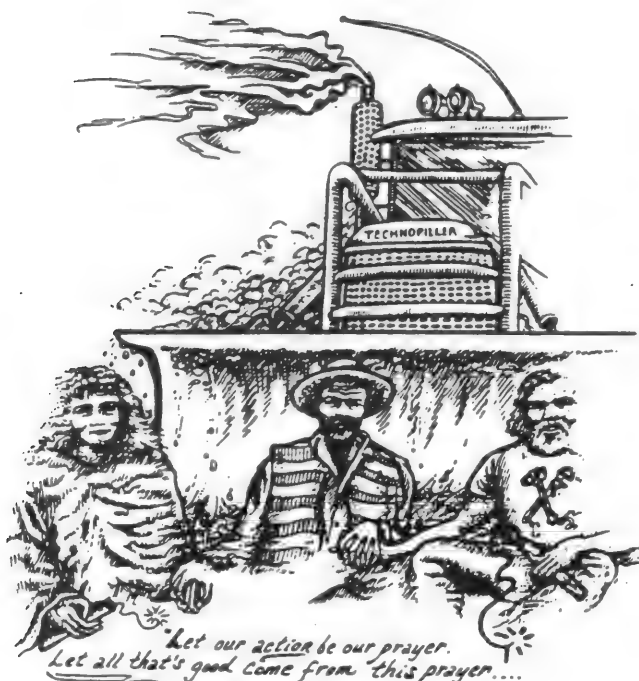
If you get diesel fuel on you, you will smell like diesel for a long time. This could be incriminating. Wear an old pair of coveralls (from Goodwill) which you can safely dispose of after the action. Don't use rags from your home because they might be traceable. Goodwill is a good source. Be very careful not to pollute a nearby stream or area of vegetation with run-off diesel fuel. Make sure the machine(s) to be burned will not catch the forest on fire—burn only in the open. Punishment for arson is severe; practice all standard security measures rigorously. Leave no evidence!

Taken from *Eco-Defense*. Read *Eco-Defense* for more fun ideas on how to deal with big yellow machines.

The urge to destroy is a creative urge.



"Harold! The dog's trying to blow up the house again! Catch him in the act or he'll never learn."



Let our action be our prayer.
Let all that's good come from this prayer....

'Cause if you havn't done
everything imaginable, you havn't
done shit — LONG WOLF

DYNAMITE!

Dynamite! Of all the good stuff, this is the stuff. Stuff several pounds of this sublime stuff into an inch pipe (gas or water pipe), plug up both ends, insert a cap with a fuse attached, place this in the immediate neighborhood of a lot of rich loafers who live by the sweat of other people's brows, and light the fuse. A most cheerful and gratifying result will follow. In giving dynamite to the downtrodden millions of the globe, science has done its best work. The dear stuff can be carried around in the pocket without danger, while it is a formidable weapon against any force of militia, police or detectives that may want to stifle the cry for justice that goes forth from the plundered slaves. It is something not very ornamental but exceedingly useful. It can be used against persons and things, it is better to use it against the former than against bricks and masonry. It is a genuine boon for the disinherited, while it brings terror and fear to the robbers. It brings terror only to the guilty, and consequently the Senator who introduced a bill in Congress to stop its manufacture and use, must be guilty of something. He fears the wrath of an outraged people that has been duped and swindled by him and his like. The same must be the case with the "servant" of the people who introduced a like measure in the Senate of the



Indiana legislature. All the good this will do. Like everything else, the more you prohibit it, the more it will be done. Dynamite is like Banquo's ghost, it keeps fooling around somewhere or other in spite of his satanic majesty. A pound of this good stuff beats a bushel of ballots all hollow, and don't you forget it. Our law makers might as well try to sit down on a crater of a volcano or a bayonet as to endeavor to stop the manufacture or use of dynamite. It takes more justice and right than is contained in laws to quiet the spirit of unrest. If workingmen would be truly free, they must learn to know why they are slaves. They must rise above petty prejudice and learn to think. From thought to action is not far, and when the worker has seen the chains, he need but look a little closer to find near at hand, the sledge, with which to shatter every link. The sledge is dynamite.

As cadres of "popular professionalism" we reply to your question on how to saw down the pylons of the atom mafia.

The best way is the following:

You need 6 hacksaws. Advantages: easier to carry, make less noise, far less expensive. Disadvantage: sawing takes a long time.

Moreover you need:

Six 100 ml bottles of oil, 15 spare reinforced blades, 2 pocket torches with sidelight screened, something to mark parts to be sawn, a handkerchief (on which to change the blades), a tree trunk about 2.5 meters long by 15 cm in diameter, heavy winter socks to wear over shoes, gloves.

The best recipe is:

1) Mark all the parts to be sawn, saw all the inferior transversal bars joining the four pillars (at the same level as central pillars to be cut).

2) Saw a wedge in the two pillars in the direction of the fall (the pillars chosen must be parallel to the electricity cables). For the wedge, first saw diagonally towards the direction of the fall (about 30 degrees) towards the bottom. From a 90 degree angle continue to saw horizontally. Complete the cut, then saw the two pillars horizontally about 15 cm above the oblique cut. Use the saw in two each using both hands (it should only be drawn; it's less tiring and makes less noise).

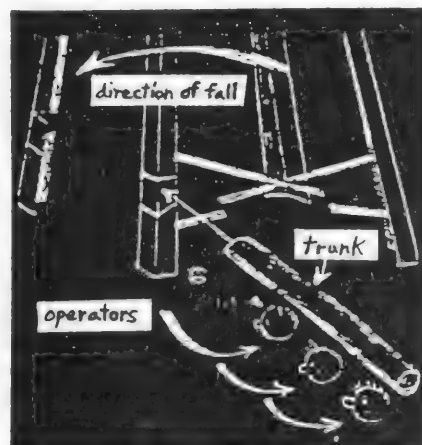
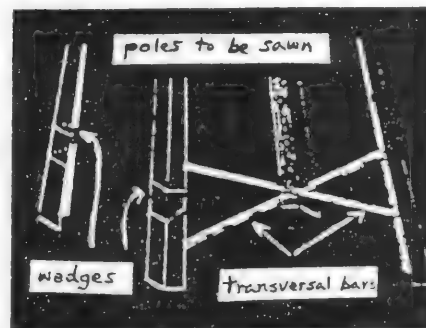
3) When the pillars have been sawn, put all the tools that have been used together and go to about 150 yards away along the line of escape. Two or three people stay by the pylon. With the help of the tree trunk push the wedges out of the pillars. Nothing happens after the first wedge. When the second wedge falls it is time to leave in the opposite direction to that of the fall (taking small steps, one foot always in contact with the earth). The pylon falls in the direction in which the pillars have been sawn.

4) The time of the fall is a minimum of two seconds. The cables are pulled to the ground by the pylons. Stay bent and very stable. When the cable makes contact with the ground a short circuit is formed. We consider the only dangerous phase to be that of sawing the pillars.

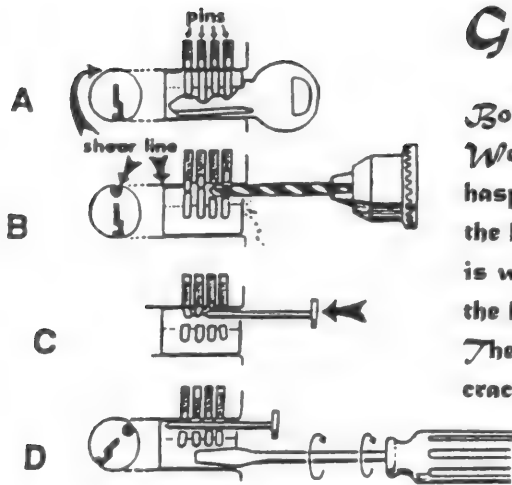
Revolutionary Operators
Till we saw again



Live the Revolution today

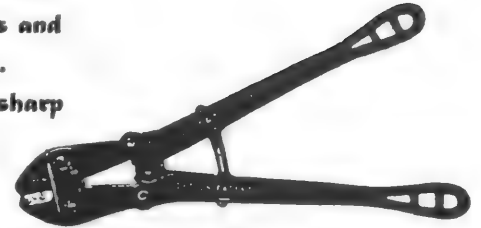


Getting past locks



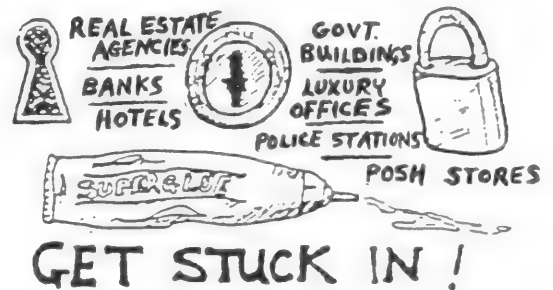
For keyed locks, we use a battery-powered electric drill with a new 1/8-inch high-speed drill bit. Depending on the hardness of the lock, you may need more than one drill bit. Make sure you don't buy cheap bits – they will only let you down. Most keyed locks are pin-tumbler types whose basic operating principle can be seen in (a). When a key is inserted, it pushes up on spring-loaded pins of various lengths. When the tops of these pins are in perfect alignment with the "shear-line", the entire 'plug' in which the key is inserted can be turned and the lock opened. In most locks, all of these parts are made of brass to prevent corrosion and it's relative softness makes drilling easy. As you can see in (b), the drill is used to destroy the pins along the shear-line. You should be careful not to drill too deeply into the lock since this can damage the locking bar deep inside making it impossible to open. Drill in only to the depth of the keyway (3/4-inch in most padlocks and 1-inch in most doorlocks). A 'drill-stop', found with the power tools in hardware stores, can be used to pre-set this depth and prevent drilling too deep. Now insert a nail or something similar to keep the damaged remains of the top pins above the shear-line (c). Otherwise they will drop down and prevent the lock from opening. You may need to put the drill bit in a couple of times to chew up any pin fragments that might interfere with opening. Finally, insert a narrow-bladed screwdriver into the keyway and turn it to open the lock (d). Remember practice makes perfect, buy a cheap lock or two and practice at home.

Boltcutters are used for padlocks. We ignore the lock and go for the hasp, which is often mild steel. With the boltcutters in place, a wet towel is wrapped around the boltcutters and the hasp before making the cut(s). The wet towel helps deaden the sharp cracking noise.



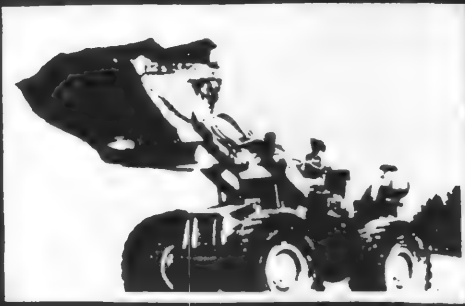
If we are unsure about a door being alarmed, we will break in, then retreat to a safe distance and watch for any reaction for a half-hour or more.

SABOTAGE CAPITALISM



For buildings that are alarmed, we try to gain direct access into the desired room by going through a wall. We use a well oiled brace and mortar drill long enough to drill out the mortar from around one or two bricks. We then lever them out with a large screwdriver or small crowbar. We then simply cut along the mortar with a pad saw and literally cut bricks out. Squirting water from a squeeze bottle directly onto the pad saw and the immediate area being cut reduces the noise of cutting the mortar (3-4 squeeze bottles full of water are usually required.) Beware of motion detector alarms.

TALK minus ACTION equals ZERO

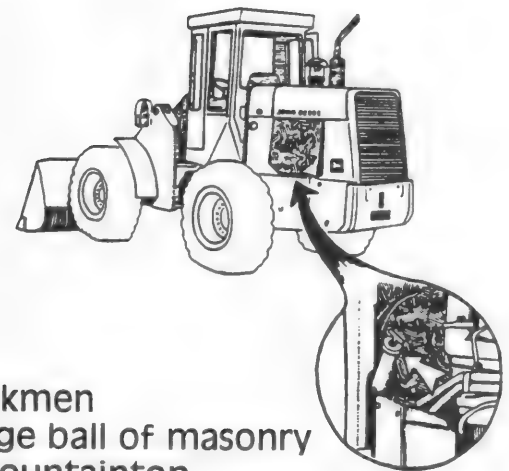


**This is the Age of
Earth Moving
Miracles...And You
Can be Part of it!**

So Ha!

Perched high watching
A half moon's soft light
Disperse beneath the canopy
Revealing the world.
The machines aren't far,
A yarder above arcs
Steel rope down,
Lines of industry and technology
Taut and divergent, deaf as
The "logger" inside his cockpit
Or,
The nuclear families alone in suburban homes
Or,
The governor immersed in Capital;
Deaf
To hear the hoot
I heard,
Echoing thru the war zone,
Between the ruts of earth ripped
By 800 year old firs dragged
Up and hauled away,
From just beyond
Where life still is;
I heard as I
Unscrewed a cap, pouring sand
Past the filter, dismantling
The damned machine;
I heard the owl call
In wonder.

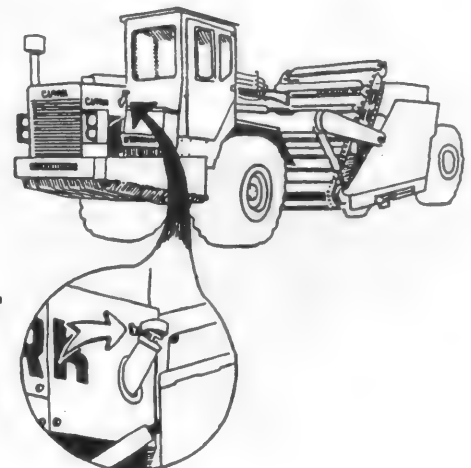
- Foolish Coyote



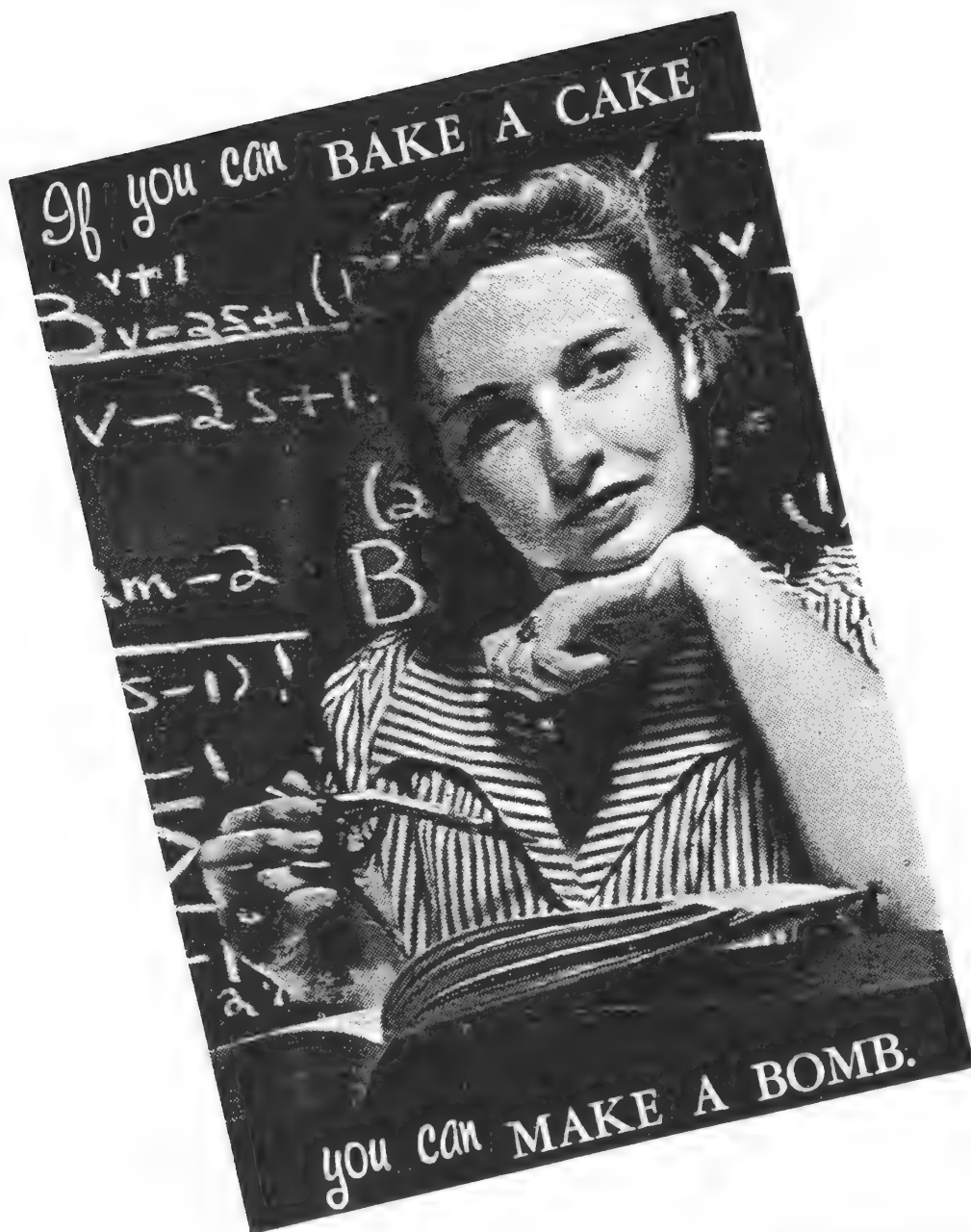
Many workmen
Built a huge ball of masonry
Upon a mountaintop
Then they went to the valley below,
And they turned to behold their work.
"It is grand," they said;
They loved the thing.

Of a sudden, it moved;
It came upon them swiftly;
It crushed them all to blood.
But some had opportunity to squeal.

- Stephen Crane



**Humans have become a super predator
devouring the biosphere to a degree
that overwhelms polite scientific terms
like "carrying capacity".**



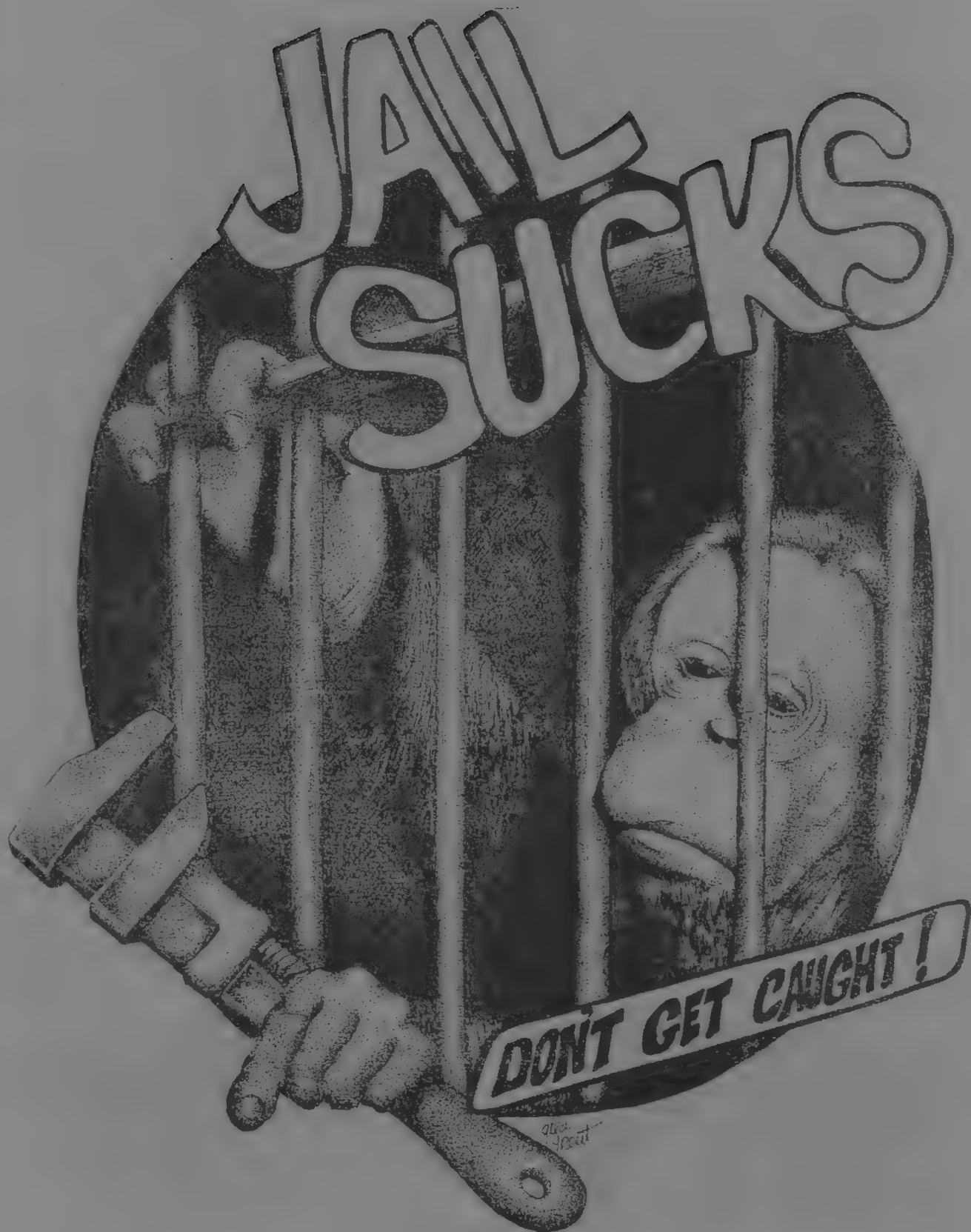
In the wake of the Unabomber's killing of a California timber industry official, Forest Service employees in that state are a little skittish, according to writer June Braxton Little of Greenville, Calif. When UPS delivered a heavy package to the agency's Millford district office on May 5, receptionist Elfrun Trail became suspicious because the address was partly typed, partly handwritten and filled with misspellings. In response to her call, an army demolition team blew the package to smithereens. What rained down on the deserted hillside? Bits of a Forest Service study: *Sustaining Ecosystems: A Conceptual Framework*. The sender was a Forest Service office which had used a contract mailer to address the packages. Edgy agency employees from Denver to Albuquerque also called for help when they received the suspicious packages but perhaps because they weren't near an Army base, only the Millford package was treated quite so roughly.

**factories don't
burn down
by themselves...**

**they need help
from you.**

Learn to Burn.





JAIL SUCKS, DON'T GET CAUGHT

"Doc," says Seldom Seen Smith, "what I want to know, confidentially, is what exactly do you know about this here boy Hayduke?"

"No more than you."

"He talks rough, Doc. Wants to blow up damn near everything in sight. You think he might be one of them—what do you call 'em—agent prevaricators?"

Doc considered for a moment. "Seldom," he says, "we can trust George. He's honest." Doc paused again. "He talks the way he does because—well, because he is full of anger. George is warped but warped in the right way. We need him, Seldom."

Smith thought about these remarks. Then, embarrassed, he said, "Doc, I don't mind saying I kind of wonder about you too. You're older than the rest of us and a hell of a sight richer, and—you're a doctor. Doctors aren't supposed to act like you act."

Hey You Out There

Hey! You out there! Are you awake? Have you really taken a good look around lately? Have you noticed what's going on? We have less forests now. We have more roads and concrete. We have less species of animals and plants now. We have more polluted air, water, and food. Life is dying all around us while corporate fucks and the brainless masses concern themselves with money and things. Have you noticed? If you get your news primarily from the corporations through tv and newspapers, you probably haven't noticed. The struggle for liberation and freedom for all species and the Earth continues. It's time to notice. It's time to help the struggle. It's time to get involved, because there just isn't much time left. If you're interested, read on. If not, go back to watching America's Most Wanted. You never know, you might just see your friends there. Then will you care?

The "political climate" is not what it was ten or even five years ago. Now, in the mid-nineties, mistakes will be hard and costly. Follow the basic rules: don't use phones for anything, use only safe addresses for mail, shut your mouth - do not say anything to anyone, etc., etc. You know it all, right? Well, I hope so.

As the evolution of the struggle continues in this way and the attempts to squash it increase, we will see more of our brothers and sisters either in jail or on the run. We need to accept this as a reality because people do fuck up, and sometimes the feds do get lucky. We need to prepare ourselves for the increased repression. The first steps to take are to thoroughly clean your home, to get new i.d., and to start stashes of needed things such as money, food, gear, etc.

It doesn't matter whether you are active or not. If you have any friends or connections at all to active resistance fighters, then you may find yourself in need of i.d. at some point. Making your home safe means having all personal letters,

diaries, photos, papers and magazines advocating illegal activities, and any related items such as that timing device you have been working on for months, it means having all this stuff out of your home and into a safe place. It may seem a bit inconvenient and perhaps unnecessary, but I tell ya, 5 - 10 years in a cell will be a lot more inconvenient. Also remember that someone else's actions in your city or neighborhood could precipitate a raid on your home even if you had nothing to do with it.

If you are an active warrior, you should consider ending your public life and begin your private one. There are a few activists who are living this way now, and so far none have been caught. One thing to consider is that all the people the feds are physically harassing right now, and all the activists who are or have gone to jail, have all been public people with all connections leading to their homes, jobs, friends, etc. An activist is much more secure and safe away from prying eyes, if s/he is a private person. A private life as an activist means not going to any public political rallies and demos, meetings or similar events. It means dropping out of a public existence as much as possible.

In this private life many new issues will come up that are sometimes not so easily dealt with. This includes loneliness and isolation, especially if you make a complete break from traditional friends and family. This is why the idea of a tribe is so important. We need each other for our psychic and emotional well-being, to enable us to cope and survive. This break from those friends and family does become necessary when you realize that those who lead public lives often do not fully understand your security needs. Many mistakes will happen such as mentioning your name over the phone or in the presence of others who will repeat the information to someone else. Your friends will do this, no matter how many times you've tried to explain the situation to them. Until your friends and relatives really and truly understand the level of security you need, it is wisest to have as little contact as possible with them. For those who do begin to understand, encourage them to get a safe address, and if you have one yourself (which you should) you can now safely communicate with each other through the mail.

Other issues that will come up tend to revolve around home and money. About the former, it is best not to live with people who can testify as to whether you were home on a certain day, or what friends you have, or where you might have travelled. Will your housemates be brave




enough and have the integrity to refuse to answer questions to an agent or a grand jury? Will they too choose jail over talking? Do you really know their breaking point? Think about it. Perhaps your current home situation needs to be changed. Living on your own or with your comrades is the best. Living on the road is also an alternative. Whatever you decide to do, do it safely. No phones, no mail, do not arouse the suspicions of your neighbors. We are now in the era of safe actions and safe living.


The central issue that will keep coming up is the one of money. If you've been thinking ahead and have been part of the slave force, maybe you've put away a few thousand. Or maybe you've got some left over from grandma's inheritance. Eventually though, your personal supply will run out. A job is out of the question when you're leading a private activist life. Besides, there's so much real work to be done. So how will you survive? Surviving costs money, whether it's for food (you will need to cut down on shoplifting as it poses a huge risk to your survival) or for research work or for those tools, or for gas or for the occasional car rental or motel room. It all adds up.

Unfortunately, money is the one thing I haven't completely figured out yet. You can try your folks or your working friends to donate to your needs, or maybe you or they know of richer sympathetic folks. For those of you reading this who have been approached for money, or know of activists who need it, put your thinking caps on and to figure this one out. The reality is, without the cash flow, ain't nothing much gonna happen.

This may sound so dire and depressing and especially difficult. This road is certainly not for everyone. Careful consideration must be given to this decision. Hard questions must be asked of yourself: Do I really think that letter writing, petitioning, marching, shouting, civil disobedience, and banner hanging will really change anything before it's too late? Is it almost too late already? Is there something more that needs to be done? Am I one of those people who needs to be doing that "something more"? There's nothing more this planet needs right now than committed Earth warriors. Think about it.



I would never advocate illegal acts except maybe at night and, as Ed Abbey said, with the permission of your parents.



One thing I would like to touch on briefly is one not many people give much thought or credit to. That thing is magic, specifically, magical protection. Amid your scoffing and teasing I can happily say that there is magical energy to tap into. Most of my protection, outside of all the practical precautions I take, comes from my faith in the magical realm. This is not to say I've ignored my own advice or acted callously, but much of my safety and security is greatly enhanced by my knowledge and understanding and "tuning in" to the magic around me. I look at it as a kind of chaos of energy which engulfs and connects every being and place. Once you learn to see signs of the energy, and begin to connect with the chaos around you, you can tap into the protective energies. There is no rule of how to do this; everybody must find their own way which suits their particular way of relating. A lot of it has to do with faith and a lot has to do with your connection to other like-minded souls as well as the natural world. Anyway, I'm not writing to convert you non-believers. All I'm saying is just open yourself up to the potentials and the possibilities. What have you got to lose?

We have an incredibly enormous task on our hands, which is to help bring the madness to an end. The planet and all creatures on it have suffered long enough at the hands of humans. As conscious people we have the responsibility to stop the destruction, and to do that we must stop the humans and their criminal corporate enterprises. Earth warriors need all the help from you as possible, and we need as many new dedicated souls as possible to join in the struggle. And, we need all the help magic can provide for us as well.

I want to talk a bit more about the support role. Fact is, most of you reading this, no matter how much you agree with the ideas of resistance and direct action, will not participate in it or be prepared to involve yourselves in full-scale resistance. That's unfortunate, but not a complete waste. Truth is, in order for any level of direct action campaigns to continue and flourish, we need people who are not directly involved to offer much needed support. Here are some ideas, some of which have already been mentioned but they can be stressed over and over again.

You likely know someone who is involved in illegal actions. Help to maintain their security. How? By not asking them questions such as "Where are you going?" or "where have you been?" By not talking about these people to your friends or strangers, casually, over the phone, or otherwise. By refusing to answer questions about them posed to you by anyone, either a close friend or the fbi. By opening your door to them when they need a place to crash, no questions asked. By offering them money when they come through town, because they need it, and their sources are few and far between. Like I said be-

fore, money is the main issue as far as support for an underground life and for continued actions is concerned. If you've got a job, consider putting away a set amount each month to support the underground. You may not know anyone now who is in need but in all probability you will sometime in the future. Hit up your wealthy friends and relatives, and they don't need to know what it's for.

There are other things to start acquiring and stashing. Non-perishable food such as grains and canned goods will always be useful. Know anyone who works in a health food store or even a safeway? With the approach of world disorder, you yourself might just benefit from a well thought out survival plan. Aside from stashing food and money, you might also want to consider acquiring a gun and lots of ammo. Personally, I have no use for such things in 1994, but who's to say what might happen in 5 - 10 years. Every year it's getting harder to get a weapon for personal defense, so the smart thing to do would be to get that stuff now while you still can and simply stash it in one of those

army ammo boxes buried in a spot in a national forest or somewhere. I would suggest either a 9mm or 38 with as much ammo as you can afford. If you never need it, great! But if you do need to defend yourself in the future, you will be prepared.

The important thing to remember here is that there are people now, our friends, our brothers and sisters, who are, in 1994, on the run, avoiding police detection, trying to continue this struggle which we all believe in, carrying out actions for the Earth and the animals, and who are barely surviving and only just surviving due to the support, minimal though it is, and good will of some people and friends like you. Ideally, in my fantasy world, every one of you would immediately quit your jobs and your public lives and start your private underground life of activism and resistance. I know that won't happen, so the next best thing is for ya'll to start putting into place measures to support our comrades. Remember, we're out here on the front lines, and we need you! Let's support our troops!

Read the chapter on Security in eco-defense
Read the chapter on Security in eco-defense
Read the chapter on Security in eco-defense

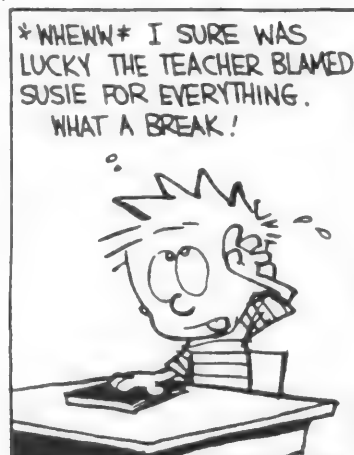
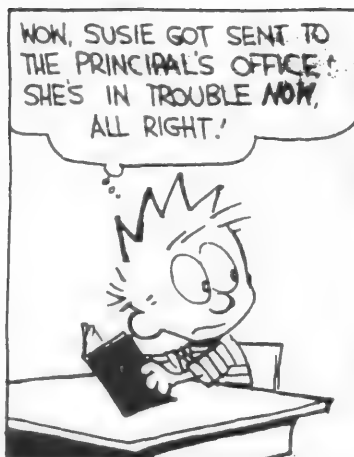


HELLO? HOW MUCH ARE YOUR POWER CIRCULAR SAWS? I SEE. AND YOUR ELECTRIC DRILLS? UH-HUH. HOW BIG OF A BIT WILL THAT HOLD? REALLY? GREAT.



..SORRY ABOUT THAT. DO YOU CARRY ACETYLENE TORCHES? OK, RING IT ALL UP. THIS WILL BE ON MASTERCARD.





HOW TO REPLACE YOUR LOST ID FROM SCRATCH — WHEN YOU'VE LOST EVERYTHING INCLUDING YOUR MIND, YOUR HOME, AND YOUR LIFE

Try to remember the year and month you were born in. Go to the library and get the newspaper microform for that month. Read through the birth notices until you find a name you like. Take down all the information listed in the notice. You probably won't get your father's middle name or your mother's name at all, but you might get her maiden name if the maternal grandparents are listed.

Go to the government office where you can replace your birth certificate (bc) and fill out the form as best you can. If the clerk asks for the missing information (if they care) just be prepared with a convincing story. "I don't remember my Dad's middle name." Or, "I never knew my mother."

Pay the nice cashier the fee and walk out with your replaced bc. Move to another state.

Buy an address at the mail box store, the kind with the friendly people who don't ask for i.d. "I've just moved here and lost my i.d. in the process. All I have is my bc, will that be okay?" sometimes works. Or you could have just forgotten your wallet and perhaps you can bring all that stuff in next time...

Mail yourself some letters to your new address. Use different handwritings and type on the envelopes. If you don't have the time, just find some used postage-stamp-cancelled letters and put mailing labels over the addresses and write and type in yours. Acquire a receipt book and write yourself out a rent receipt. Go to the government office where you can replace your SS card. Explain to the nice clerk how you've lost everything and all you have is your bc. She'll likely ask for something, anything else, like a bill or a rent receipt or "how about these letters, will they do?" They sure will!

After she processes your request, be sure to ask for a receipt which shows that you've applied for a replacement card. Make sure your number is written on it.

While you're in the office, fill out one of those requests for a Personal Earnings and Benefit Estimate Statement and mail it off. You might as well know how much money you're making.

Check out the driver's license/state id government office to see what they require for id. Sometimes just a bc and your SS number will do. Sometimes you need to get a library card in addition. Library cards are sometimes more difficult than d.l.s. It's good to have more than your bc, SSN receipt, rent receipt, and some letters.

Find one of those check cashing stores and get a photo i.d. How about a community center or health club membership card? Once you have your d.l. and SS card, you're almost a complete citizen again! You can't really work on the SSN or get a passport, but you can drive around and and be you as best you can!

THE WILD ONES FIGHT BACK: SOME THOUGHTS ON STRATEGY

By A. Mary Pranxter



We're at war. It's not a typical war, where all sides are fighting for power. No, we're fighting against power, against domestication. We don't want to rule anything, we just want to live wild and free. Unfortunately, there's a whole damn civilization trying to keep us from doing so. And we haven't been fighting this civilization very well.

Some of us beg it for table scraps with our petitions, giving it our names and addresses. Some of us go out in big herds, marching in line, chanting slogans, carrying signs and "demanding" that our enemies do what we want. Some of us publicly and peacefully ("civilly") disobey the law in order to get arrested. Occasionally, some of us get into pitched battles with the cops which all too often seem staged and futile, since they are a one time thing with little chance of becoming full-fledged insurrection.

We have been very visible in foolish ways, excessively organized and very serious -- and we've been botching it. If we were interested in gaining power rather than destroying it, then visibility, organization and seriousness would be just what we need. But since we are out to destroy power, then invisibility, apparent randomness, and playfulness are much better weapons.

We know who the powers are that are trying to destroy all wildness; if we are at all aware, we know what they're doing and where they're doing it. In sabotaging their activity, we can't give them this same advantage. We need to be invisible. We aren't interested in publicity. We are interested in -- at least temporarily -- fucking up the domesticating activities of our target.

If the target can be hit in such a way as to make an explanation unnecessary, that's ideal. Should there seem to be a need for explanation, let the graffitied message either be very specific to that one situation or so general as to be untraceable. It's best not to do frequent repetition of the same graffiti in association with more intense forms of sabotage. And don't forget that an imaginative graffiti campaign may itself be effective in at least getting people to think.

Illegal activities for sabotaging the mega-machine should be done anonymously, not under the name of any group which gives the police a handle for investigation and the media the beginning of an image which they can effectively manipulate. The problems caused by the association of monkeywrenching with Earth First! and with the names of certain individuals should be quite obvious after the arrests of the Arizona Four (later to become the Arizona Five). Where no definable group exists, infiltration becomes quite difficult.

If we choose to write about these things, it's best to do so either in very general ways, as in this article, or in purely speculative terms, and never to use any name that is normally associated with ourselves.

Another worthwhile skill to develop is the ability to act in an apparently random way. Demonstrations, civil disobedience, even most battles with the cops are well-ordered activities. In some sense, they are orchestrated by the very forces we are fighting, because in these acts we are fighting on the enemies' terrain; we are

merely reacting to them. Our acts of sabotage need not be this way. We can strike targets when they least expect it, when they think they're off the hook. There is no need to be systematic, at least not from the perspective of our enemies with their rigid militaristic mindsets.

This life-destroying civilization surrounds us, and targets are everywhere, so there's no need to act only in reaction to its more heinous crimes against wildness. We can choose our targets with a certain level of playfulness and spontaneity; we can begin to have some control over the terrain of this struggle. By becoming a random, chaotic factor in the highly ordered and increasingly uniform world of civilization, we take the offensive. In little ways, we start to chip away at the foundations of civilization, to undermine it and help towards its collapse.

Though invisibility is essential to our illegal activities, it's no fun to extend it to the rest of our lives. Who wants to spend most of their time pretending to be a mindless slug who embraces their own domestication, or staying underground. I sure as hell don't! The only time we need to maintain invisibility is while taking illegal action. The rest of the time we can visibly be wild and playful pranksters.

Authority always takes itself seriously; what better way to undermine it than to make fun of it? If we can learn to constantly confront the forces of domestication with playful mockery and wild laughter -- even our own tendencies toward domestication -- we will be exposing it's ugliness in the best way possible and we'll be having fun while doing it. Wherever we confront domestication -- from the religious and political fanatics spouting their dogmas, to shopping malls full of mindless consumers -- we can learn to spontaneously transform the situation, playfully creating spur of the moment, surreal guerilla theatre that undermines the domestication process.

We live best when we live in this world as wild and merry pranksters, playfully mocking civilization and those who unquestioningly accept it. To dance, play, laugh, to avoid work as much as possible and steal from the rich and powerful, to undermine authority and domestication every chance we get: this is the life we choose. Unseen by our enemies, we do whatever we can to fuck up the workings of the mega-machine with an apparent randomness that confounds their orderly plans. It is the return of the repressed, our wildness springing forth to undermine the forces of domestication.



BLANK WALLS

=

BLANK MINDS

GRAFFITI

SMOKE RINGS BLOWN INTO THE NIGHT

Monkeywrenching is a direct outgrowth of guerrilla war theory — and the successful guerrilla is the one who returns to fight again and again.

If I was sitting around a wilderness campfire with a few old friends, smoking a good cigar, and musing about the future of monkeywrenching in the most general of terms, I might say to George and Bonnie that monkeywrenchers who don't want to get caught and who want to be as effective as possible should . . .

1) MONKEYWRENCH ALONE OR WITH FEW AND ABSOLUTELY TRUSTED PARTNERS. While a partner or partners can increase a monkeywrencher's effectiveness, enable her or him to take on bigger and more heavily guarded targets, and sometimes practice better security, most monkeywrenching can be safely done by one person. Moreover, if they operate alone, ecodefenders need not worry about partners with loose lips, infiltration by informers or agents provocateurs, or betrayal by weak-kneed compatriots trying to save their own skins. If one chooses to practice ecotage with partners, however (and we must recognize that as social critters, we generally want to do things with friends), there should be no doubt as to their trustworthiness. If they work with others, mature monkeywrenchers work only with those to whom they trust their lives, for that is what is being entrusted. The number of people involved should be the absolute minimum necessary.



Edward Abbey contemplating the bust of Thoreau.

2) AVOID SPORTING "HAYDUKE LIVES" BUMPERSTICKERS OR PATCHES. Any conservationist bumpersticker may mark one as a suspect in some rural areas. Careful ecoteurs may even try camouflage—an American flag decal or NRA sticker. Non-monkeywrenchers like myself should continue to brandish "I'd Rather Be Monkeywrenching" bumperstickers.

3) KEEP THEIR MOUTHS SHUT. Ecoteurs should talk to *no one* about their exploits. If they do brag to anyone, they should at least avoid mentioning anyone else with whom they have monkeywrenched. They should never incriminate anyone under any circumstances!

A little-appreciated danger of telling others (particularly trusted friends) about one's exploits is that they might be called before a grand jury. If they are offered immunity from prosecution, they cannot invoke their Fifth Amendment rights, and can be forced to testify about what they know about other people. If they refuse, they can be jailed. If they lie to save a friend, they can be convicted of perjury and imprisoned. Monkeywrenchers should never put a friend in the position of having to go to jail to keep from incriminating them.

4) AVOID THE USE OR POSSESSION OF ILLEGAL DRUGS. The use of illegal drugs has several problems for monkeywrenchers: a) if arrested for monkeywrenching, drugs add to the likelihood of their being denied bond, being convicted, and receiving prison sentences; b) being involved both with monkeywrenching and drugs doubles an individual's chances of being arrested; c) the federal government is engaged in a massive crackdown against drugs (it can be argued that the purpose of the current anti-drug campaign is to create the public support and apparatus for a more authoritarian state) and the use of drugs may place one under surveillance which may uncover ecotage activities. If monkeywrenchers are serious warriors for Earth, they will not do anything that may draw attention to themselves or jeopardize their operations.

. . . of course, these are just maunderings around the fire, smoke rings blown into the night air, desultory accompaniments to the hooting of owls. The kind of casual talk you might have heard in a seedy Boston waterfront tavern in, say, 1773. . . .

It is wise, when you are starting, to go with (if you know any) experienced people and to start gradually. The odd spot of superglue here, the hammer there, rather than blazing buildings everywhere. The best way to build up confidence is through successful actions, but don't become too foolhardy and begin to think "I can get away with anything" . . . you can, but only if you are careful.

"I am Strong, I am Angry"

A Letter from Darren Thurston

Greetings from within the machine. I've been accused of participating in the June 1, 1992, Animal Liberation Front action at the University of Alberta's Ellerslie Research Station, where 29 cats were liberated and \$100,000 damage was done to the facility. After being charged with the U of A liberation, I was also charged with nine additional counts related to five previous ALF actions in Edmonton during 1991 and 1992. Grant Horwood was also arrested and charged with the U of A liberation. He had his charges stayed at his preliminary trial on November 12, 1992, due to lack of evidence. At my preliminary trial, January 11-14, 1993, Grant refused to take the stand and testify. The judge has ordered him to appear at my trial. If Grant refuses he may face jail time himself. At the end of my preliminary trial I had three of my charges dropped and was ordered to stand trial on the remaining charges.

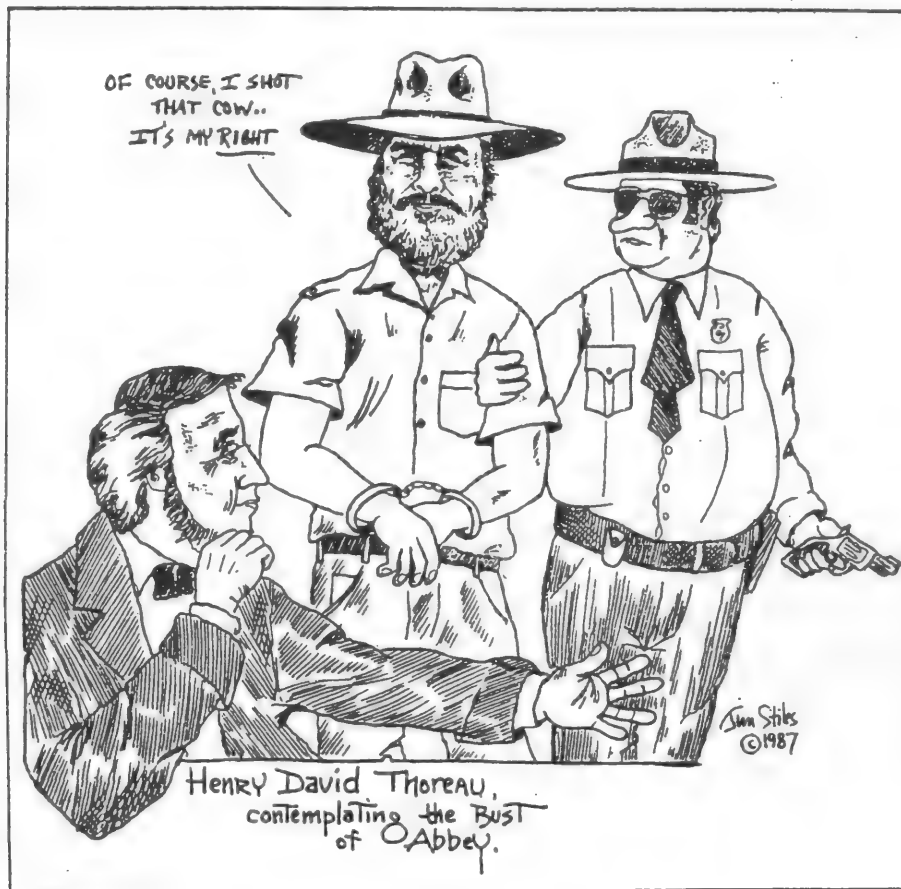
Our so-called "just-us" system has kept me caged much like my animal sisters and brothers for the last

three hundred and thirty-six days. Denied bail now six times on the grounds that I am a "threat to society"! Oblivious to the fact that I have no previous criminal record, and whatever happened to "innocent until proven guilty"? Although the real issue here is not whether I am "guilty" of the charges, the important question is: why is non-violent action in defense of living beings that are imprisoned and scheduled to be tortured and killed a crime? Why are the vivisectors allowed to roam free while activists working for those that cannot help themselves are jailed? What are the real crimes here?

My beliefs were strong before and now they're even stronger. Stronger than the concrete and steel cages where they try to break us. My tears have dried up. I am strong, I am angry. Sisters and brothers this is a plea, one that you have heard others speak lately. Now is the time to rejoin the wild. Go forth and find your roots, be at one with the eagle, cougar and black bear. Forget your placards, signatures and speeches. For the few that have the strength, the time is here... direct action in defense of Mother Earth. Run free, move fast. Life underground. Be silent, be strong.

Fighting the good fight,

DARREN THURSTON



DON'T GET CAUGHT

Below are some precautions to bear in mind if you are going out on an action. It is by no means a definitive list, and precautions used obviously depend on the type of action being undertaken and the conditions at the time. It is simply a list of things which have been brought to our attention during our experiences. Don't let the extent of the list put you off--much of it is common sense, and for that there is no substitute.

1. Always wear gloves to avoid leaving incriminating fingerprints. Wipe clean ALL equipment to be used beforehand, even if you do not intend leaving it, as things can be dropped or forgotten in the heat of the moment (white spirit is best for removing fingerprints, simply rubbing will not thoroughly remove them.)

2. If equipment is easily replaceable (hammer, paint, box of matches, etc.), it may be better to leave it at the scene of the action (non-fingerprinted of course), rather than risk being stopped with it on the way home.

3. Dress to suit the occasion. Don't go out with a big @ sprayed on the back of your black jacket or a button that says "Eat the Rich!"

4. Try to avoid carrying equipment late at night. If possible, hide it near the target/s beforehand - and make sure it is somewhere where no-one will find it and wait for you to pick it up.

5. Avoid telling everyone in a three mile radius what you are going to do. (e.g. do NOT discuss the action in a bar. Loose talk costs lives!)

6. Think carefully about the time it is to be done. Bear in mind closing hours, security patrols, etc.

7. Be on the lookout for cameras (e.g. town centres, major roads, large premises, obvious targets). If you cross their gaze, dress in unidentifiable clothing (destroy them afterwards) and cover your face.

8. Always prepare an escape route and know it well. Alternatives are also a good idea, in case anything goes wrong. If you can, check that your escape route is clear beforehand.



9. Depending on the target, it may be advisable to do a dummy run (without equipment) to check that no-one has got wind of what you are going to do and is waiting to catch you red-handed. This dummy run can also help you to get familiar with the target and mentally prepared for the actual action, as well as allowing you to work out the best time, places to hide, escape routes, equipment dumps, etc.

10. Empty your pockets before going out: the less there is the less there is to drop. Avoid carrying ID.

11. It is well advisable to have a story ready in case you are stopped before or afterwards (e.g. visiting friends, coming back from the bar, etc.)

12. Wash or destroy any clothing which may hold valuable forensic evidence after the action (e.g. glass splinters in jacket, petrol stains on trousers, shoe print in soil, etc.)

13. Think carefully about disguising yourself beforehand: it will help you to stand out less and avoid the chance of recognition. Wigs, glasses, beards and moustaches can drastically alter one's facial appearance (make sure that any obvious scars/tattoos are well covered up (eg with makeup)) and wear different clothes than you normally do.

14. It pays to be prepared for any bad weather or electrical blackouts. Such chance happenings can easily be used to your own benefit. Fog is ideal, rain can muffle sound, diminish visibility, decrease surveillance and give you an excuse if caught running ("I didn't want to get drenched, honest, officer.")

15. Don't be predictable - always be imaginative -- try to think what they think you will do and then do the opposite.

16. Make sure your house is clean before you go out (and at all times). Don't keep souvenirs (i.e. negatives of photos, originals of communiques, anything from the site or any easily traceable tools).

17. If you are going to do a press release, make sure that you disguise your voice over the phone, use a phone well away from where you live and don't stay on it too long. If you send in a letter, make sure it is completely untraceable to you (fingerprints, writing--each persons' writing is individual and can be traced, and so can typewriters), postmark, etc.)

18. Be very careful about who you tell what you have done -- it is best to tell no-one. If you do tell anyone, be careful about where you tell them: the police have been known to bug whole houses as well as phones.

Although this might seem to be a mighty long list, never forget that YOUR PERSONAL FREEDOM IS AT STAKE. But remember that the vast majority of direct action is successful and no-one gets caught... yet thoroughly prepare beforehand and be very careful.

Good luck and don't get caught!

--from Snarl, a pamphlet available from Leeds ALF, Box 8, 59 Cookridge St., Leeds, UK.

What to do if you get stopped by the police

The legal system in the US is one arm of the octopus we call "the System." It was designed by and is used for the benefit of those who control the society. It was not designed to protect the "rights" of those who oppose capitalism or business as usual.

Because of various historical accidents, there are aspects of the law that, at least in theory, protect individual "liberties." The law presumes, however, that everyone knows what these protections are and if you don't know what they are, it is very easy to "waive" these rights. Therefore, in the interest of giving us all an equal chance when we're confronted by the cops, here are some thoughts on the law of police stops and searches.

This article is based on how things are supposed to be "in theory." The reality is that police can and will do anything they want out on the street. And they won't hesitate to lie about it later on.

But some cops are worse than others and a lot of them may treat you differently if they think you know your rights. The police depend on fear and intimidation to get what they want. Don't let them get away with more than they are allowed to because of fear.

If you run into a really bad cop, talking back to him and standing up for your rights might get you beaten up or killed, so be careful about the realistic limits of "the law" and of your rights in America. The cops are perhaps the most dangerous members of our society so pay attention when you talk to them.

What if I get stopped by the cops?

When a police officer stops you on the street, the law says that the stop will fall into one of 3 categories: consensual contact, detention and arrest. Which one you're in determines how badly they can fuck with you.

At one end is a "consensual contact." This means that the officer comes up to you and says "can I speak with you?" If you say "yes", you have consented to have contact with the police. That is very bad. The result of such "consent" is that you won't have various "rights" under the Constitution.

ESPECIALLY if you think you may be guilty of something (you have a warrant out on here, you are carrying drugs, you just did something illegal), NEVER consent to talk to a police officer. This sounds backward. The normal impulse when confronted with a cop is to be polite and try to convince them that you aren't doing anything. If you follow such an impulse, you are unlikely to actually convince the officer and if the cop gets you on something, you won't be able to get out of it later on in court. Never voluntarily talk to the police!

If you don't think you are guilty of anything, it still isn't a good idea to consensually talk to the cop. You never know how the conversation will end up. And if people figure "well, I'm not guilty of anything so I'll let the police stop me and ask me a few questions now and then, the police state will be on the march. Further it will encourage the idea that people who don't want to talk to the police have something to hide.

How do I avoid consensual contact?

If the cop asks "can I talk to you", say something like "I'm sorry, I'm in a hurry and I don't have time to talk to you right now." If the cop insists, ask him "Are you detaining me? Am I free to leave?"

Ask this several times to make sure the cop will have a hard time lying and saying you didn't mention it later on if you get to court. If it is really a consensual contact, the officer ought to let you go on your way if you ask to go. If you don't actually verbally ask to leave, the court will presume that you consented to whatever follows.

Police detentions

The next category of citizen/police contact is called a detention. The police are only allowed to detain a citizen when there are "specific and articulable facts supporting suspicion" that you are involved in criminal activity.

This means that they can't detain you on a "hunch." "Specific and articulable facts" (SAF) means that the police must have observed something about your behavior and character that links you with specific criminal activity. If the police detain you without specific SAF, the detention is illegal and whatever they obtain as a result of the detention (evidence or arrest) cannot be used against you in court.

How does this all work in practice?

Suppose the police stop you because it is late at night, you are walking around the city, "you look at them funny", look "strange" or are homeless or the wrong color.

The officer says "Excuse me, may I talk to you?" You say alright. You have just consented to talk to the police. If the officer notices after talking to you for awhile that you have spraypaint on your finger or wheatpaste on your clothing, or notices a bulge in your coat, the officer can find cause to detain you and could eventually arrest you.



If, however, you said "no, I have to go" the officer is supposed to let you go because he or she doesn't have SAF that you are involved in criminal activity just because you look funny and it is nighttime. The courts have found all of the facts mentioned above insufficient to justify a detention.

If the cop says "well, you can't go" or otherwise detains you, then if they do find reason to arrest you, you may be able to avoid the penalty because the original detention was illegal. If the officer detains you and finds nothing, you should complain to the city, the "police review commission" in your town (if there is one) and you should let COPWATCH know about what happened (510-548-0425).

Often when you start throwing around terms like "detention" and "specific and articulable facts" the cop is going to lay off. A lot of the police's power is intimidation and the public's ignorance.

It is crucial that you let the officer know that you are not "consenting" to talk to them and that the only way you will talk to them is if they detain you.

There may be SAF in some circumstances. If you rob a bank wearing red pants and a string tie and are spotted 15 minutes later in those same clothes carrying a white money bag reported missing by the bank, the police will probably have SAF. There is nothing illegal about a police detention if they have SAF, but not just anything is a "specific and articulable fact" supporting suspicion that you are involved in criminal activity. The facts have to be very specific.

A lot of "police harassment" situations involve the police stopping people because they "look wrong" and then going on "fishing expeditions" looking for a valid reason to arrest which they didn't have at the beginning of the stop. Don't give the officer a chance to find anything out--"Just Say No."

What if the officer asks to search?

More serious than consensual contact and detention is an arrest. For an arrest, the police need a high level of suspicion of your involvement in criminal activity. If you are arrested, the police can search you as part of the arrest.

If the officer asks to search you without arresting you, you can say "no." The police have the right to search for weapons if they feel in danger of being attacked. They are not allowed to search people for other items. In a lot of other cases the police ask to search someone and obtain "consent" to search. Even though the search isn't justified, it will be legal because the citizen didn't object and therefore "consent" is presumed.

If the officer asks to search you or any of your property, tell them you don't have a weapon and ask if you are under arrest or if they have a warrant. If you aren't and they don't, tell them "I would rather not let you search." They may ask many times and seem to be acting with complete authority. Just Say No. You will not let them search you unless they arrest you or have a warrant, and you don't have a weapon.

If they search anyway and find something, you may be able to escape the penalty later in court. If the cop is obeying the law, they should leave you alone. The fact that you refused to be searched does not make you more "suspicious" and give them an excuse to search.

Of course as stated above, the police may ignore all of these laws and they may be less than polite and non-violent. When a cop gets out of control, deal with it carefully. But don't voluntarily consent to either a search or a detention.

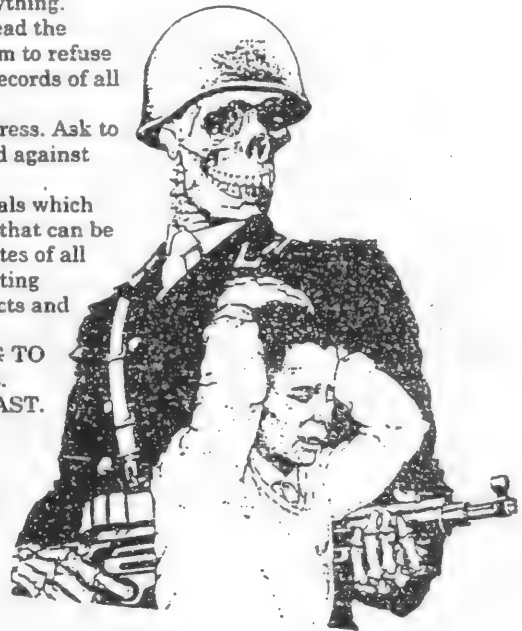
DON'T GIVE ME ANY NEW AGE BULLSHIT ABOUT HOW THE POLICE ARE HUMAN TOO AND THAT TO OPPOSE THEM JUST CREATES POLARITY!! IF YOU BELIEVE THAT SHIT THEN YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY NEVER SPENT TIME IN JAIL

BE PREPARED FOR THE COPS

Use the following guidelines should you be visited by a security agent of the state (Police, FBI, Secret Service, DEA, ATF, CIA, PU, ETC):

1. **DO NOT LET THEM IN.** You do not have to give your consent to any search of your house, car, or person, unless they have a warrant. Politely refuse and tell them to contact your lawyer. If you do consent to a search it can affect your rights later in court.
2. **IF THEY HAVE A SEARCH WARRANT** ask to see it. Make sure everything is perfect. If they conduct a search, watch them closely, and make sure they do not exceed the boundaries set by the warrant. Do not interfere with, or obstruct, the search--you can be arrested for it.
3. **SAY NOTHING.** You do not have to answer questions or identify yourself. It is not a crime to refuse to answer questions, even if they have a warrant, although it may make you appear suspicious. What you say to the police is always important, as it will be used against you and others. Politely refuse and tell them to contact your lawyer.
4. **DON'T BE INTIMIDATED.** Be polite but firm. They may pretend to have information. Let them rave, let them lie, let them make up stories. It means nothing. Do not try to outwit or question them. They may be stupid, but they are trained in how to obtain information. Even a bit of seemingly harmless information can help them and hurt you or others.
5. **KEEP CAREFUL RECORDS** of everything they say or do. Write down everything.
6. **LET OTHERS KNOW.** Don't go on the defense--get offensive. Go public. Spread the word. Alert others (friends, relatives, children, coworkers, everyone) and tell them to refuse to cooperate. Put out literature. Contact the media. Demonstrate. Keep careful records of all forms of harassment you and others experience.
7. **IF YOU ARE ARRESTED** tell the police nothing besides your name and address. Ask to see a lawyer immediately. Do not talk without one. Anything you say can be used against you or others. Make no decisions about your case until you have talked to one.
8. **IF YOU ANTICIPATE TROUBLE** do not carry address books or any materials which may help the authorities. Be careful with drugs, traffic tickets, and other things that can be used against you. Establish security procedures within your group. Keep duplicates of all important materials in a safe place. Keep in mind the state is not beyond fabricating charges or using extralegal means, so prepare emergency and contingency contacts and plans, be security conscious, and stay alert.

**REMEMBER THAT THE AUTHORITIES ARE NOT ABOVE GOING TO
GREAT LENGTHS TO SQUELCH SUBVERSIVE TENDENCIES.
KNOW YOUR ENEMY AND LEARN FROM MISTAKES OF THE PAST.
AND REMEMBER - YOU ARE NOT ALONE.**



FBI? JUST SAY "NO"

By Julia Swanson

The FBI campaign against radical environmentalism continues. They work by contacting friends and relatives of activists as well as eco-activists themselves. Here's one Earth First!er's description of the way they work: two agents knock at your door, identify their affiliation with the FBI, and say "they just want to talk to you." When you say you don't have anything to say, they say they have "just a few questions" and gently enter your home. One agent will question you, while the other makes mental notes about your personal belongings: what do you wear, what mail do you receive and under what name, what books are you reading, etc. At this point, anything you say can be used against you or an acquaintance.

Here's what to do: refuse to answer any questions. You are not legally obligated to cooperate with an FBI investigation. They rely on your ignorance of your rights in getting you to talk to them. When they persist in asking you to give them an opportunity to question you, keep saying "no". Don't play verbal games with them: they're pros at this game; you're not. Also, it is a federal offense to lie to an FBI agent if you do choose to talk to them. If they step in your house, firmly but politely ask them to step outside. Repeat as necessary. You may, if you like, obtain their business cards and tell them your attorney will talk to them. You do not have to tell them your attorney's name.



Cops are Fucked - Up
Humans

Pigs are our friends * Cops are Not

Pigs mind their own business * Cops do Not

Pigs have curly tails * Cops have GUNS

Pigs defecate Freely * Cops are anal-retentive

Pigs grunt with Joy * Cops grunt with Aggression

Pigs are maligned by cultural stereotypes * Cops are glorified by corporate media

Pigs are highly intelligent * Cops are known to possess a certain small cunning but are not generally characterized as intelligent

Pigs Are Self-Respecting Animals



Definitions

Perjury, N. A common leisure time activity of policemen.

Reasonable Force, N. A police term which refers to a vicious beating or unwitnessed murder. The exact meaning, however, will vary considerably depending upon the victim's race and economic status.

GENERAL TRACES

FINGERPRINTS

The science of fingerprint examination is called *dactyloscopy*. We are born with our fingerprints, and we'll never be able to change them or get rid of them. Whenever you touch something with your fingers you leave behind your calling card. The police will have a varying degree of difficulty in reproducing your prints depending on the surface upon which it lies. Obviously surfaces such as glass, marble, chrome etc. will be the easiest, whilst it is almost impossible to lift prints from brickwork or untreated wood. A fingerprint is basically the fatty, acidic residue left on a surface in the exact shape of the ridge lines of your fingertips. Because a fingerprint is composed of sweat, which is an acid, in some instances it will etch itself onto metal. This is most likely to occur with crowbars, hammers, chisels, etc. and can be erased by rubbing down said tools with coarse wire wool after use. The police are continually perfecting their methods of print detection, because they are such a foolproof piece of personal identity. They can take prints from skin (if they really try), from tightly woven fabrics, especially synthetic ones, and paper.

To convict, the police need to show 12 matching features of a fingerprint. In practice, these can be found on just one square centimeter of skin area. Fingerprints are fairly hard to destroy, and even immersion in water will not do the job completely, so if you are going to throw something over the bridge, don't forget to wipe it down first. Unless an object is totally consumed, fire is also not a sure method of erasing prints, as a layer of carbon can cover them, and keep them recognisable. The older a print becomes, the harder it is to reproduce, although, in theory, it will last forever, as long as it has not been disfigured. Fingerprints are kept on the PNC in the form of encoded data, and as such, do not need to be visually checked to be found to match. A specialist will analyse the fingerprint and turn it into a series of four digit numbers. These numbers are then entered into the PNC, which will return the location of any matching fingerprints held by the Fingerprint Bureau at New Scotland Yard. These matches will be examined further in detail to see if any of the candidates presented by the PNC exactly matches those found at the scene of crime. The PNC fingerprint index is used roughly 300,000 times a year. A new system of fingerprint recognition has been developed which involves *hyper-computers*, and which can visually translate a single print into unique and complex computer data, thus making positive I.D. from a partial found print possible. This system is not yet in use, but should be in a few years.

The police show a great deal of interest in everyone's prints, to the extent that babies are now being fingerprinted at birth in some countries, in case they should get 'lost'. How touching! In the station, the police will always try and take your prints. Since the introduction of the Criminal Evidence Act, they have more or less complete freedom to do so, without having to go to a magistrate anymore. In theory, it is possible to smudge or blur our fingerprints. One way is to leave plenty of soap on your hands, after you've been made to wash them, and another is to try and 'help' the police. The idea is that you relax your fingers while they roll them over the sheet. If you apply too much pressure, or slide about a bit, you might smudge a couple. On the other hand, they might just tear them up and start again, or even tear you up and start again!

GLOVE TRACES

Although it is always wiser to wear gloves to avoid the risk of leaving any fingerprints behind, we should be aware that gloves can sometimes leave just as much information. Basically, gloves will almost certainly leave traces of the fabric from which they are made on anything they touch, especially broken glass, fencing, masonry, and rough wood. If gloves are not thrown away after use, then positive links can be made in the form of textile analysis. Plastic gloves, rubber gloves will keep your prints on the inside and some very thin surgical gloves will still allow your print impressions to show up on hard or shiny surfaces. If your discarded gloves are found, then traces of your sweat will be present (see Body Secretion Traces), as well as companion traces such as wood splinters, paint flakes, glass splinters, etc from the scene of crime. Remember also that you are going to look dead suspicious if you are found wearing gloves in mild weather, or even if you have them in your possession, especially if there is more than one of you, and you are all wearing them.

BLOOD TRACES

I can think of several instances where blood may be spilt, and for this reason it makes sense to know as much about it as possible. Blood is very hard to get rid of once it has got on you or on your clothing. Even dry cleaning will not remove it thoroughly. Should you be near to someone who has been punched in the nose or stabbed, you will be covered in a fine spray of blood droplets.

A forensic scientist can detect, retrieve and examine the minutest traces of blood, and the amount of information to be gathered depends on the circumstances. In the laboratory a fresh, warm pint of blood can show the type, the sex of the donor, any illnesses peculiar to the donor, any drugs or medication taken recently. In practice, however, the smaller the quantity and the older the sample, the harder the task. Importantly, a blood sample cannot be proved to be positively yours, although it can be proven that it isn't.

A new development in the examinations has just been made in Britain and it is rather worrying. It is called 'genetic fingerprinting' and has been perfected by a private company but has already been used once by the police. The use of this method in blood sample examination is supposed to be able to positively identify a person from a matching blood sample. It seems as if it will be several years before this is in general use, but it is the shape of things to come.



GLASS TRACES

Definitely one of the most important areas of forensics for people like us to know about. Every time that glass is smashed tiny shards of the stuff fly everywhere. For practical purposes it is wisest to assume that anyone even remotely near to breaking glass is covered in the stuff. It sticks to things like shit to a blanket, especially loose fibred cloth, such as woolen hats. The only way to get rid of it is to throw away anything that you may have been wearing. Glass also likes to get embedded in the soles of shoes. The police can identify different makes and types of glass, and therefore can put you at a certain place at a certain time. Fine, broken glass powder will stick to the smooth surfaces of tools, and fibres from your clothing will stick to the sharp edges of broken glass. The best way to break glass without covering yourself in traces is from a very long distance, using a powerful slingshot and marbles, or for toughened bank windows, steel ball bearings. Both ball bearings and marbles retain your prints well! Or why not try glass etching fluid? You can get it in craft shops, and with it you can write a message on a window that can never be removed, bar replacing the whole thing. N.B. In certain hard hit towns you have to sign for etching fluid, and in some instances shopkeepers report sales to the police.

DUST TRACES

For the police to convict you on the basis of dust traces takes a great deal of work on their part, involving painstaking work with powerful microscopes. The composition of dust in your clothes can tell them where you may have been (e.g. a metal foundry) and at what time of the year (by identifying the spores of seasonal plants). By just washing your clothes thoroughly you can get rid of most of these traces, but as always, the safest thing is to ditch them. It is unusual, though not unknown for the police to use dust traces to convict. These traces are more useful as a last resort for clues, when other avenues have failed. They are chiefly used to find out where and for how long something has been; e.g. guns, bodies, stolen goods.

In brief, the investigation of these traces is only likely to come up in a serious case, and should you start to worry about traces this tiny, then paranoia is taking over from sensible precaution. If the police threaten to use them against you, then it indicates that they most likely have nothing better to go on.

ARSON AND FIRE TRACES

The assumption that evidence is destroyed by fire is incorrect. The Fire Investigation Unit will turn up if the origins of a fire are suspicious. They possess a large degree of skill and are able to determine the flashpoint of a fire and what caused it, (electrical fault, cigarette, candle, spontaneous combustion, deliberate arson etc). They also can tell the flammable substance which was used to start the fire (gasoline, paraffin, tallow, paper, etc.).

Chemicals used to start a fire will almost automatically end up on the person and clothing of the person(s) who started it.

TOOL TRACES

In much the same way that a bullet will retain scratches from the barrel of the gun from which it was fired, then tools such as chisels, pliers, bolt cutters, knives, screwdrivers, etc, will leave identifying marks at the scene of an investigation. These marks can be matched to the tool at a later date using comparison or stereo microscopes. Most obviously, the shear marks on a cut padlock can be linked to the cutters that were used on the job. If the same pair of boltcutters has been going the rounds, and you find yourself nicked with it, then you might find yourself being held responsible for any number of previously unsolved 'crimes'. If such tools have been used to break into the Ministry of Defence, then it is courting disaster to hold on to them. For less dodgy instances, the working edges of tools can be given a new 'face' by filing or re-sharpening, but only if the tool is in good condition, and not badly pitted or scarred. Tools are not only made of metal: objects such as robe, string, tape, etc, are just as incriminatory, and lend themselves to comparative analysis.

SHOE TRACES

There are thousands of styles and sizes of footwear and each one is distinctive, even more so when it has been worn for a while and picked up individual marks of wear and tear. Basically, a clear footprint is as useful to a forensic expert as a fingerprint. However, you can always throw away your shoes!

On hard surfaces, such as lino or marble, shoe prints will be left behind. On soft surfaces, such as mud, earth, dog shit, etc, shoe impressions will be left behind. From these marks identification can be made, and are watertight evidence if a comparison is made. The only sensible thing to do is to wear old shoes and to throw them a long way away immediately afterwards. Shoes will also carry traces away with them, such as oil, petrol, glass splinters and other such giveaways. Don't wear them in your home.

Tracker dogs will be able to follow the smell from your shoes, but not for more than 10 to 12 hours afterwards, and then only in favourable conditions. Roads that smell of exhaust fumes, petrol and rubber will mask your smell. The best conditions for tracker dogs are unspoilt meadows during moist and cool weather.

TEXTILE TRACES

There is not a lot to say about these traces that is not common sense....just think of your clothing as blotting paper that will soak up incriminating evidence like crazy! Dust, soil, chemicals, blood, petrol, paint, the list is endless. Clothing will also leave behind particles of their fabric, and as with gloves, will leave impressions should you sit or lean on anything soft. Traces of fibre and debris from your own environment will be carried by your clothes and left at scene. For instance, the fibres from your sofa, carpet, car furnishing, etc, will be carried by your trousers (say), and may be left wherever you go. To circumvent this, wear old clothes, and discard them afterwards. Remember, if you wear them back home, you will also be carrying back traces from wherever you may have been.

WHO'S WATCHING WHO?

Just because you're paranoid doesn't mean that they're not watching, and while there's no point walking round with your head over your shoulder the whole time, it is worth knowing who's likely to be watching you, for what reasons and when.

ARE YOU BEING FOLLOWED?

When the police follow you on foot, they operate in teams of three or over, all in radio contact, and coordinated from a station or car. They can be very hard to spot, because if one of them thinks that you have seen him/her they will drop behind and let another take over. Always when being followed, the way to flush a tail is to do something illogical, such as jump on a bus and then jump off immediately. Who follows you? Go up an up escalator, then come down again. Take a lift up and down. Cross a road twice. Use a subway twice. Take a route on the tube that is more complicated than necessary. Change lines too often. There is no reason for anyone else to do these things unless they are following you. You could have a friend follow you at a distance over a prearranged route, to see if they can see anyone else following. Geddit? To lose a tail, head for very crowded places, such as the underground, shopping centres, high streets, department stores, etc and try and slip in and out of crowds and exits.

In a car the same things applies. Car tails are often done in a 'box', whereby three or four cars will follow ahead, behind and parallel to you, so that although you may not see them, they will always be where you want to go. Going round a roundabout more than once or taking four consecutive left or right turns is the classic method of telling if you are being tailed. Whether on foot or in a car the ideal situation is to get to somewhere isolated so that anyone tailing you will stick out like a sore thumb. Long, empty roads, or areas of parklands for instance.

RAIDS

When the police or the special branch raid, it is very often on a 'fishing trip', they will painstakingly sift through your letters, address books, mailing lists, phone books, photo albums, etc and copy and cross reference them. They will try to establish 'friendship networks'.....who knows who, it is best to have any material of this sort hidden somewhere safe and imaginative, and it is also good to get into the habit of keeping things like home-grown, catapults, dodgy I.D.'s etc, stashed. Basically, probably every home in the country has something illegal in it, whether an overdue library book, a fiddled meter or a 2 inch grass plant. It would be silly to get nicked for something this small, as it gives them some leverage against you. If you are raided, try to keep your eyes on the police at all times, and thoroughly search any rooms that they've been left in on their own, for bugs perhaps, but more likely for drugs planted so that they can come back later and nick you. Tell any friends that are in your address/phone book in case they get a visit as well. Stay calm and collected while the police are there, and don't let them intimidate you. Tell them you're sure they're in the wrong house, be up in arms about the invasion of privacy

BLEND IN AND GET AWAY

It's a good idea to listen to police radio transmissions and get used to the way they operate. Most importantly, how they look for someone, and how they phrase descriptions. If you're running away and they're after you, your description will be put over the radio to cars and foot patrols. Firstly, you will be an 'IC' number, which denotes your racial category (see 'Radio Speak'). Then your approximate height, age, hair colour and clothes will be given, and anything you may be carrying. Obviously, the police are alert to anyone running or appearing in a hurry or nervous. If possible, RELAX and try and make your way towards other people. You're safest in a crowd. Try to appear as if you are going about legitimate business. A suit, tie or smart clothes/haircut etc works wonders. After daylight you can pin the collar of a dark suit up around your neck and you will be covered by the night. If anyone comes along, simply let your collar down to reveal a white shirt and tie. It's amazing what a suit will let you get away with. You can carry a briefcase or a clipboard. You have to appear to belong in the area where you are. A punk in a business centre and a suit in the slums are obviously conspicuous. Working clothes e.g. donkey jacket, overalls, etc give you an air of legitimacy. A white coat could make you a lab technician/butcher/baker etc. These clothes or overalls can be taken off and discarded to immediately change your appearance. It is important to be able to change your outward look in a short time or to be indistinguishable from the people around you. To help change how about a reversible jacket? A hat pulled out of a pocket. What you've been wearing under your overalls. The intention is to look inconspicuous (i.e. drab). Dark trousers or blue jeans are the most common. A dark, neutral top; brown, black, navy, grey. Bright colours make you stand out. A radio description of you will mention these. Not many people were red trousers or luminous socks, for example. Try and see what makes people stick out in a crowd, and see if you can copy the people who blend in.

When trying to get away from a situation, it is always imperative to know the area beforehand. Where are the nearest tube entrances, shopping centres, places you can get lost in the sea of people. Which roads can you go down. Any dead ends? How will you get away. A motorbike can get through traffic like a knife through butter.

A bicycle can go places where even a police car can't go, over railway bridges, down a tube station, subways, over parks, etc, etc, and they're very quiet! Pick what is best for the situation.



Focus on Forensics

Latent Shoeprint Analysis

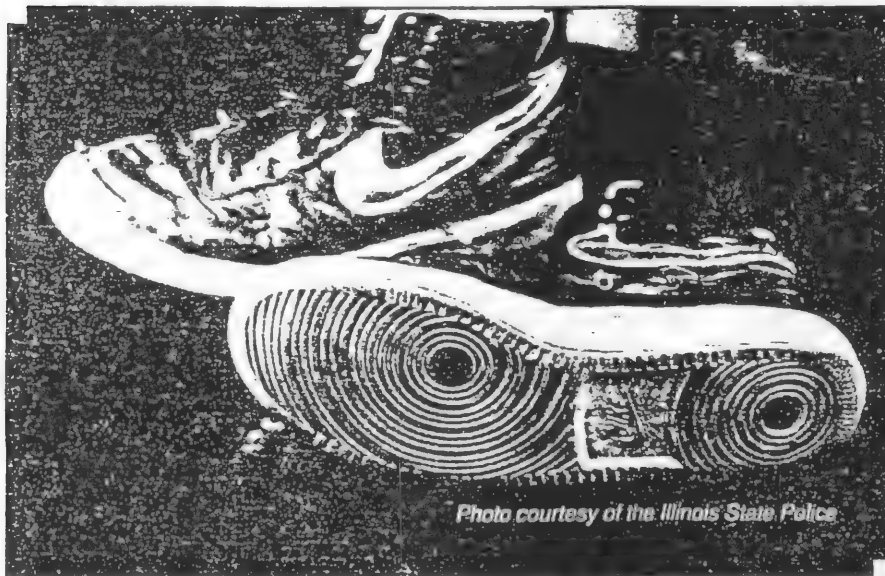


Photo courtesy of the Illinois State Police

For decades, fingerprints have provided investigators invaluable clues to establish the identity of criminals. Yet, another type of print impression that could be just as valuable has been widely overlooked. Latent shoe prints exist in almost all interior crime scenes but are often ignored by investigators or destroyed by initial responders before the prints could be processed.

Latent shoe prints are impressions of shoe treads left by an individual on a surface. While these prints cannot be seen by the naked eye, they can be revealed using standard fingerprint powders. Although investigators routinely search for visible shoe prints on

interior surfaces and shoe impressions in exterior crime scenes, they often overlook the existence of latent shoe prints.

Like fingerprints, latent shoe prints can be used to place a suspect at a crime scene. Though each shoe manufacturer produces hundreds of various styles of footwear with the same tread design, these identical prints quickly become unique through the owner's use. Wear will vary depending on individual walking styles and contact with different surfaces. Any scratch, nick or cut will result in points of comparison, making the shoe "one of a kind."

Most casual shoes have rubberized soles that, when exposed

to light amounts of moisture, react in a way similar to a finger leaving its mark on a surface. Vinyl linoleum, smooth tile, and painted floors provide the best surfaces for recovery of latent shoe prints.

Many of the same factors that are involved in lifting fingerprints are to be considered in recovering latent shoe prints. The surface must be smooth enough to reveal the characteristics of the soles. Temperature and weather conditions must be conducive to preservation of the impressions. And, like fingerprints, latent shoe prints are fragile and can be damaged if further contact is made after the print is placed. They can be easily altered or destroyed by first responders and curious bystanders; therefore, it is important to carefully secure the crime scene if recovery of the prints is to be successful.

Latent shoe prints have not been widely used in crime scene investigations. Although recovery of the prints depends on several unpredictable variables, they may yield valuable information and, therefore, should be considered a viable option for investigators.

LEB

Information for this column was provided by Dwain A. Pierce, Criminalistics Specialist, Police Department, Knoxville, Tennessee.

Surreptitious Recording of Suspects' Conversations

Whether in a prison cell, interrogation room, or the back seat of a police car, suspects left seemingly unattended with a co-conspirator, friend, or total stranger often seize the opportunity to discuss or lament their current predicament. Very often, incriminating statements are made. Law enforcement officers who put themselves in a position to hear and record suspects' conversations, either by planting a listening device or by posing as a co-conspirator, friend, or stranger, are apt to obtain very valuable incriminating evidence.

Of course, in any subsequent prosecution, the government is likely to be confronted with a vehement constitutional and statutory attack to the admissibility of such damaging evidence. Specifically, the defense will argue that the surreptitious recording of the suspect's conversation is a violation of the Sixth Amendment.

...not every custodial interrogation creates the psychologically compelling atmosphere that Miranda was designed to protect against.

As a result of the Supreme Court's decision in *Kuhlmann*, the mere placing of a recorder in a prison cell, interrogation room, or police vehicle will not constitute deliberate elicitation by the government. Instead, to raise a successful sixth amendment challenge, the defense has to show that someone acting on behalf of the government went beyond the role of a mere passive listener (often referred to by the courts as a "listening post") and actively pursued incriminating statements from the suspect.



Right to Counsel is Crime-Specific

Even if it can be established that the government deliberately elicited and recorded incriminating conversations from a suspect after the right to counsel had attached, a sixth amendment challenge to the admissibility of those recordings will not succeed if the conversations in question pertained to crimes with which the suspect had not yet been charged at the time of the recording. Because the sixth amendment is crime-specific, a suspect only has the right to the assistance of counsel with respect to the crimes formally charged

against him.²² Consequently, the surreptitious recording of a conversation with a formally charged suspect that pertains to some unrelated, uncharged offense, will not violate the sixth amendment, regardless of whether there is deliberate elicitation on the part of the government.

"Talkative people say many things in company which they deplore when alone."
—Antonio de Guevara

INTERROGATION NOTES

The following is excerpted from police academy notes on manipulating arrestees. If we read them "in reverse," perhaps we can better prepare for dealing with cops if and when we're arrested.

CONFESSIONS-WRITTEN STATEMENTS

On any case where your evidence is weak, or your individual connections to the violation are not strong, take a written statement. Many good cases have been lost because of: 1-No written statement, 2-Statement not taken right away. Put a single line through mistakes. Have suspect initial those; this proves he's read through, even if he refuses to sign.

QUESTIONING SUSPECTS

Treat suspect professionally (as a doctor) not over-friendly, but not too clinical. Be sure of yourself. State, "there has been considerable investigation in this case and it indicated you're not telling the truth." Avoid letting suspect indulge in repeated denials (reinforces him)-interrupt his denials. Direct your comments to "reasons why" rather than whether he did it. Don't let people draw power from titles, use first names. Point out some, but not all circumstantial evidence. Cut suspect off when he starts explaining the evidence.

Call attention to suspect's symptoms of guilt. A person who is led to believe that his appearance and demeanor are betraying him is much more vulnerable: 1-Pulsation of carteroid artery, 2-Excessive adams apple activity; 3-Looking at floor/ceiling instead of your eyes; 4-Swinging one leg over the other; 5-Foot wiggling; 6-Hand wringing; 7-Finger tapping; 8-Fingernail picking; 9-Fumbling with objects; 10-Dusting their clothes; 11-Scratching.

Remind him that he doesn't feel good inside. "Your mouth is dry, isn't it? Mouth full of cotton? That's because you're not telling the truth. The glands in your mouth that produce saliva are not functioning properly, they've just about quit. You can drink all the water your stomach can hold without getting any relief. There's only one remedy, tell the truth."

If suspect swears he's telling the truth, say "put your hand down, I'll know when you're telling the truth. The only reason you're swearing is that you know you're not telling the truth and you know I know it." The "Not that I remember" expressions - or "As far as I know" indicate half truths. Ask pertinent questions to get through the half truth.

Sympathize with the subject if possible, give him mental relief. Reduce guilt by minimizing the moral seriousness of the offense.



The Interrogation Begins

Once in a while various cops would come in the room and try to question me. I kept answering "no comment". A lady cop kept asking me where my car was. They kept saying my car would get towed if it was left where it was and that they wanted to move it to a safe place for me. (For those who don't get it, they wanted to search my car.) Here are some of the things I remember them saying:



Did you ever think about the people you are hurting? What about the workers who have nothing to do with this, and maybe even share your beliefs?

We don't want to see you locked up, we want to give you a chance here.

You're young. Do you really want to screw up the rest of your life?

I have a kid your age, and I'd hate to see him in trouble like this, so I wanna help you out.

If you just give us some information, we can get you right out of here and this will be over.

Just out of curiosity, how many people are in the group?

You're not only facing these charges, but we've got all these other incidents that happened that we can pin on you. These are other crimes that occurred where we picked you up (dropping reports in front of me). And we've got more from other locations.

We're not out to get you, we're here to help you out.

What are your parents going to say?

This is your only chance to help yourself.

You'd better watch yourself down in the toms.
You'd better be real careful down there with those people.
("Toms" are what they call central processing in NYC).

Do you like the Yankees? (I was wearing a Yankees hat. My no comment response here got them real mad. For those who don't know, if direct questioning doesn't work, they ask inane stuff to try to get you talking and slowly ease into the real questioning.)

What's this "no comment" stuff?
You sound like a machine.
Who programmed you?

Some other guys had shown up to question us. Feds, I would suspect. They tried to be all friendly. They told me they didn't want to talk about this case at all. They just wanted to talk to me in general. They wanted to get to know me, and they wanted me to get to know them because they wanted to help me out. They asked whether I was in school and other such questions.

After the older guy got his fill of "no comment", the younger guy took his turn, trying to be even friendlier. The older guy left the room, then came back in a minute later and said, "You know, you're being a real dick about this." He repeated this a bunch of times, occasionally thinking of even more inane questions to no avail.

Investigators' Dirty Tricks

This article will show you the tricks that federal, state and local investigators use to encourage you to give up your right to remain silent. It is intended to prepare you for their underhanded ways while stressing the importance of not talking or trying to deceive them.

Do not communicate with any agents. To begin with, it is a federal crime to make a false statement to an FBI agent or other federal investigator. By talking, you may be digging your own grave as a violation could be charged on the basis of two inconsistent statements spoken out of fear or forgetfulness.

It is also very dangerous to try to outsmart them. They are trained on how to extract information out of people, and how to trip people up who are lying to them. They have learned how to get people to talk by making them feel scared, guilty or impolite. They exploit our trust, honesty and sensitive nature to get information and further harass us. They would prefer that you lie to them than not talk, so stay strong and stay silent!

- **"Your friends have told us everything; why don't you just come clean."** They will act as if your friends have already snitched on you, making you want to snitch on them in return. It's generally a lie -- besides, even if that did happen, how does it benefit you to be a witness against yourself?
- **"If you don't talk now, we will come back with a subpoena."** Most of the time this is an empty threat. They approach you without a subpoena because they don't have enough evidence against you to justify getting a subpoena from the courts. If you talk, they might get that needed evidence, so it's best to stay quiet. Make them get a subpoena. At least ninety percent of the time, they simply won't do it. But if they do, there are legal and political ways to challenge the subpoena.



- **"If you talk, we will go easy on you."** Agents will promise you the world to get you to talk. However, when they have people sign statements of guilt, notice they never sign anything saying they will stay true to their promises. They lie. Don't believe their promises.
- **"We know everything you've done and have all the evidence we need to convict you."** If this was the case, they would go ahead and charge you with a crime and convict you. Most of the time it's a lie, but sometimes they will show or tell you the 'evidence' they have against you. This 'evidence' will often have been obtained illegally -- meaning it cannot be used in court. Or it will be guesses or outright lies, such as "we found your prints on the glass", that they hope are correct enough to scare you. They show and tell you about this 'evidence' in the hopes that you will break down and confess everything. Because -- although their lies and illegally obtained 'evidence' cannot be used in court -- your confession can. And they will use that as the main evidence to convict you. The moral of the story is to say nothing.
- **"You seem to be an intelligent kid with a promising future. You don't want to destroy your life over this, do you?"** They act as if they are really concerned about your welfare and are just trying to help. But, for some reason, they can't help you unless you help them by talking. The truth is, they don't care. This is just another way to manipulate you to talk.
- **"These extremists hurt your movement. They alienate people and make them angry. Help your cause by telling us who they are."** These 'extremists' are winning so many victories for the animals and the earth that the repressive, status-quo loving government can't handle it and has sent its agents in to crush the 'extremists' -- be they illegal or legal. They are trying to use your own desire to help the animals against your fellow comrades. This line rarely works among grassroots militants who know how effective we are, but it is another trick we should be aware of.

- **"I support your goals, just not your (friends') tactics" or "my daughter's a vegetarian."** Again, they will try to act as if they support your cause, but that they have to uphold the law -- and can't you help a fellow animal lover? If they really supported us, they wouldn't be putting so much effort into harassing us and attempting to lock us up. Turning in fellow warriors helps no one.
- **"If you are not guilty, then why don't you talk?"** This is one of their most used tactics. We all have the desire to defend ourselves, especially when we know we are innocent. However, they will attack and dissect everything you say, continually prying to get more and more information -- and if you stop answering their questions because they get out of line, they will say, "A ha! So now you don't want to talk? It seems we have found the flaw in your story!" and again try to make you feel guilty and rekindle your desire to vindicate yourself. But even if you are innocent, don't talk! An activist's innocence has never stopped the authorities from convicting or jailing them. Furthermore, the more you talk, the more likely you are to mention other people's names, leading the police to more people who they can harass and question.
- **"Your supposed friends are laughing at you. They manipulated you into doing these things and now you're taking the fall for it while they get off scott free. They used you and now they are laughing at you."** Investigators will try to pit you against the real or imagined 'others' who they think you conspired with. They will say your alleged 'co-conspirators' used you, manipulated you, and deserted you. Then they will ask you why you are willing to protect such worthless people who have been so abusive to you and don't care that you were caught and face years of prison. They are trying to create doubts in your mind about the other members of your affinity group while giving you reasons to justify informing on them. Again, this is pure manipulation, so don't talk. However, it is good to make sure your affinity group is made up of people who you fully trust and respect, so that you could never believe such lies by the authorities.



- Repeatedly asking the same question. Agents will ask the same question in different ways numerous times. This is how they can usually trip up those people who are trying to outsmart them. It also helps them weed out more information from those who are telling the truth but are being stingy with their answers. And sometimes it just simply wears down those people who are not telling the truth, so that finally they come clean. Don't ever think that investigators are going to just ask you a few questions and let you go. The more you give, the more they take, and once you start talking they will do whatever it takes to keep you talking.
- Good cop/bad cop. This is their oldest trick in the book. It allows one officer to use all of the above listed plays that are negative (like threats), while the other one uses the positive scams (like promises). It allows them to use their full arsenal on you. Sometimes the Bad Cop acts so angry and unstable that you fear they will use physical violence against you. The Good Cop then ushers the Bad Cop out of the room to "cool off." Then the Good Cop warms up to you, and promises you a light sentence if you talk, however if you don't talk, the Good Cop fears that the Bad Cop will come back and make good on her/his threats of violence-- so just admit your guilt so you can avoid that. Again these are usually empty threats, but just be prepared for the Good Cop/Bad Cop ruse.

The police are not authorized to make a deal with you. They may promise a light sentence or immunity or other plea bargain benefits for your cooperation. Don't fall for this ruse. The prosecuting attorney is the only one able to make a deal with you. If you do take a deal whereby you give someone else up, you will not only be a scumbag [not worthy of the shit you are made of], but you will also be at the mercy of whatever the police want, since they know you won't be safe in the general population of the jail. No one respects a snitch, especially the police.

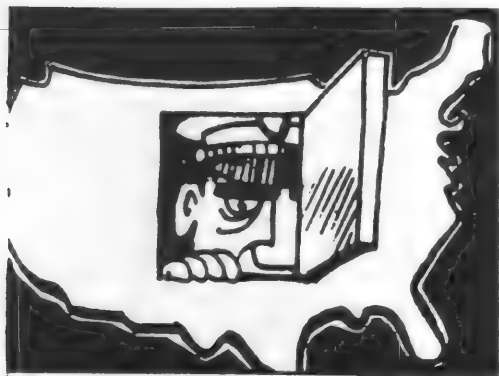


SHHHH...

In the recent past, both the Earth First! and animal rights movements have been successfully infiltrated. This sort of occurrence can lead to exaggerated suspicion. In fact the opposition not only benefits by obtaining inside information and by setting people up for a fall, they also benefit by breaking down our trust in each other. When an informant or infiltrator is exposed within the folds of any political grouping, people naturally get confused and start to doubt one another. Energy is then focused away from radical thought and activity and is instead devoted to fear and mistrust. By making this analysis we don't want to fan the fires of needless paranoia, but to reiterate what can never be said enough.

- Certain information is very easy for the opposition to get; other information is far less accessible. Strategies, covert activities, the real name of the person behind the penname, certain 'special' addresses like safe-houses, who is involved in publishing subversive literature, rescuing animals, and other important bits of information can usually only be obtained by word of mouth. If *you* don't say anything, *they* would never be able to find out.
- When thinking about security, one of the first things to consider is the level of 'sensitivity' of your statements. If you have information (or speculations) about something that you think should remain secure, err on the side of safety and keep it to yourself. Think about what possible purpose would be served by telling someone and remember whoever you are talking to will probably talk to others. In the US where there is the grand jury system, just knowing something can land you in jail. By telling someone something, you may actually be putting him or her in jeopardy. Protect yourself, your companions, and the person you might consider telling something to and keep your lips locked. Despite the fact that the "need to know" philosophy often can come off as elitist and authoritarian, it is absolutely essential to successful sabotage.
- Real security at large gatherings is impossible. Connections between people are so vague. We are always amazed at how loose people can get when they are surrounded by large numbers of people they think are like-minded. Anyone can call themselves an anarchist—even a cop.
- Telephones, even pay telephones, are not secure. Telephone company computers automatically record the time at which every call is made, its duration, the telephone number from which it was made, and the telephone number called. .. In essence, what this does is give the police almost instantaneous access to records of every telephone communication made. By merely making a polite and informal request of the telephone company, the police can discover a network of communications and relationships among any group or community whose activities they do not approve. This gives them vast intelligence gathering resources which are as potentially damaging to comrades involved in legal activities as those using more secretive means. Thus, for example, the police can now determine that during a particular political crisis, Activist A immediately made lengthy calls to activists B, C, and D, as well as shorter calls to activists E, F, G, and H. Or conceivably, following a bombing in which a telephone threat was made, the police will likely be able to determine the pay booth from which the warning was made. On the basis of this instantaneous information, they may be able to rush to the booth to collect more specific traces of the caller, such as fingerprints, shoe impressions, hair and textile fibers, and

so on. The police might even run a check of adjacent booths, and find out that immediately after calling in the warning, the caller switched to another booth in order to confirm to another comrade involved in the action that the warning call had been made. All this without the police even hearing any conversations.



- Conversations can also be listened in on by highly sensitive microphones directed at the house or phone booth by a person in a van nearby.
- Anything tricky you might think of doing, the opposition would also think of. Whenever there is a struggle, it is never a good idea to underestimate, even if they do have doughnut crumbs for brains.

Telephones are not real
They are some man's fantasy
And they will not last,

Our love for each other is real
It is of the earth
And will endure.

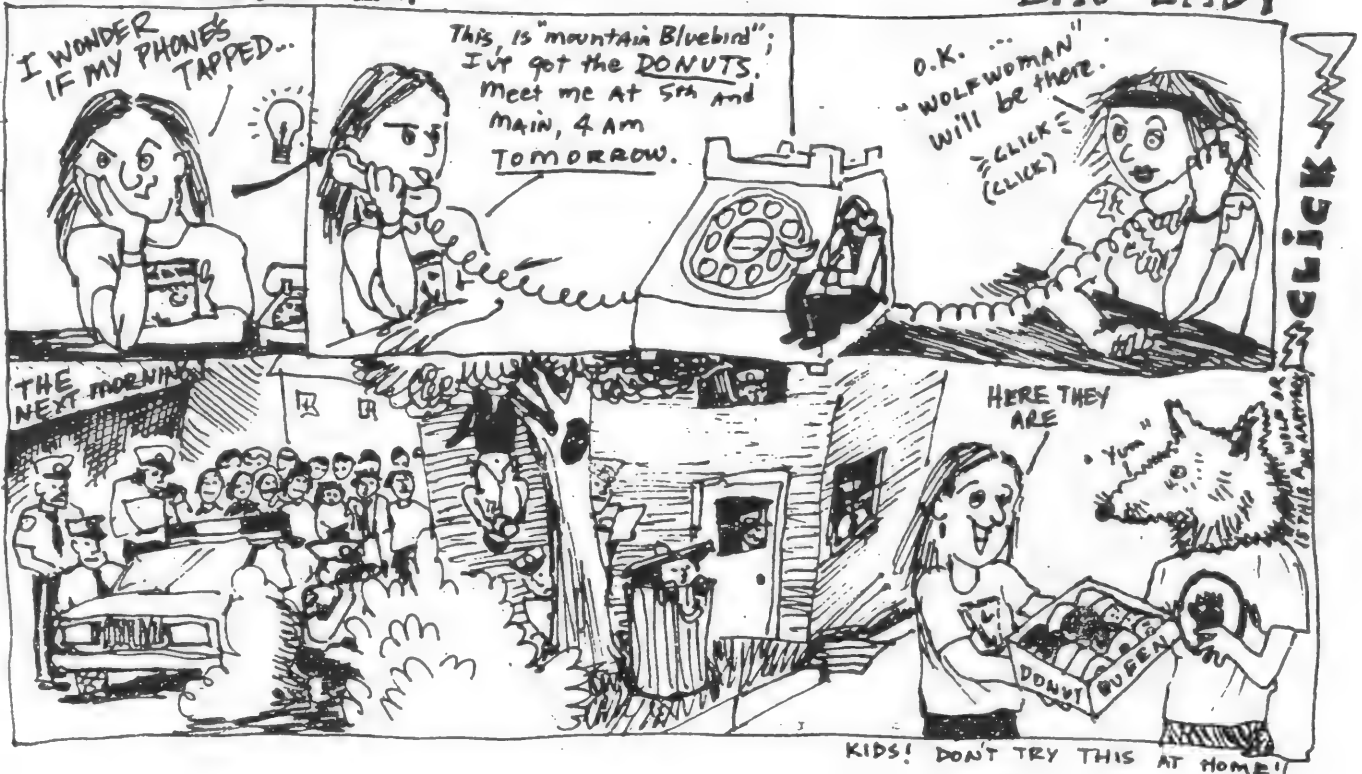
Do not insult our sacred connection
By forcing it over and over
Into the shape of the long thin wire
for the man to look at.

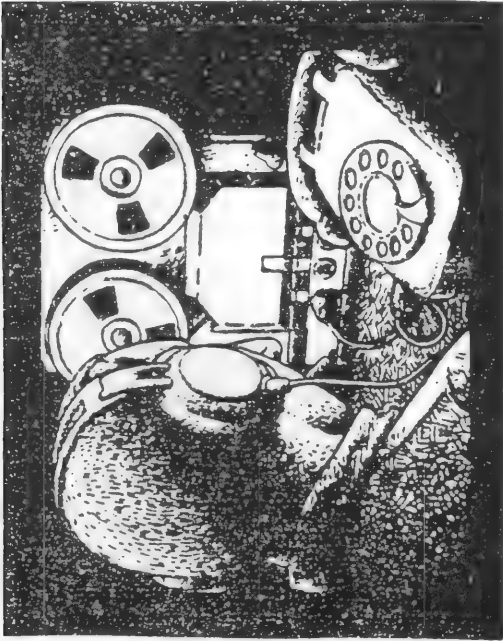
The man's fantasy is almost over.
Do not depend on any part of it,
So that we do not fall with it.
Be grounded.
Listen to the Earth
And you will hear
The wild ones crying for protection and freedom.
The war cry of your comrades in battle.
Our approaching steps
Coming to play music with you.
The spider
And the beaver
Weaving it all back together,
The real connection
And the only one
To depend on.

Anonymous

GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

BAJ LADY





They pulled your name off of the list,
sort of randomly,
although you did have a file already,
(but, who doesn't?)
Then they tapped your phone and gave me the
job of listening
to you.

At first I was bored, you didn't say much
that mattered to us.
But sometimes you made me mad.
You called us names; pig-scum-filth-
rapists-terrorists-murderers,
I thought you were terribly uninformed.
And sometimes I felt sorry for you,
trying so hard,
floundering in confusion,
you were never organized.
I often doubted whether you were worth
wasting time on.
But as time went on, I found myself
interested in you - well,
in what you said, anyway.
You slowly became part of my life.
You stirred something in me that
I thought had been dead
for a very long time.

You spoke often of your love
for this grove or that,
or mountain or meadow or river.
Remember when you came home
from climbing that peak?
I've only done that in my dreams.
But on that day, a little part of me
had done it with you,
and on that day, some of my boyhood
returned.
And then was the time
you planned on and on,
for that river trip.
Well, you tugged at my heart then too.
I was actually sad when you left without me.

I began to understand when you dreamed
with your friend
about blowing that dam to the sky.
For my heart had begun to long for
the freedom and joys
of your chaotic, confused,
wild and untamed,
activist's life.

Me...
just a nine-to-five spy,
I never have fun, go through traffic to work
and fill out forms all day long,
and can't ever be late with the alimony.
I'm dying...
And you made me sense that
the natural wild world
is dying too.
Like me.

You were only trying to save Her,
for Her wildness was in you too.
You made me see that,
somehow.

Those long talks with your friends,
so full of passion and love,
I couldn't help but feel it too.

I felt also your pain
when you'd begin to despair.
You were always the underdog,
and you know, you never really had a chance,
so I hope you forgive me
someday.
There's nowhere left for people like you
not anymore.

So you're doing 15-20
inside the State Pen,
and sometimes I wish I could've
stopped you from talking
too much on the phone.
It was just once.
But it was enough.
I'm sorry,
But I was just doing my job.

by Chaco



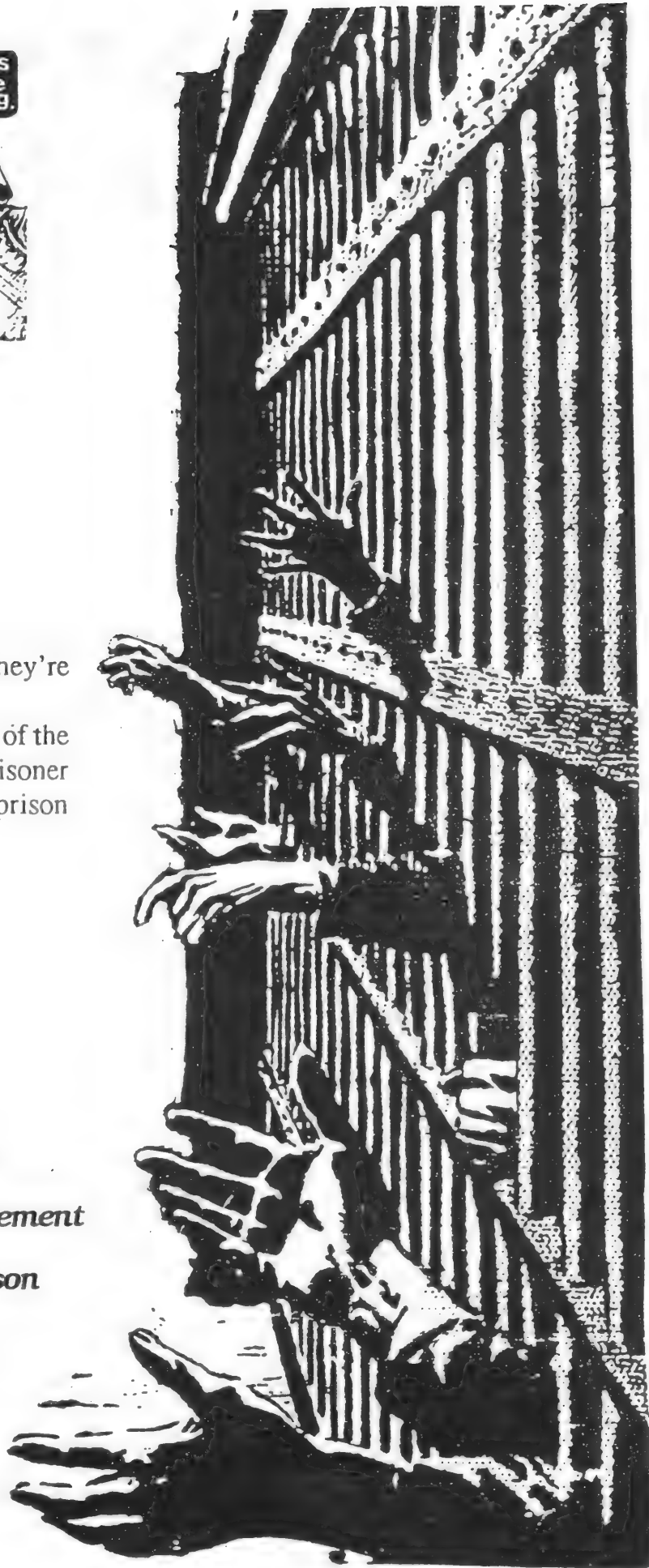


"If they kill me in the morning, they're gonna kill you in the evening."

—Dhoruba Bin Wahad, member of the Black Panther Party, U.S. political prisoner recently released from a 19 yr. prison sentence.

*While there is a lower class
I am in it
While there is a criminal element
I am of it
While there is a soul in prison
I am not free*

— Eugene Debs



BEWARE

Armed bands are roaming the highways and marching through your neighborhood. They may even try to enter your home! Watch for these gang identifiers:

Vehicles: Sports cars, four-door sedans, and vans, often painted black and white or blue and white, with sirens and flashing red and blue lights.

Clothing: Well kempt dress uniforms, usually blue or black (gang colors), and adorned with patches and badges. Head-wear varies. Other accessories include gun belts, handcuffs, hand-held radios, and large flashlights.

Armaments: Handguns, shotguns, assault rifles, tear-gas rifles, billy clubs, shields, bullet-proof armor, helmets and face-shields.

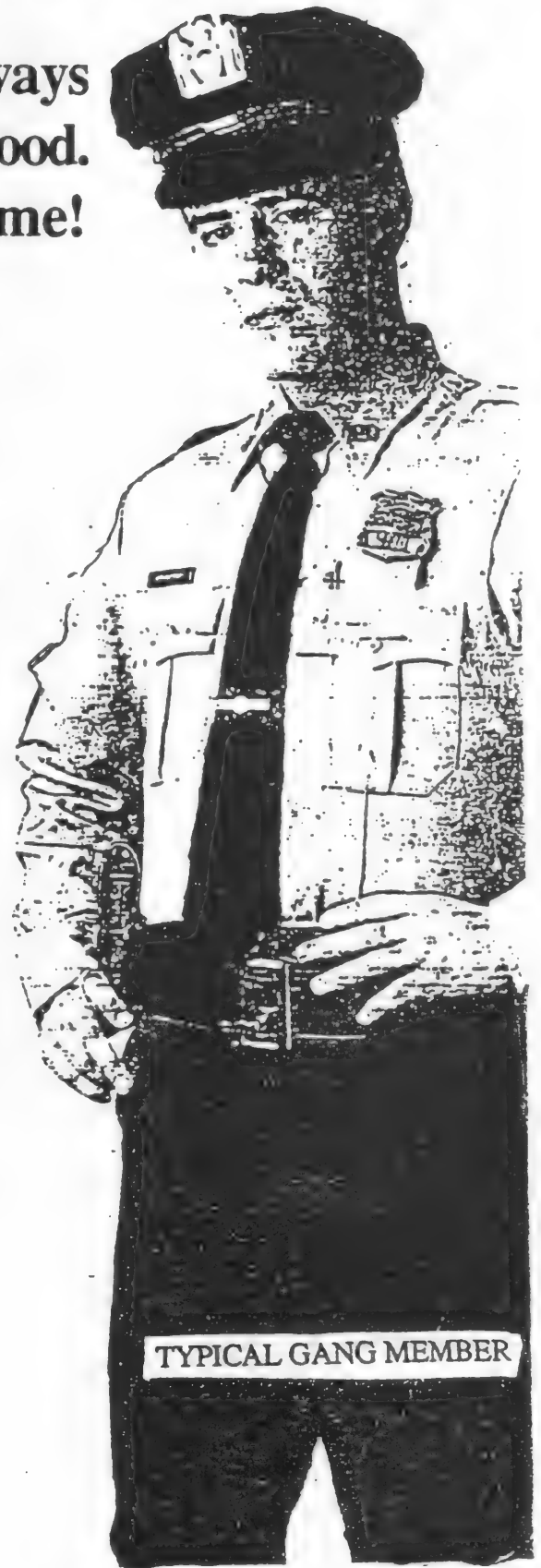
Demeanor: Surly and hostile or aggressively friendly

These gangs are highly organized, well armed, and potentially violent. Warn your friends and neighbors

Do Not Provoke Them!

Do Not Let Them Corner You!

**Protect
Yourself**



Inflicting the Deadly Sting



INFLICTING THE DEADLY STING

"Gloves!" Hayduke demanded. "Gloves! No fucking monkey business without gloves!"

So Doc bought everyone in the crew three pair each of top-quality buckskin gloves.

"Sno-Seal" (For boots.)

He bought Sno-Seal.

"Sidearms!"

"No."

"Guns!"

"No."

"Peanut butter!" said Bonnie.

"Guns *and* peanut butter!" Hayduke roared.

"Peanut butter, yes. Guns, no."

"We gotta defend our fucking selves."

"No guns." Doc could be stubborn.

"Them fuckers'll be shooting at us!"

"No violence."

"We gotta shoot back."

"No bloodshed." The doctor stood fast.

Again Hayduke was outvoted, again by a vote of three to one. So for the time being he kept his own weapons concealed, as best he could, and carried only the revolver hidden in the inner pocket of his pack.

Once, early in the campaign, filling their fuel tanks at a gas station, Doc was about to pay with his credit card. Hayduke pulled him aside. No credit cards, he said.

No credit cards?

No fucking credit cards; you want to leave a fucking documented trail one mile wide with your fucking signature on it everywhere we go?

I see, said Doc. Of course. Pay cash, let the credit go. Nor heed the rumble of a distant drum.

Nor did they actually steal, buy or use explosives, at first. Hayduke urged their use immediately, energetically and massively, but the other three opposed him. The doctor was afraid of dynamite; it suggested anarchy, and anarchy is not the answer. Abzug pointed out that any type of fireworks was illegal in all the Southwestern states; she had also heard that blasting caps could cause cervical cancer. The doctor reminded Hayduke that the use of explosives for illegal (however constructive) purposes was a felony, as well as being a Federal offense where bridges and highways were concerned, whereas simply pouring a little Karo syrup into the fuel tank and sand or emery powder into the oil intake of a dump truck was merely a harmless misdemeanor, hardly more than a Hallowe'en prank.

It became a question of subtle, sophisticated harassment techniques versus blatant and outrageous industrial sabotage. Hayduke favored the blatant, the outrageous. The others the other. Outvoted as usual, Hayduke fumed but consoled himself with the reflection that things would get thicker as operations proceeded. For every action a bigger reaction. From one damn thing to another worse. After all, he was a veteran of Vietnam. He knew how the system worked. Time, lapsing and collapsing from day to day, advanced on his side.

BEYOND CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

By Snap Dragon

If someone broke into your home, tried to kill your family and steal everything you had, what would you do? A: Make a banner and call the media. B: Call a lawyer and file for a restraining order. C: Chain yourself to the front door. Such reactions seem ridiculous because they would be completely ineffective. However, this is exactly how we respond to the homicidal maniac of industrial society, and it is no less inappropriate. The most sensible response is to fight like hell. Passive resistance, civil disobedience and related strategies don't work, not as a long-term strategy for transforming society nor as short-term stopgap measures.

Our problem is larger than endangered species or the plunder of public lands. Our solution will not be found in a piece of legislation or a better management plan. Industrial collapse, an end to corporate capitalism and a complete transformation in the way our culture relates to the environment are necessary to stop this assault on the planet. On this, most agree. Our movement, however, has become dominated by the rhetoric and tactics of civil disobedience (CD), which are incongruent with this necessity. CD has never been a strategy for revolutionary change but a way to reform existing institutions. Because of this inconsistency, these actions will continue to be largely ineffective.

Civil disobedience is an established part of the political process that has defined and modified the American empire for over 200 years. It is widely accepted as legitimate, regardless of its legality, because CD attempts to pressure government to remedy the situation through legislation, administrative action or court rulings. However, there is enormous pressure to maintain the status quo or shift it in favor of corporations. This pressure is generated by bureaucratic momentum, industry and government collusion, good ol' boy networks and systemic tendencies (such as how laws are written to uphold the interests of property). Government, industry and technology are inextricably linked, forming institutions that make the wholesale destruction of the biosphere possible and profitable. Government consistently rushes to the aid and defense of industry, unless specifically forced to do otherwise by massive public outcry. To this end, nonviolent resistance tries to elevate consciousness

and gain public sympathy. However, the supposition that the public will someday rise to the defense of other species denies the reality of modern society.

Biocentrism is necessarily opposed to almost everything the American people know; their lifestyle, the technology they use everyday, the way they relate to the world. Their values and beliefs are molded by a mass media owned by exploitative global corporations and controlled by the advertising demands of other corporations. Television, radio, magazines, newspapers and other media outlets teach people who they are, what is going on in the world and what they should think about it. This corporate conditioning and the perspective it promotes are practically inescapable.

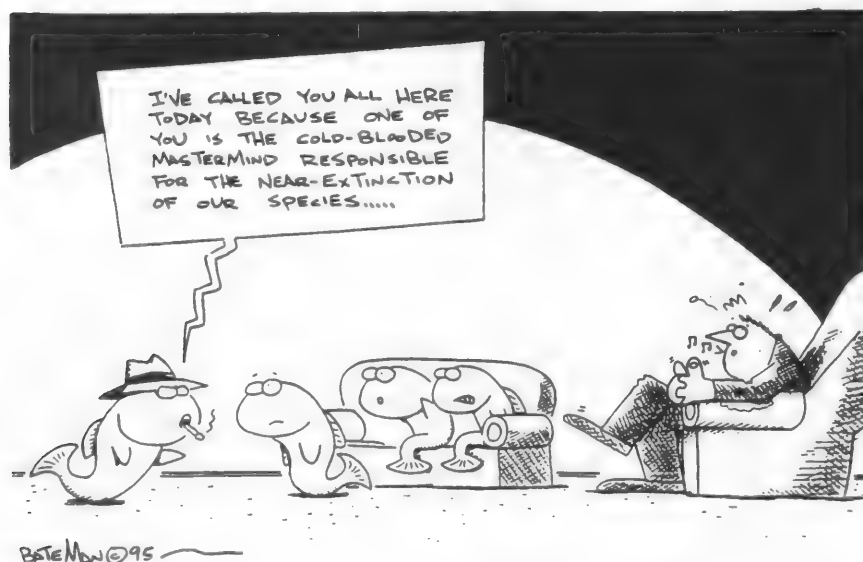


As people become more dependent on technology and the infrastructure that makes it possible, life without it becomes not only undesirable but also unimaginable. The success of all forms of nonviolent resistance depends on substantial public support, and citizens of an affluent industrial society are not going to demand radical changes.

Although nonviolent resistance is not going to get us from where we are today to where we need to be, it can be argued that until the political climate changes or industrial society collapses (whichever comes first) CD can temporarily slow habitat destruction. We can sometimes achieve environmental victories using CD by appealing to human-based concerns such as pollution, recreation and economic efficiency, but we must realize what we give up in the process. In doing so, we compromise our vision to gain public support. This is

the same compromise mainstream environmental groups make to gain political clout, and it is a mistake for the same reasons. Cooperating with destructive institutions by engaging in the political process grants them legitimacy through complicity. We accept a limited realm of debate and become co-opted and incorporated into industrial culture. We create the illusion that the system works, both to the public and to ourselves, which only masks the real problem.

Making these compromises would be justifiable if we were getting something significant out of it, but we don't. We have our successes, but these small political gains are always temporary.



They are tolerated only as long as they don't threaten corporate interests, and then they are systematically ignored, circumnavigated or dismantled. The entire saga of the spotted owl injunction, Option 9, the Salvage Rider and now the Quincy Library Group is evidence of the transitory nature of political solutions. Old-growth logging, roadless area incursions and habitat destruction continue; the only thing that changes is the political framework that justifies these travesties.

Most CD campaigns require enormous amounts of time and resources but achieve very little. In the absence of effective methods of nonviolent resistance, we need to consider more militant strategies. The most common objection to more

radical tactics, of any kind, is that they are equated with violence and thus inherently oppressive and immoral, and "good" ends cannot be achieved through "evil" means. This analysis is based on the extremely unbalanced morals of modern human civilization. We know that we are part of the Earth and that the web of life which allows for our survival is imminently threatened, but we often forget the moral implications of this biological fact. We are fighting in self-defense, a situation in which violence is almost universally accepted. In the natural world, when animals are attacked, they run or fight back. To claim moral superiority in nonviolence separates us from the natural world. We are part of the Earth

defending ourselves. We are animals with nowhere to run. To think that we have somehow evolved to higher consciousness is naïve at best.

The fear of more radical tactics triggering a backlash against environmentalism is unsubstantiated. Popular support for environmentalism is a reaction to the continued degradation of human environments, which will be unchanged by the public's perception of "extremists." For example, the current efforts to cut emissions of greenhouse gases are not based on altruistic concern for delicate ecosystems but on the very real economic

and social consequences of global warming, a cause for concern no matter what you think of radical environmentalists.

There simply is no moral or strategic imperative to adhere to nonviolence and engage in civil disobedience. We don't need to convert the public; we need to protect wild places. Without its symbolic underpinnings, CD is a terribly inefficient way to stop logging, road building and developing. Every day 137 species become extinct and 176,000 acres of forest are lost forever. We don't have the luxury of civility. We must do whatever is necessary to defend our home and protect our ecological family. Once it is gone, we can only wish that we had done more.

"HE WHO ALLOWS OPPRESSION, SHARES THE CRIME."

- Erasmus Darwin (grandfather of Charles Darwin)

in *The Botanic Garden* (part II, canto III, line 456)

zapatistas

A great heart has begun to pound
from deep within the mountains
and all the earth's people are beginning to dance

If you listen to the voices that're singing
you hear the words
"everything for everyone, nothing for ourselves. . ."
message of the earth people
way of the earth.

you hear laughter
a campfire and
guitars

backing up strong voices singing
revolutionary songs
the percussion of target practice
beating in the background
as people who love the earth
and each other
prepare to defend themselves, their
land, and their way of life
against the Mexican and U.S. military
and the gold, copper, and petroleum Industries

If you listen to the rhythm of this
great Heart pounding
you'll feel the invitation

you can join the struggle
wherever you are
be part of the transformation
a great change is at hand
the time is now
and there's choices to be made
each will be measured by their own heart
those who love the structures of man
will experience anger and
great pain
as those structures begin to fall. . . .

those who love the creations of earth
will experience joy and
great hope
as the earth blossoms with new birth. . . .

those who have only learned to move
in their cars
at great speeds
will experience a deathly still
when the cars
stop

those who have learned to dance
to the rhythms of earth
will dance
on
and on. . . .

Don't give too much weight to the EZLN; it's nothing more than a symptom of something more. Years from now, whether or not the EZLN is still around, there is going to be protest and social ferment in many places. I know this because when we rose up against the government, we began to receive displays of solidarity not only from Mexicans, but from indigenous peoples in Chile, Argentina, Canada, the U.S. and Central America. They told us that the uprising represents something that they wanted to say, and now they have found the words to say it, each in her or his respective country.



Bombthrowing: A Brief Treatise

—BY PAJAMA

I have a theory. My theory is that if, every time the Forest Service or some other entity commits an act of destruction of the wild, if every time they plow under another roadless area, or murder a wolf, or mangle and plunder and sack a wild place, if every time they do this I take my anger and I place it in a certain compartment inside my brain, then when it becomes time to throw bombs I will be able to access those pieces of anger that I have stored and be a very good bombthrower, perhaps better than the other bombthrowers.

So, I spend my days patiently contriving means to stop the madness which drives the Forest Service and other renegades, and each day I read the mail, perhaps I file another appeal, and then at the end of the day I open up this special compartment inside my brain and I put the anger of some new atrocity in it, in anticipation of the day when I shall need this anger in order to throw bombs.

But a new fear has overcome me. I perceive my anger calling me from inside its compartment, I hear the door unlatching from inside, and this new terrible question approaches me:

How shall I know when it is time to throw bombs?

If the Forest Service decides to cut occupied owl habitat in Oregon, is it time to throw bombs?

Or if the Fish and Wildlife Service decides to trap and kill wolves, or to shoot them from the sky, is it then time to throw bombs?

What if the Park Service decides to imprison Grizzly bears in a zoo for the benefit of tourists, if the Forest Service ignores the appeal process, or if the largest intact grove of Redwoods is only 500 acres in size, if the Endangered Species Act is abolished or sidestepped by people with enough money, if corporations continue to wreak havoc upon the ozone layer, if reason is blindly cast aside in favor of profit, if the last remaining herd of wild Bison is slaughtered for following their migratory instincts, if my generation watches the very last Chinook salmon perish in a home choked with silt, if certain nameable parties proceed in a manner which is clearly imperilling the lives of the multitude of glorious and beautiful critters and plants on our fine planet, our only planet, what then? Is it then time to throw bombs?

Think: when the very last wolves on this continent are trapped and caged for captive breeding (as the remaining Condors were, not so long ago), will it finally be time to throw bombs?

Or will it be too late?



PROTECT THE EARTH

There is no such thing as non-violence. The absence of war is not peace. Structural violence (poverty and consumption beyond basic needs) is no less severe than domestic or imperialistic violence. There are never any bystanders in a thoroughly violent world where all ecosystems are going down the flush tubes of our failed collective social experiment -

Capitalism/Progress. Time must always be a deciding factor we consider when choosing strategies for saving a grizzly, an ecosystem, or planet. Political, social, and economic realities are interrelated and limit the effectiveness of OUR options for realizing meaningful change.

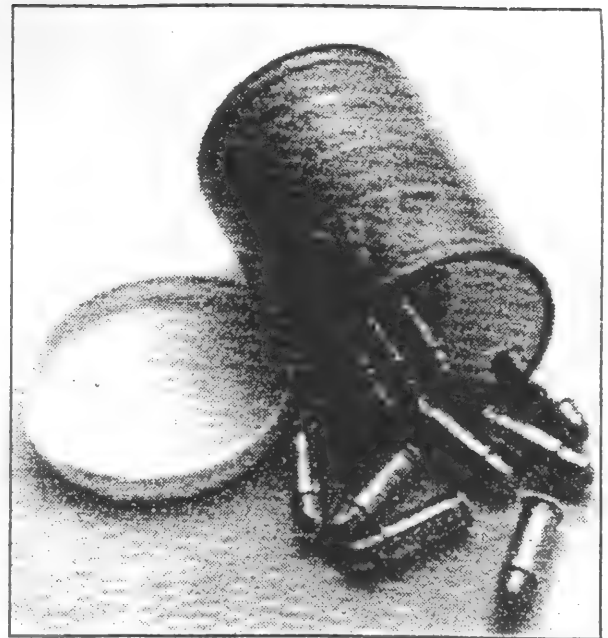
We may need to resort to all kinds of violence. I hope not, but sometimes the only sufficient action is to fight fire with fire. Things are nearly hopeless and people need to think seriously about how far to go. Perhaps some shocking acts are needed to recruit more radicals and awaken moderates to the severity of the crisis.

Would the killing or kidnapping of corporate executives, anti-environment Senators, or other leaders and eco-criminals help or hurt our cause? History is not usually a reliable guide, but violence has proven necessary and effective at shaking things up and stopping ecologically destructive projects. Look at the Kurds, Nicaragua, ETA, Peru, South Africa, Haiti, Los Angeles.

The sad but often inevitable need for armed resistance is witnessed in Spain by the success of the Separatist Basque organization ETA. They stopped a giant nuclear powerplant from being built in their region. The multi-billion dollar project was stopped by killing engineers until the company could not find replacements; blowing up million dollar components; and industrial sabotage by allied construction workers which required redoing of much of the concrete work.

Another example is in Peru where the Indigenous Communist movement, Sendero Luminoso is very pure and very violent. Sendero is winning the war, gaining popularity and winning the hearts and minds of highland peasants, students and slum dwellers. There success is due to the crisis of Peruvian political economy and the extreme law and order which Sendero brought to the previously drug and corruption dominated highlands (and now to the shanty towns of Lima).

Many activists are unsure about the necessity or inevitability of violence. Some support strategic monkeywrenching, but many are of some variant of the Rainbow-love and human cultural evolution are our only hope - school of



Prescription for a sick society

thought (is this thinking or a drug addiction?). People have to think carefully through their scenarios for change or transition to an ecologically sane society. There will be nine or ten billion people on Earth soon and it is the worst kind of fantasy to lightly take it for granted that there is any way for so many people to coexist with biodiversity and wilderness (or each other).

We don't have the luxury of waiting for or dreaming about enlightened global cultural evolution. We have to fight a battle of damage control. If we don't bring the system down as quickly as possible then the technocrats will become omnipotent and most species will perish. The health of the planet will soon reach the point of no return or take millions of years to recover from our greed.

No one knows what will work or the best way to bring down the system. But realizing the hopelessness of reform, "small picture" actions, and trust in peaceful change is the first critical step. You can study various social and economic proposals, Greens Programs, and transition strategies for the next 10 years or just take my word - There are no answers or realistic solutions for the equation: 10 billion consumers times any technology equals hope for biodiversity or human welfare.

Don't believe in a ghost of a chance, just throw your life and body into the jaws of the Beast. If three hunters are about to shoot a Grizzly after you have shot your second and last bullet over their heads, do we have to throw the grenade next ?

Lightning Sprite Brigade, Summer 1992

TURN UP THE HEAT

A FIREARMS PRIMER FOR ANARCHISTS AND PUNKS

By Felix Von Havoc

In this article we will look at how and why firearms are important to the anarchist movement, basic types and operation of firearms, their applications, and how to go about selecting and buying a weapon. I will assume the reader has no prior knowledge of firearms other than seeing them in movies. My approach will be as simple as possible so experienced shooters will just have to bear with me. Historically the gun culture has been dominated by white blue collar males and can seem very exclusionary and complicated to women, minorities etc. Reading gun magazines and going to gun shows you will encounter a lot of right wing, sexist, and outright neo-nazi attitudes and ideas. Don't let this discourage you from buying or reading about weapons. Just try to divorce the inanimate weapons from the redneck bullshit surrounding them. A weapon is a tool just like a hammer or an axe. It can be used for good, for evil, or just for kicks. I'm not going to get bogged down in any sort of violence/non-violence argument but I am aware of pacifist sentiments in the anarchist movement. If straight talk about weapons, violence and revolution offend you then don't read this article.

Anyone who lives in the real world can see that it is a violent and dangerous place. As anarchists we need to think seriously about defending ourselves and our comrades from state oppression and anti-social crime. The state has a monopoly on force which allows it to impose its will on us. Behind every law, edict, tax, fine and order is a loaded gun pointed at your head. That is the basis of state power. As anarchists and revolutionaries we should be proficient in the use of firearms in order to erode this monopoly on force and defend ourselves from state oppression.

Many anarchists are women who have to deal daily with the threat of rape and assault. Firearms are one way for women to defend themselves against sexist violence and empower themselves in a violently male dominated society. Also many anarchists live in major cities where urban decay and poverty have generated a great deal of anti-social crime. While the roots of this crime lay in the fucked up social structure I will assume that most anarchists wish to protect themselves from anti-social crime rather than let themselves be victimized and blame society. Remember 911 is a joke 9mm is for real. I will also consider the use of weapons in a military application particularly revolutionary warfare. This may smack of vanguardism to some but we can't expect to win a guerrilla war against state oppression if we can't master it's most basic tool.



A 9mm automatic pistol.

I will begin by discussing handguns. Handguns can be broken down into two main categories: revolvers and automatics. Revolvers are the rugged six shooters we see in the cowboy movies. They use a revolving cylinder to rotate bullets into the firing chamber where a hammer can strike the bullet. This ignites the primer and powder in the cartridge lining the bullet from the barrel. Automatic pistols are a more modern design. In such weapons bullets are fed into a firing chamber from a spring loaded magazine. The recoil from each successive shot pushes the next bullet into the chamber and cocks the hammer.

Revolvers are popular for their reliability and simplicity. There is little that can jam or go wrong in a crisis situation. This has made it popular with police until recently. The main drawbacks of revolvers are capacity and speed of reloading. Most revolvers hold six or fewer bullets. Many automatics carry as many as eighteen bullets. Revolvers take longer to reload; the cylinder must be swung from the frame of the weapon and the bullets inserted one at a time or with a special "speed loader" clip. The theory goes that in a firefight a person shooting a revolver will be forced to reload or conserve shots while someone firing an automatic will have more shots and reload faster, gaining a critical advantage. None of this matters if you can hit your target in the first few shots though. The popularity of high capacity automatic pistols with criminals has led to many police departments adopting automatics over revolvers.

There are two main types of revolvers, single action and double action. On single action pistols the hammer must be manually cocked back before every shot. On double action pistols the hammer can be cocked manually or by a long pull of the trigger. Single action revolvers are very slow; this is why the cowboys in the movies "fan" their pistols—they are rapidly cocking the hammer to fire faster. Double action pistols are just as reliable but much faster.

Automatic pistols are more modern and complex but fire and load faster and have a greater capacity. There is a confusing array of hi-tech automatic pistols on the market today as well as many older military models which have been in use since before world war two. Automatics are more expensive but many reliable older models are available in the \$150-200 range. Hi-tech automatics featuring advanced construction and design and larger capacity can have prices of \$400-1000 and up.

There are several factors to consider in selecting a pistol. The most important is the size of the bullet for which the weapon is chambered. Bullets (or rounds) are measured both by imperial calibers and metric millimeters. Thus some common loads are referred to by their caliber or metric measurement or both! To make things more confusing this measurement is only of the base of the round and some with the same base may come in different lengths. In addition to this, rounds of the same size can be loaded with different amounts of powder or have a different type of projectile for various applications. Different countries have adopted various bullets over time and while many are still in use there are many odd ball older weapons for which bullets are hard to find.

The main factor in handgun cartridge size is the power of the bullet. Wound ballistics is the grisly science of evaluating the effectiveness of various bullet types and powder loads on human bodies. Military and police labs have done endless

tests to determine which bullets are best for penetrating human bodies and damaging organs inside them. Anyone seriously interested in handguns or weapons in general should take time to learn about wound ballistics. In general the larger and more powerful a bullet is the more effective it will be. The largest loads such as .44 magnum and .45 cal. have the greatest stopping power and pack the greatest wallop. However, larger bullets with powerful loads also have stronger recoil and are harder to control. In the past women have been steered towards very small loads and underpowered "ladies guns." However, studies have shown that women are just as capable of handling and accurate shooting of more powerful weapons as men. But, male or female, hand size and upper body strength play a big part in controlling a weapon. In the macho gun culture many weapons are manufactured which are ridiculously powerful and can only be shot by people with very large hands and arms, for example .44 magnum and .50 cal. pistols. Don't let machismo or "bigger is better" discourage you, the most practical and effective weapons are more manageable .38 cal., .357, .40 cal./10mm, 9mm and .45 cal. Of these .45 and .40/10mm are most powerful and may still be hard to manage for smaller folks. 9mm is very popular and quite effective. Most 9mm automatics are easy to manage and accurate and have high capacity. 9mm is also the handgun and submachine gun load used by most military forces meaning that it is common and easily obtainable in period of unrest and guerrilla war. I would recommend a 9mm to anyone interested in automatics and .357 to those interested in revolvers.

Another factor to keep in mind when selecting handguns is size and concealability. If it is necessary for you to carry a weapon on your person you want as small a weapon as possible while still having power and capacity. Due to the need for concealable weapons in police work there has been a great deal of development of weapons which are compact yet powerful. However, many smaller weapons are cheesy "purse guns" in understrength loads such as .22, .25 and .32 cal. which are not effective in real life situations.

With handguns out of the way we can deal with long guns. These can be broken down into two main categories rifles and shotguns. Rifles fire a bullet similar to that of a pistol only with a more powerful load allowing it to fire accurately over longer distances. Shotguns fire projectiles from a brass and plastic "shell." Usually these are a cluster of small metal BBs which fan out somewhat in flight enabling them to punch many small holes in a wider area. Shotguns can also fire a single slug similar to a giant pistol bullet.

Rifles can be divided into three main categories, bolt-action, semi-automatic and full automatic. A bolt action weapon needs to have the bullet manually fed into its firing chamber by drawing back and pushing in its bolt. On semi-auto weapons the bolt cocks itself using the recoil of the last bullet fired (just like an automatic pistol) Therefore a bullet is fired for each time the trigger is pulled. A full auto weapon further mechanizes the process and keeps firing as long as the trigger is held down. Full auto rifles are more commonly called machine guns. Many military "assault rifles" are selective fire-that is they can be switched from semi to full auto for greater versatility. In addition many modern assault rifles now feature a compromise "three round burst" per trigger pull.

Many full auto weapons fire pistol ammunition and form a class of weapons all their own-submachine guns or machine pistols. Examples of these are the 9mm Uzi and .45 cal Thompson "tommy gun." Submachine guns can lay down a large amount of lead very quickly but have limited range like pistols. SMG's are good for urban combat and are widely used by terrorists and assassins who desire maximum firepower in a limited area. They are also used extensively by SWAT teams and anti-terrorist squads. Semi-auto versions of most popular SMG's are available but are legally classed as pistols.

Bolt action rifles are an older design principle but are often the most accurate. They usually fire a more powerful "full size" load and are accurate at long ranges. This makes them very popular with hunters and snipers. Bolt action weapons were abandoned as military arms as assault rifles became popular after world war two. But equipped with a telescopic sight such weapons can be deadly at ranges far greater than most assault rifles. The popularity of such weapons as hunting rifles makes them readily available and unlikely to be banned anytime soon.

Most semi-automatic rifles are fed from a spring loaded magazine just like automatic pistols. Some magazines are fixed to the weapon. This means that bullets must be inserted into the weapon one at a time or by inserting a "stripper clip" which allows several bullets to be pushed in at once. Most military style weapons feature detachable magazines, much like an automatic pistol. This allows one to carry several loaded magazines making ejection and reloading of the weapon very fast and efficient. Very popular and controversial today are semi-auto detachable magazine "assault rifles." These are semi-auto civilian versions of what would normally be selective fire military weapons. Due to restrictions these are often very expensive and hi-tech weapons. Once again the round the weapon is chambered for is very important. The most popular are .223 cal/5.56 mm and 7.62x39mm which are the American and Communist Bloc loads respectively. These are widely used in the ubiquitous M16 and AK-47 assault rifles.

I can recommend two excellent weapons chambered for these loads. The one weapon I personally think should be the standard arm for anarchist guerrillas due to its ruggedness, versatility and affordability is the Ruger mini-14. This is a .223 cal. semi auto rifle with a detachable magazine. It is popular as



This punk urban guerrilla is ready for action with a Ruger Mini-14 semi-automatic rifle.

a ranch and hunting weapon but also is a fine combat weapon. It has a wide variety of after market accessories available such as folding stocks, scopes, large capacity magazines, grenade launchers etc. Its popularity makes it more difficult to ban than more militaristic looking assault rifle copies. .223/5.56mm ammunition is used by the military of the USA and most NATO countries and would be readily available in periods of unrest and guerrilla war. More exotic assault type weapons are also very good but can cost \$1-2,000 and up, whereas a Mini-14 runs \$3-400. The AK-47 is a notorious and rugged guerrilla arm. However, this weapon is now very expensive in the USA. A similar weapon the SKS is now available in the USA in large numbers. This is a predecessor of the AK-47 and also fires 7.62x39mm ammunition. It shares the AK-47's reliability and accuracy and is semi-auto but lacks a detachable magazine. Instead it is loaded with ten-round stripper clips. It can however, be modified to accept detachable magazines and

due to its popularity also has a large number of accessories available for it. Imported in mass quantities from China this weapon is readily available in the \$120-175 range and is well worth it. Hurry, it may be banned soon.

Historically shotguns have been the all-around American hunting and home-defense weapon. Shotguns have a limited range and accuracy but are very effective and deadly at close ranges due to their power. This makes them quite suitable for home defense and urban guerrilla warfare. Older shotguns are breech loaded—that is they open where the hammer meets the barrel and a single shell is inserted into the firing chamber. To double the effectiveness of this design double barrel shotguns were developed. Mad Max's



A 12 Gauge riot shotgun. This weapon features a pistol grip and a shortened barrel. It is fired from the hip.

weapon in *The Road Warrior* is a double barrel 12 gauge shotgun with handle and barrels sawed off. Most modern shotguns feature a tubular magazine under the barrel. Shot shells are fed into the firing chamber by racking a sliding handle back and forth along the magazine. This is what Rowdy Roddy Piper does in the "kick ass and chew gum" scene of *They Live*. The most common shell for shotguns is 12 gauge. This is a very powerful load with a big recoil but most people will find it easy to manage with practice. It is used by almost all police and SWAT teams and is also popular with hunters. I would recommend that anyone buying a shotgun stick to 12 gauge with a 5 or 7 round magazine. One has the option of a traditional hunting style shotgun with a stock which is fired from the shoulder or a "riot gun" which has a pistol grip and is fired from the hip. The riot gun is easier to conceal and handle in tight spaces and is a favorite of drug gangs and SWAT teams for maximum lethality in urban combat.

Buying a firearm is a daunting task. Keep in mind that a firearm is a tool and you need the right tool for your specific job.

A pistol is fine for defending the apartment but not a farmstead or a guerrilla war. I have tried to offer some suggestions as far as versatility and affordability are concerned for each type of weapon. Shopping for weapons is much like shopping for a car—you can buy new or used, from a dealer or an individual, hi-tech and classy or stripped down and rugged and you can't expect a pinto to do the job of a mack truck. Buying a gun brings into consideration the insane degree to which they are regulated. Indeed, much of this article has been irrelevant to readers outside the USA since they have little or no right to legally buy weapons. Luckily (please don't accuse me of being patriotic here) we still have some limited rights to buy and own firearms in the USA. There are a myriad of federal, state and local laws regulating firearms. These are always becoming more, not less, restrictive. So all I can say is buy now

even if you can't afford it because the most controversial (combat effective) weapons may be banned forever tomorrow. The state desperately wants to control the power of the populace to arm itself. Liberal leftist social engineers blindly play into this with calls for "gun control." We saw what happened at Tiananmen Square when unarmed people tried to fight the state. I don't want to sound like an apologist for the NRA or other rightist organizations but we should take advantage of weapons laws now before they become more restrictive.

In most places you must be 18 to buy rifles and shot-



Loading an SKS semi-automatic rifle. Note the use of the stripper clip—bullets are pushed down through the firing chamber into a fixed 10 round box magazine below.

guns and 21 to buy pistols. One of the most common misconceptions is that you need some sort of license or permit to buy and own firearms. In most of the USA this is not the case. In most places you can buy weapons over the counter cash and carry. In some areas you may have to wait 7-14 days and have your record checked. If you are a convicted felon, insane, or not a US citizen you won't be able to buy firearms. Full auto weapons are still legal but are very strictly regulated. To buy them you must obtain a type 3 license from the Bureau of Alcohol Tobacco and Firearms. This is expensive and you must be over 21 and have a clean record. Type-3 weapons are very expensive and usually run in the \$1-3,000 range. Some states and municipalities have much stricter laws than these (especially NYC) forcing people to travel to less restrictive states.

The main places to buy weapons are from stores, dealers, individuals and on the black market. Gun stores are very strict and by the book and the most expensive. However, like buying a car from a dealer you have more consumer rights and everything is up front and legal. Usually you can buy legally from a dealer who has a Federal Firearms License (FFL) these are usually enthusiasts who deal in weapons to support a collecting and shooting hobby. They deal mostly by word of mouth and at gun and knife shows. You will have to observe all federal and local regulations with a dealer but will have more room to haggle or score cut-rate deals. You can also legally buy weapons through classified ads in trading newspapers. You can find rare deals in such transactions and have a more casual attitude since you are dealing with private citizens. You can also buy weapons on the black market. This is risky and dangerous. Most guns obtained legally can be traced to you by point of sale. A black market weapon is sold underground and is more difficult to trace making it popular for gangland killings. Most of these weapons are burglarized and may have already been used in numerous crimes by the time you see them. Black market weapons are usually obtained through the same channels as street drugs such as crack or smack. You may very well be offered a murder weapon or worse. I provide this data for informational purposes only in order to make the danger of such transactions apparent.

Now that you have a weapon you must learn to use it and practice with it. Seek out literature on how to disassemble, clean and maintain your weapon. Learn to strip it, clean it, clear jams and care for it properly. In order to use your weapon effectively and accurately you must practice regularly. Look into ranges in your area or find someone who has land where you can shoot. Look into practical or action shooting which simulates combat situations such as night lighting or taking cover. You can often purchase ammunition cheaply in bulk and serious shooters re-load their own to save on ammo costs.

I have only scratched the surface in this article but I hope it proves helpful to everyone interested in firearms. I urge you to check out reference works and gun magazines. The best are works by Ian V. Hogg and Edward C. Ezell. Magazines may smack more of redneck attitudes but if you can strain the facts through the bullshit you will learn a lot. Shoot straight...for anarchy.



ONE LESS CAR

A Spel Against Developers

*There are too many lines on the map.
We curse the straight line.
We curse the clean angle.
We curse the road, the clearing.
We curse the fence, the gate.
We curse the idea of property.
We curse money.
We curse progress.
We curse the second home,
when there are those without.
We curse the empty space
where once there were woods,
plants, animals.
We curse those who live
at the expense of other life.
We curse waterfront.
We curse roadfront.
We curse scenic views
if only humans are left to see
them.
We curse all those who put lines on the
map.
We curse all those who put lines on the
map.*



Fauve

-from *Dazzled*, Floating Island, 1982

Caw Caw, Caw Caw Caw.
To comprehend a crow
you must have a crow's mind.
To be the night rain,
silver, on black leaves,
you must live in the
shine and wet. Some people
drift in their lives:
green-gold plankton,
phosphorescent, in the sea.
Others slash: a knife
at a yellow window shade
tears open the light.
But to live digging deep
is to feel love and hatred
as fibers of rope,
is to catch the scent
of a wolf, and turn wild.

Arthur Sze

HAYDUKE LIVES WITHIN US ALL

people seem to fear death
though as time passes
teeth decay
bones become brittle and
life begins to fade to black
the cycle continues

if the cause is just
if the heart is content
death is merely a matter of choice
so roll the dice

Dan Lont



Agneta Arnesson-Wieserda.

"If there is no struggle, there is no progress. Those who profess to favor freedom, and yet deprecate agitation, are men who want crops without plowing up the ground, they want rain without thunder and lightning. They want the ocean without the awful roar of its many waters. This struggle may be a moral one; or it may be a physical one; or it may be both moral and physical, but it must be a struggle. Power concedes nothing without a demand. It never did, and it never will. Find out just what people will submit



to, and you have found out the exact amount of injustice and wrong which will be imposed upon them; and these will continue until they are resisted with either words or blows, or both. The limits of tyrants are proscribed by the endurance of those whom they oppress... People might not get all that they work for in this world, but they must certainly work for all they get."

Frederick Douglass
Canandaigua, NY, August 4, 1857

underground

we're the seeds lying deep,
dark and alert,
we're waiting
for a drop of water
or the sense of warm sunlight,
for any opportunity
for the smallest encouragement
we would grow
up
through the darkest asphalt
searching out every weak spot
cracking apart the thickest concrete
crumbling it forever
for flowers....

we're the roots growing deep
dark and strong
and getting stronger
we're the channels through which
dark delivers food
and damp sends life,
unseen and often forgotten
we're the connection
the dark web of the Living
pulsing deep
growing strong with Earth's rhythm
in perfect time,
our fingers, long black and knarled
are intertwined
we're holding on
holding together
and we will never let go....

we're lizards in winter,
dreaming deep
dark and aware
we're waiting for the Time
and in the meantime
we remember the Dream
and we hold it protected,
the Strong Heart Dream
of the living Earth
the living Circle
Mother Earth dreaming,
we lie
full of baby lizards and dreams
we wait for a sign
that the sun has returned
when we will rise up again
give birth to the dreams
and the babies again
when we will dance in the light
of the sun once again....

we're the worms and grubs
our work
is the dirty work
which we are honored to do

we turn the earth
turn it and change it
over and over
bringing it to life for
change is life and
where we can't live
little else lives either,
and still some step on us
in disgust
if we get too close
some call their enemies
by our names
and forget to offer respect
for the dirt
that is our life
the dirty grimy
dark and
slimy
wormy
cold soil
that is your life,
and ours....

we are the human underground
touching the earth
up to our elbows
we have dirty hands
and we live out-of-sight
of the Man
we have a Dream
as big as the Earth
we're holding hands
with knarly old oaks
and each other
and we will never let go....

you may step on us now
or forget about us now
but one day soon we will rise up
lift each other up
forever
cracking the concrete as we go
and then
we'll live in the sun again
hold hands with each other
and dance with the fire
again
we'll open all the cages
offer all our rages
see us growing
all around
dancing in the sun
and the Circle
again....

A Few Essential Books for the Monkeywrencher

A complete bibliography could fill pages, but these books are absolutely essential reading for the eco-saboteur.

Eco-Defense – Dave Foreman & Bill Haywood – The do-it-yourself guide to monkeywrenching. Guaranteed to give you many sleepless nights. If you don't have a copy, get one right now.

Watch For Me on the Mountain – Forrest Carter – An inspiring account of the Apache campaign to defend their way of life against the U.S. and Mexican armies. The details are fictional but the elements of the story are historically accurate. The original defenders of this land have much to teach us about being fully committed to a struggle, about using bold and innovative actions to defeat "superior" forces, and about using our connection to the land as our true source of power.

Green Rage – Christopher Manes – A persuasive and well-documented argument for radical environmentalism. This book is better than any other at blending an intelligent analysis of the situation with a passionate call to action.

Bury My Heart At Wounded Knee – Dee Brown – A detailed history of the so-called Indian Wars. It is a story of massacres, deceit, misery and genocide perpetrated by the US government. It is also a story of resistance by the many peoples of this land. It reminds us of the danger of compromising with an enemy who has insatiable greed. It also reminds us that today's war against the environment is just a continuation of a 500 year old war on this continent to "tame" the wilderness and remove people further and further from the land.

The Monkeywrench Gang – Ed Abbey – The classic novel of four reckless monkeywrenchers causing havoc across the Southwest. Abbey is irreverent as always.

The Sheep Look Up – John Brunner – A fun novel, set in the near future, exploring just how much environmental degradation and subsequent human illness will be tolerated before people resist. It's all the more interesting because this story was written a quarter century ago. (See page 73 for an excerpt.)

New ID in America by Anonymous (Paladin Press) – Essential for activists forced to go underground (or for those simply wishing to rent a car under a different name). Plan ahead – you never know what the future will bring.

Strong Hearts – a series of 'zines by Rod Coronado – Imprisoned for his activities in defense of animals and the earth, Rod continues the struggle with these clear, concise, powerful publications. These 'zines make important connections between all struggles against oppression. (Contact Rod Coronado Support Committee · 3245 E Patricia · Tucson AZ 85716 · USA)

**The following books offer vivid first hand and second hand descriptions of covert actions.
Learn from their experiences. Get inspired by their courage and dedication.**

Shoot the Women First – Eileen MacDonald – This strange title comes from advice given to police counter-terrorist squads. The author interviews women involved in revolutionary struggle in Germany, Ireland, Italy, North Korea and Palestine. The history of these struggles and the first hand accounts in this book are riveting. (The author's moral judgements about the use of violence are kept to a minimum and are tolerable.)

Free the Animals! The Untold Story of the Animal Liberation Front – Ingrid Newkirk – The beginnings of the ALF in North America are recounted. Ordinary people set out to gain skills and take action on behalf of animals. This book makes it clear that we are all capable of undertaking daring nighttime raids.

Memories of Freedom – a booklet put out by the Western Wildlife Unit of the Animal Liberation Front – A series of raids known as "Operation Bite Back" is described in exciting detail. (If your alternative bookstore doesn't have this booklet, send \$5 to Coalition to Abolish the Fur Trade · PO Box 822411 · Dallas TX 75382 · USA)

Also look for the powerful writings of political prisoner Ray Luc Levasseur (in pamphlet and handout formats). Ray was a member of an underground group that fought against American imperialism for ten years, successfully eluding a massive FBI manhunt. (Contact Friends of Political Prisoners · Box 3113 · Madison WI 53704 · USA)

"I decided the only way i would come up with some answers was to keep on studying and struggling. I didn't know how half of what i was studying would fit in, but i figured it would all come in handy some day. I read about guerrilla warfare and clandestine struggle without having the faintest idea that one day i would go underground. It's kind of funny when i think about it, because reading all that stuff probably has saved my life a million times."

– Assatta Shakur from her autobiography entitled *Assatta*



***A single act of defiance is worth more
than a thousand angry words***

**IF YOU'RE NOT
OUTRAGED
YOU'RE NOT PAYING
ATTENTION**